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Radio Stars

EMBER



NTS

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1935

Helen
Hayes

Earl
Christy

WHY HELEN HAYES QUIT HOLLYWOOD!

Gifts *that are* **IRRESISTIBLE**

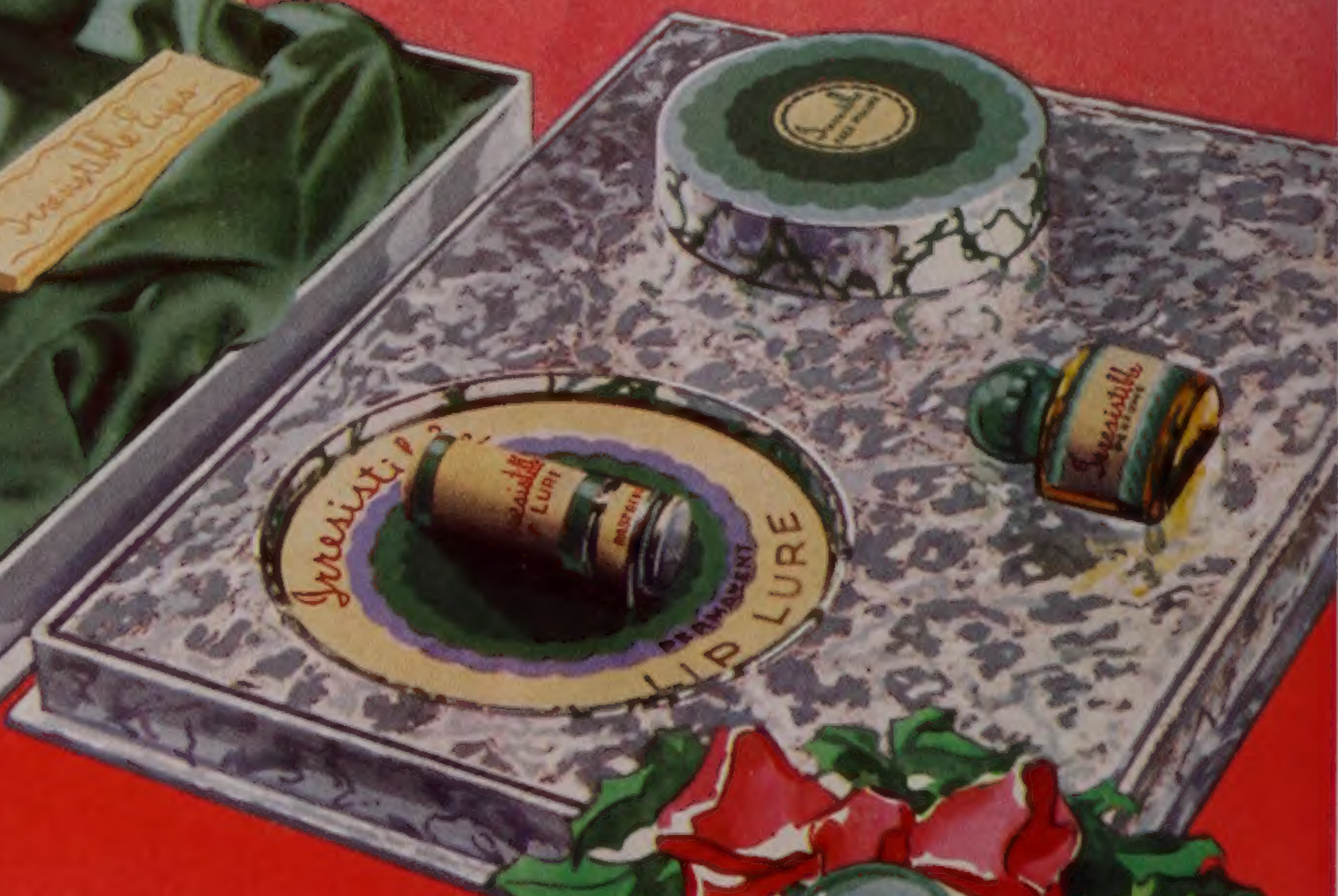
Lovely to look at, delightful to give, and perfect for the budget that must stretch over many holiday items. A combination like this is hard to resist, especially when it is IRRESISTIBLE, the name that is synonymous with "allure" in cosmetics; with quality and real value.

If you want to be romantic as well as practical about your gift problems, ask for Irresistible Beauty Aids. They will solve your year-round cosmetic problems, too. Introduce yourself now to Irresistible Cosmetics... to satin-soft powder, to Lip Lure that is so vivid and lasting, and to Irresistible Perfume, potent as the wine of a thousand Christmas flowers.

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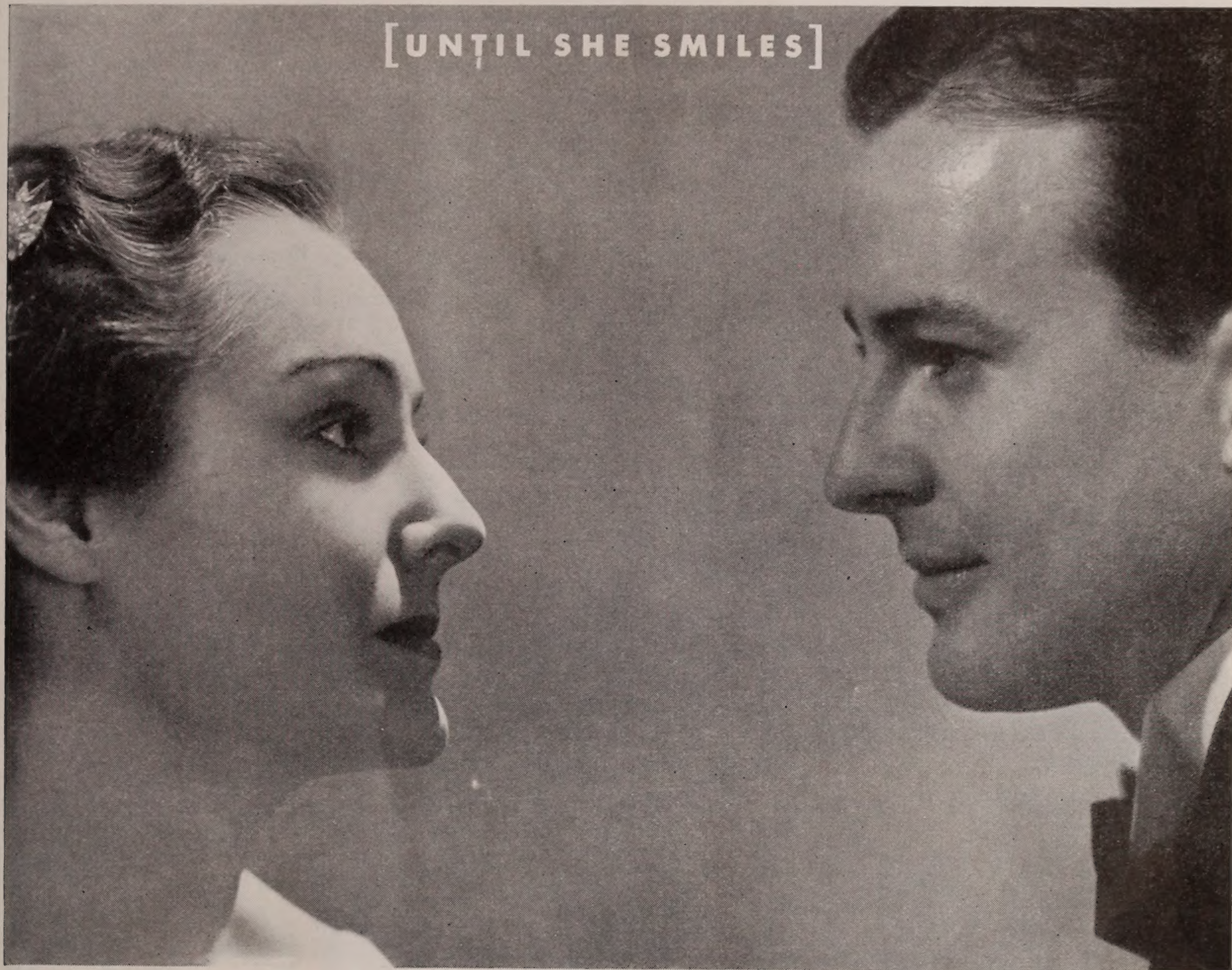
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE,
MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC.

ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

RADIO STARS

Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—

cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thor-

oughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly.

And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LATEST STORIES OF RADIO PERSONALITIES

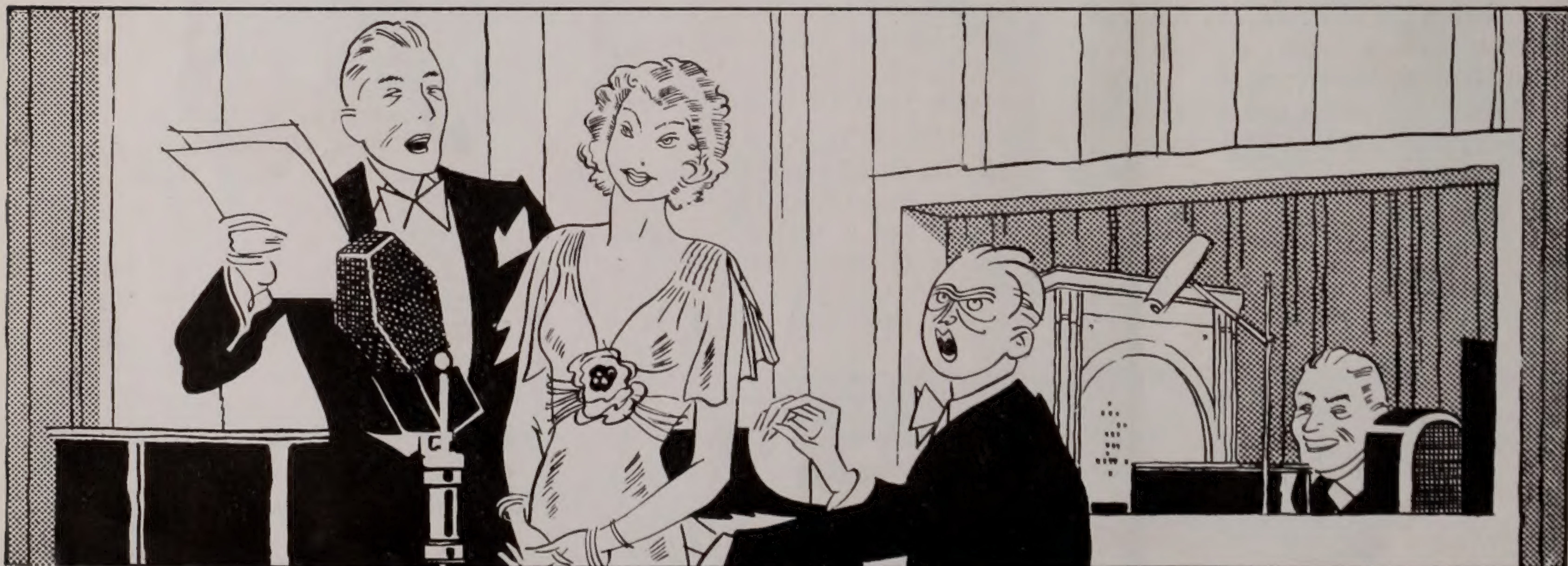
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SIXTEEN MEN.

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle... from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness... came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world... in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!



Three of Hollywood's biggest stars head the notable cast

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT M-G-M's \$2,000,000 PRODUCTION

Nearly two years in the making... Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars.

The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

A complete M-G-M production unit sent 14,000 miles to tropic waters to film scenes in the actual locale. Six villages erected; 5,000 natives appearing in the Tahitian scenes.

Nearly 25,000,000 have read the famous best-seller by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall.... Now you see it on the screen in all its thrilling reality.

C H A R L E S C L A R K
LAUGHTON · GABLE

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin · Eddie Quillan · Dudley Digges · Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production

Albert Lewin, Associate Producer

THE UP AND UP ON THE LOWDOWN



Picked up and set down by our inquiring reporter

ROUTINE

For two reasons, attending Lennie Hayton's *"Hit Parade"* is like seeing the same movie over and over. The first reason, of course, is that Lennie repeats so many songs from week to week; the second is his routine with his hat. It never varies.

You know about Hayton's hat—a bedraggled felt he cherishes for the luck it brings—but do you know what he does with it? Watch.

We're sitting in the balcony of the world's largest studio. On the stage the orchestra has assembled and Kay Thompson's chorus, gaw-jus gals all, is filing out from behind the wings. On Lennie's stand is a tall stool—the kind bookkeepers use. To the right of it is a halltree. No less.

Len comes in. He is faultlessly groomed for the evening—below the ears. Above them, he isn't. His hair is tousled and on the back of his head sits that hat.

As the orchestra makes its last discordant flourish before the opening Hayton takes the stool from the stand and sets it carefully to the left. Then he takes his hat off and sets it on the stool. A moment later, he takes the hat up, puts it on, and walks to his piano; there, he takes his hat off and hangs it on the halltree while he arranges his music on the rack. When he is finished, he takes his—

but—but why repeat?—it goes on and on and on.

And speaking of going on and on, Hayton is afraid some of the songs he is playing will never stop being favorites. He had a lot of trouble with *"Gypsy Tea Room."* Had to make it sound a little different every time he played it and he played it darn near twenty times. It now appears that *"Accent on Youth"* and *"Page Miss Glory"* are going to be as bad. If you'll figure it out, it means the same song on every broadcast for more than four months.

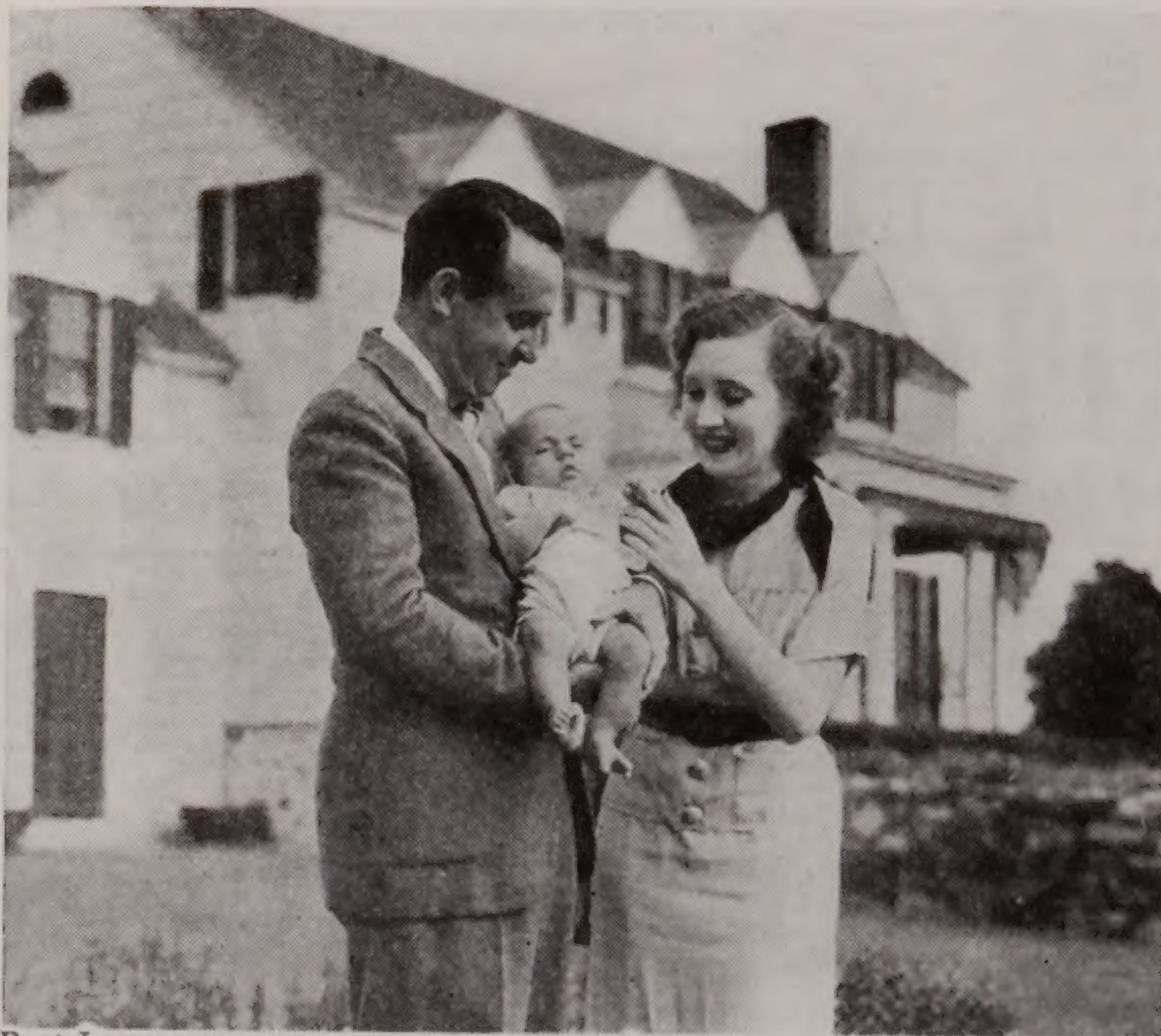
BEHIND THE VOICE

Curtis Arnall. *"Buck Rogers"* looks the part. He is husky and looks like the broad-shouldered full-back who used to crash the line for your Alma Mammy. In addition to that, his face is perpetually tanned and he has a determined glint in his eyes—as though he meant to rip the dickens out of Mars. Perhaps he will do that very thing—when he gets into the 26th Century!

BE-YOOTIFUL LADY

You and I have dropped in to watch Irene Rich rehearse. The sound man says, as we sit down: *"Have you heard the 'Caspar Milquetoast' rehearsal? New comic strip of the air, (Continued on page 8)"*

Below, proud papa Walter O'Keefe introduces his baby to Deane Janis, singer on his Camel Caravan program.



Bert Lawson

And here is Town Hall's Fred Allen, in a scene from his movie, *"Thanks a Million,"* starring Dick Powell.



Radio Ramblings

HELLEN HAYES, now starred in "The New Penny," is known as a great emotional actress, but she began her career as a mimic and a comedienne. Her first performance on any stage was a comic impersonation of Annabelle Whitford, a famous beauty of the 1900's . . .

Jack Benny, who resumed his NBC laughcasts on September 29th, has decided to give up trying to be the best dressed man in Hollywood. He had bought himself a new "wash rag" scarf and considered himself pretty fancy. He couldn't find it one day and discovered that Mary Livingstone had given it to the cook to dry the dishes . . .

Vivian della Chiesa's favorite recreation is painting, mainly landscapes . . . Summoned home by wire to take a rôle in "Myrt and Marge," ten-year-old Lucy Gilman flew to Chicago from New York so she'd have an extra day in the east with her twelve-year-old actress sister, Tony . . . Ed McConnell has moved to Chicago, and does his Sunday broadcasts from the WBBM studios there . . . Ken Griffin, "Darrell Moore" in "Myrt and Marge," was admitted to Harvard at the age of fifteen . . . Jack Major made his professional début in his college town as "The Singing Owl"—symbol of his alma mater . . . Patricia Dunlap's first job, at the age of nine, was as sales-and-errand girl in her granddad's grocery store . . . Art Thorsen, bass player and singer with Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, who spends his spare time building ship models, has finally set knife to wood for a model of the "Bounty," after spending nearly a year's time and \$150 in research on the historic ship . . .

Benay Venuta, star of radio, was thrilled the other night when Walter Winchell took J. Edgar Hoover, head "G" man, backstage to commend her on her performance . . . Hal Kemp uses the name James H. Kemp to sign business contracts . . . Lucy Monroe, lyric soprano star of "Lavender and Old Lace," is set to do "Marguerite" in Max Reiner's "Faust." She has played thirty "Marguerites" in grand opera . . . Mark Warnow hums as he directs his band but his voice has never been picked up by the mike . . . "The Three Little Words" have just returned from personal appearances in Detroit and Boston . . . Gracie Allen is looking forward to her "Mother Juice Rhymes" she intends putting on the air . . . Larry Harding is at work on another song he hopes to be able to announce on the air soon . . .

Jack Johnstone, who authors and directs the "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" scripts, recently decided to fine each member of his cast twenty-five cents for appearing late for rehearsal. Result? It worked quite well and in six months he had collected only seventy-five cents. But the rub came when one day Jack was late. He had to pay each member twenty-five cents and there were seven in the cast! . . .

Singin' Sam has found an ideal way to indulge in his yen for fishing. The stream that runs past his Indiana farm is followed through much of its course by a road. Sam simply drives to a likely spot, tries his luck, and if it is bad he keeps driving down stream until he finds an angler's paradise. If this fails, the road finally runs into a Hoosier village where fresh fish are always on sale . . . So Sam always returns home with a full creel.

RADIO STARS

frederics

new

50%

COOLER PERMANENT WAVE



JOAN BENNETT

PLAY as intensely as you wish . . . Dance till morning . . . if you will, but remember this: If you want to be "lovely at all times" you must have a Frederics Permanent Wave.

A Frederics Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave is not just a Permanent . . . but a Permanent-ly Beautiful wave. Your hair is waved to a soft, lustrous, flattering loveliness.

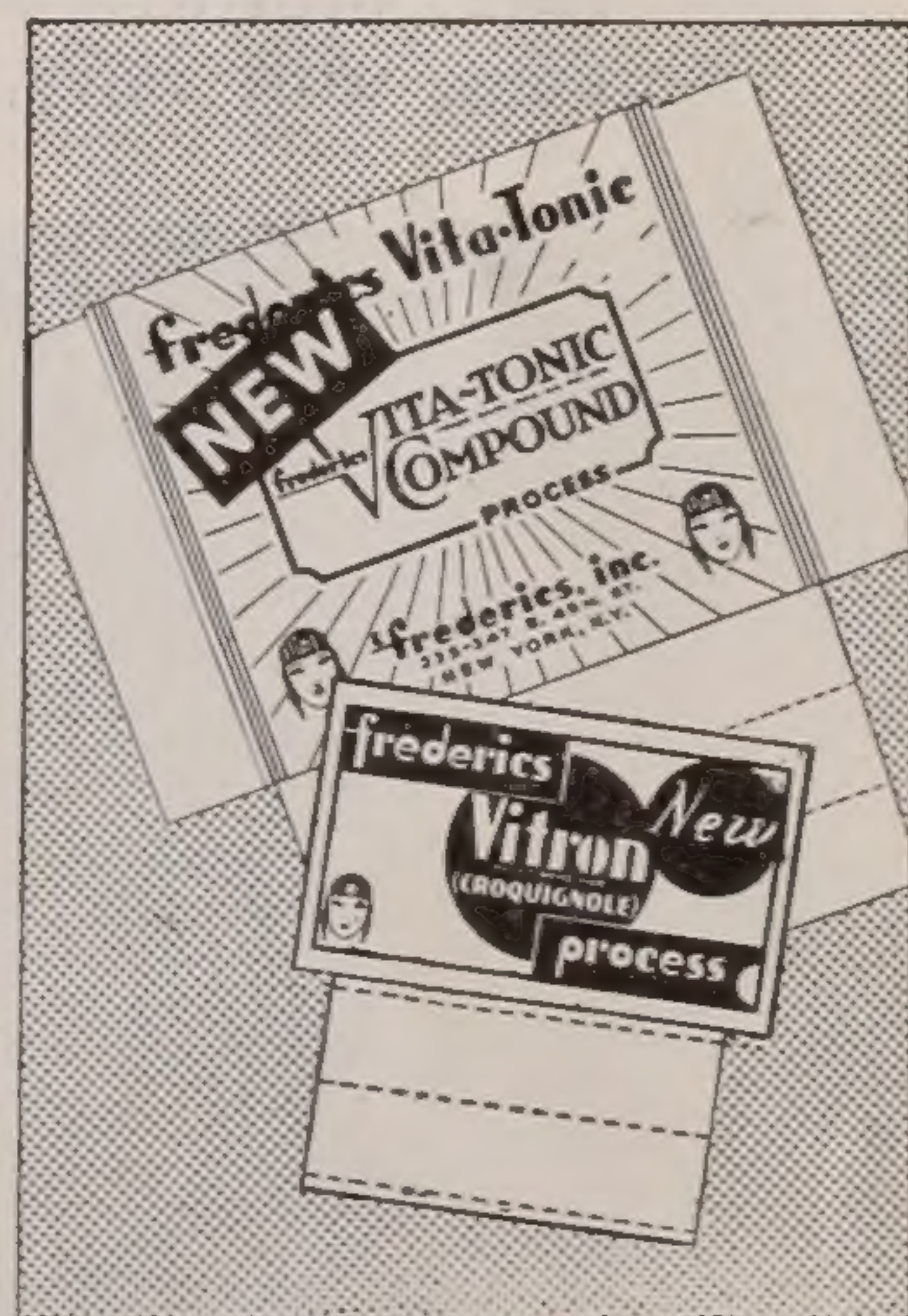
And now you may enjoy permanent-ly beautiful waves in absolute comfort—even on the hottest summer day—because

FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES ARE 50% COOLER

Your hair is waved with exactly one-half the heat formerly required. As a result the hair is more vibrant and alive—scintillatingly beautiful—never dry and brittle. Your finished permanent is lovelier, delightfully manageable, and so much more lasting. Even hair that is silky-soft—dyed or bleached, or wiry and unruly—can be successfully waved with this new Frederics Process . . . Try a 50% Cooler Frederics Permanent, and know the joy of having soft, appealingly "natural," easy to manage waves.

frederics inc
VITA-TONIC Wrappers
VITRON Wrappers

To be sure of receiving a Genuine Frederics Permanent Wave . . . Patronize an Authorized Frederics shop! Look for the Frederics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a Frederics machine! Examine all the wrappers used on your hair—make sure no harmful imitations are used.



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Kindly send me free booklet showing latest Hollywood Hair Styles and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise Salons in my vicinity.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

and it's a wow." Then he goes over to his turntables and starts an airplane motor to roaring by putting on a record.

After a moment, the rehearsal gets under way. First, the players are to *ad lib* a crowd sound for the airport scene. You and I *ad lib*, too. We do it by saying, behind our hand: "*Oh, I had a lovely time and I'll have some coffee,*" and laughing brightly.

The players run through their script quickly. Irene leans against a grand piano, puts on horn-rimmed specs, and starts to correct her lines. And we notice something. We had always known that Irene is *the* personality girl. Her eyes sparkle when she talks and her voice is vibrant and alive. But we had never noticed that she even smiles while frowning over her work. And she does.

STRANGEST STORIES

How odd the stories that get into circulation! Some are funny, some sad, and none can be logically explained. The uncommonly malicious tales told about Phil Lord were classics in the field, of course. They painted him a drunkard and a fraud. It was funny the way the scan-

dal mongers hopped back on his band wagon as soon as he had been exonerated. . . There are others whispered (and shouted) that are just as unfounded and can hurt just as much. One, for instance, is that Dick Powell engineered the removal of Ted Fiorito from his "Hollywood Hotel." Even Ted will tell you they are the best of pals. Another is that Paul Whiteman started his scholarships as a gag and actually doesn't contribute a cent toward the musical education of the winners. He pays plenty and the kids are plenty grateful. The stories that knocked Val-lee made his success that much sweeter; and was there any purpose to the tale that Victor Young had married Lee Wiley? He hadn't, of course. . . While I'm on the subject, I had better spike another rumor that is devastating in its lurid implications. It's whispered that Jack Benny can really play "Love in Bloom." Well, it's an out-and-out lie, and Jack wants you to know it.

THE UP AND UP ON THE LOW DOWN

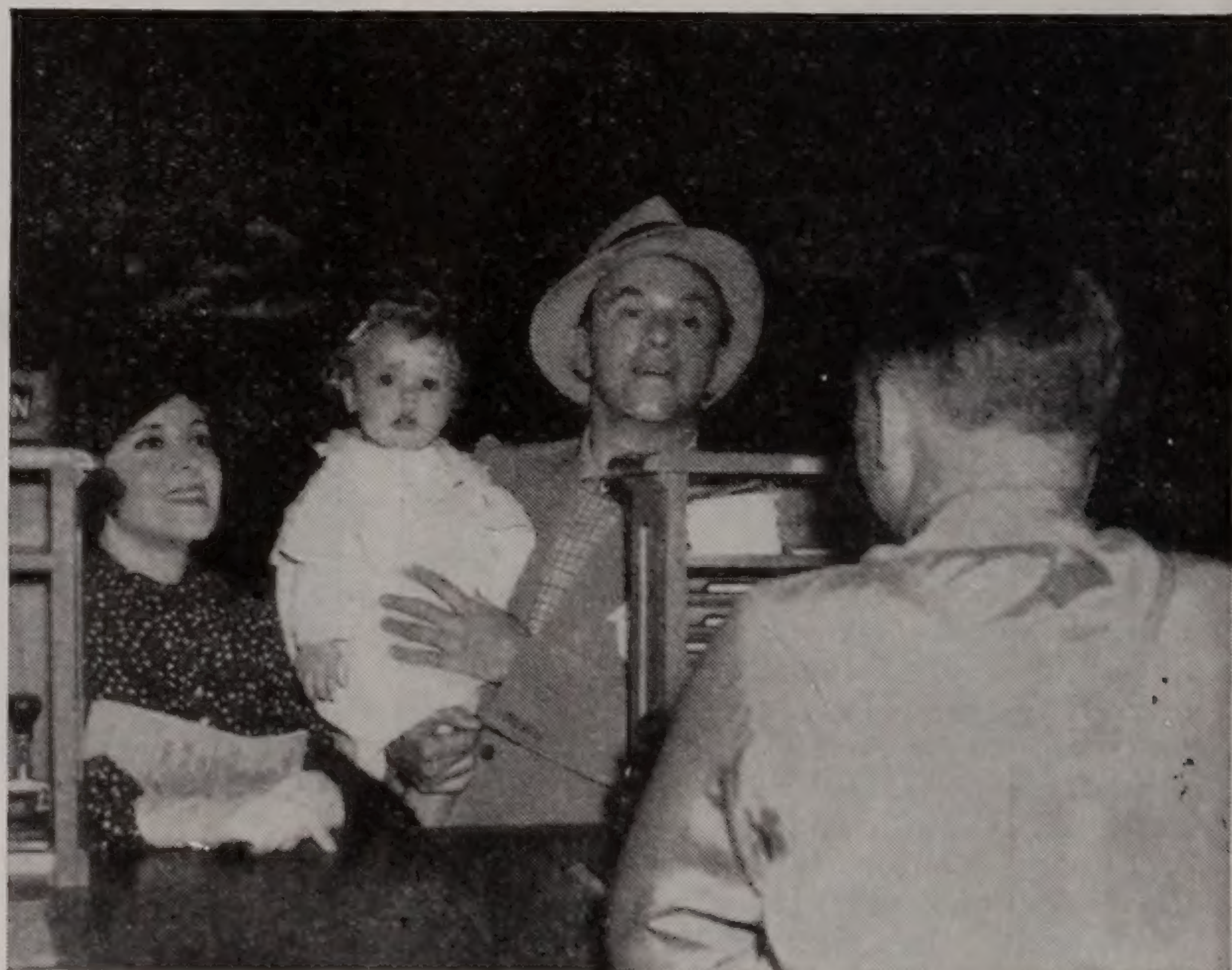
(Continued from page 6)

THESE GRAY WALLS

You and I have dropped in to watch Warden Lawes rehearse his "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." The Warden



Above, radio's Warren Hull, now in the films, with Margaret Lindsay. Below, Lily Pons, with Jerry, trained seal in her film.



Sandra Jean Burns (above) with Daddy George and Mama Gracie. Below, Jack Benny and "Broadway Melody of 1936" girls.

Wide World



A Big Smile- and a little Chocolate Tablet



is standing at the microphone, reading from his script, which has him in his office at Sing Sing talking to a new prisoner, played by Jack Arthur.

"Your actions will govern your treatment here," the Warden says.

"I know, sir," Jack answers.

At that point, the production-man, who is in the control-room, interrupts by means of a loudspeaker that brings his voice to the studio.

"Don't be so damn cheerful, Jack," he booms. "You sound as though you've just had a promotion."

"Or, the Warden had asked him in for a drink," another actor adds.

So, when Jack says his lines over, his voice is a dull monotone, which is as it should be.

A moment later, Warden Lawes turns and nods gravely to us. And we notice he is wearing a striped suit, a striped shirt, and a striped tie—the only person in Sing Sing who dresses in stripes!

NEW VOICES

If you buy perfume, you know *l'amour* means "love" in French. Maybe you know it without buying perfume. Anyway, with Dorothy L'Amour, song specialist, whose voice you're hearing over NBC, that's the whole idea, because when she sings her songs, she feels the presence of an ideal lover. No special one. Just an ideal.

In case you've wondered what a gal has to do to feel an ideal presence three times a week, here's her daily program. She gets up at 10:30 in the morning and breakfasts on orange juice, bacon and black tea. Then she rehearses for three hours, without any fooling. After that, she goes to the Paramount studios, where she rehearses for another hour and a half with a dramatic coach who is teaching her, for the movies, to say things as though she means them. She has no lunch because she has to run right over to still another studio and rehearse for a theater presentation act. After that she goes home to dress for work, which is singing in one of the smart late spots.

This program is spiced, incidentally, by the fact that she is very temperamental. If something goes wrong, or even when something doesn't, she'll stamp her feet and pout and grow very angry. She cools off quickly, though, when allowed to go to a movie.

Patti Chapin, CBS star, is another of the new voices. And she's so darn sweet everybody calls her "Patticake." Not so long ago she was a dentist's receptionist in Atlantic City, and it's probably for those two reasons that she doesn't like crowds of noisy people.

For a (Continued on page 91)

ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action... approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without overaction.

There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America... according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million

boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM125 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

**When Nature forgets —
remember**

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



Vivienne Segal sings Sundays on "The American Album of Familiar Music" program with Frank Munn.

Keep Young AND Beautiful



**This popular star
is a model for
fashion, figure
and friendliness.**

by Mary Biddle

ELECTED the best-dressed woman in radio by the Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Vivienne Segal is our choice for a holiday fashion and charm expert. It happens that the Mayfair Mannequin Academy is the smartest in New York City. Gilded debutantes and professional artists' models mingle there to get their training for a "model" career. It was by this selective group that Vivienne Segal was voted the best-dressed woman in radio, with Gladys Swarthout second.

Vivienne is a perfect model to follow, whether it be in matters of figure, fashion, or friendliness. She meets people more than half-way. That's why she has so many friends. And that is an important asset to develop from a beauty standpoint. Mannequins may go in for statuesque poses, but it's the warm personality that wins the radio audience—and

the attention of the beauty editor.

When I interviewed Vivienne, she was dressed for her broadcast. She was all in white, but with sparkling clips at the shoulders and belt, and sparkling bracelets on her beautifully moulded arms. Someone else might have spoiled that straight, slim simplicity of the beautiful evening gown, almost tailored in its well-cut lines, by adding a *frou-frou* cape or flowers. Not Vivienne. She adores clothes. She would rather shop than do anything else in the world. But she would give up shopping forever if she had to invest in fripperies.

Simplicity is a cardinal rule in dress to which Vivienne adheres. To quote Vivienne, "Sins of omission are better than sins of commission when it comes to dressing." Pin that on your mirror when it comes time to dress for your most important holiday party. It's good advice!

Another axiom of Vivienne's is: "If you dress in haste, you'll repent at leisure." Some of us have repented in the dressing-room, where we have retired to save a little of our pride from wallflower prominence on the dance floor. Some of us have tried to sit on our hands when we became conscious of our manicuring negligence, after it was too late to do anything about it. Some of us even have lost a job on that account, or the blossoming of a romance. Haste lays waste many a beautiful evening for the woman who must be well-groomed if she is to be well poised.

Most girls have spasms of doing things for their faces or their figures or their hands or their coiffures. Maybe on a Sunday they'll go in for a really strenuous session with their mirror and their beauty aids. Monday they'll feel so festive that they



Warm milk, as a nightcap, is one of Vivienne's favorite means of relaxation after the stress of a broadcast, when she feels too tense to think of bed and sleep.

won't bother with any beauty routine. By Thursday they'll be back in the same old rut again.

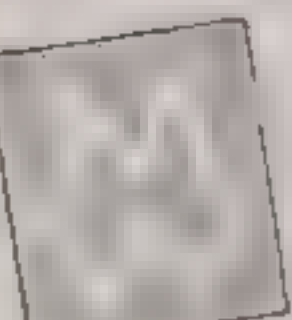
Vivienne believes that the only insurance policy that you can take out in "well-groomedness" is one that invokes system. Sunday for the pedicure, Sunday and Wednesday for the manicure, Saturday for the hair, and so on. And the figure must be watched every day—every meal, every time you're slipping into that slinky new satin or velvet that reveals the hipline so conspicuously. Vivienne has regular massages. She dotes on them as a means of relaxation as well as a means of keeping "mannequin's hips." Regular massages might not be possible for all of us, but regular exercising, and regular attention to diet most certainly are possible.

Warm milk as a nightcap is another of Vivienne's favorite means of relaxation, especially right after the stress of a broadcast when she is all keyed up and feeling more like dancing than going to bed for her beauty sleep. You see her at her cocktail bar sipping milk, a good hint for all would-be beauties around the holidays.

Vivienne (Continued on page 77)

"I do" . . . says this California bride
"I do like Camay!"



 I do like Camay. It cleanses so beautifully and thoroughly and yet so gently. It's the one soap that helped my skin. Sincerely,
 Margaret Wales
 Pasadena, Calif.
 September 15, 1935 (Mrs. Roger Barker Wales)

TALL—with honey-colored hair, gray eyes and a smooth, beautiful skin—Camay never had a fairer or more sincere advocate.

What she doesn't quite understand is why *all* women—everywhere—aren't just as devoted to Camay! And there *is* something in her viewpoint. Because if *you*, and *you*, and *you* would begin today with Camay—note how swiftly it lathers and how luxuriantly—how

pleasant is its delicate fragrance—how soft and smooth it keeps your skin—what definite improvements follow its use—Camay would be your beauty soap, solely and exclusively!

Buy at least three cakes of Camay today. You'll find that its price is surprisingly low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

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★★★★

LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE WITH FRED ASTAIRE, LENNIE HAYTON, KAY THOMPSON AND CHARLES CARLILE (NBC).

Current winner of Radio Stars Distinguished Service Award.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL, GUEST SCREEN STARS AND RAY PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

Recent winner of Radio Stars Distinguished Service Award.

EDDIE CANTOR WITH PARKYAKARKAS, JIMMY WALLINGTON AND GUEST ORCHESTRAS (CBS).

Laughs and tunes galore.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONIC HOUR—VICTOR BAY, CONDUCTOR (CBS).

Glorifying the classics.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

A favorite of long standing.

FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).

Consistently above the average.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).

Life as you know it.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).

Would that there were more like Jessica!

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).

Everybody's listening!

VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA, MARGARET SPEAKS AND MIXED CHORUS (NBC).

One of the finest on the air.

JELLO PROGRAM STARRING JACK BENNY, MICHAEL BARTLETT AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Making the world a merrier place to live in.

WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, TENOR; VIVIENNE SEGAL, SOPRANO; AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Better than ever.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING SYMPHONY—VICTOR KOLAR, CONDUCTOR (CBS).

Class with a capital C.

RATINGS

At present, there are so many excellent programs on the air the judges found it quite impossible to single out the best five. Practically every important program has been considered, but, unfortunately, space does not permit a complete listing. The ratings are as follows:

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Good

★★ Fair

The ratings of the Board of Review are a consensus of opinion of radio editors throughout the country and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine.

There has been an amazing general improvement in radio programs. Today there is scarcely a program on the air which is without merit.

LESLIE HOWARD DRAMATIC SKETCHES (CBS).

Of course, you haven't missed one

GRACE MOORE (NBC).

Beautiful to hear, beautiful to see.

WALLACE BEERY AND THE SHELL PROGRAM (NBC).

Just as entertaining as he is on the screen.

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC).

Transforming us all into confirmed music lovers.

RCA MAGIC KEY (NBC).

Always an all-star cast of guests.

WORLD PEACEWAYS (CBS).

War on war!

HELEN HAYES (NBC).

Superb artistry, as you like it.

CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM (CBS).

Lily Pons and Nino Martini on alternate nights.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).

Fred Allen in person.

FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS AND STOOPNAGLE & BUDD (CBS).

Extraordinary melody and humor.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, BARITONE, WITH DON VOORHEES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).

Powerfully good.

CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS AND GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA (CBS).

You'd walk a mile for this program.

PHIL BAKER WITH BEETLE, BOTTLE AND HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

A grand job.

LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS).

Seldom less than superior.

KATE SMITH'S COFFEE TIME WITH JACK MILLER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

Don't miss it.

MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).

It's been changed for the better.

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE (NBC).

Dynamic John Barclay and guests.

★★★

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Emphasis on the classics.

BOND BREAD WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).

Favorites from away back.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).

Almost as good as his amateurs.

NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT WITH RAY PERKINS (CBS).

Not quite as amusing as the Major's.

PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO (NBC).

Don is always enjoyable.

LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS).

Distinctive.



RADIO STARS

FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS).

Well worth the dialing.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL CARLAY AND ANDY SANNELLA'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Lively.

BOAKE CARTER (CBS).

Whatever he says sounds important.

ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (CBS).

All for fun and fun for all.

JERRY COOPER, BARITONE (CBS).

One of the better voices.

SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Lovely.

THE BAKERS BROADCAST WITH ROBERT L. RIPLEY; OZZIE NELSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH HARRIET HILLIARD (NBC).

Has everything it takes.

NEILA GOODELLE (NBC).

Originality.

TASTY YEAST OPPORTUNITY MATINEE (NBC).

The amateurs again.

ROSES AND DRUMS (NBC).

Long a leader.

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).

When you're in the mood.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET (CBS).

Otherwise known as Ed East and Ralph Dumke.

MELODIANA (CBS).

Abe Lyman, Bernice Claire and Oliver Smith.

JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

Gossip galore!

LOG CABIN (NBC).

Yes, indeed.

LIFE SAVERS' RENDEZVOUS (NBC).

The night club idea.

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS (CBS).

Never dull.

RICHARD HIMBER'S STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).

Style aplenty.

TOM POWERS (NBC).

True characterizations.

WARDEN LAWES (NBC).

Drama behind the bars.

THORNTON FISHER SPORTS REVUE (NBC).

Whether you're a sports fan or not, you'll like it.

ATLANTIC FAMILY (CBS).

Frank Parker is starred.

BROADWAY VARIETIES (CBS).

Vaudeville.

LAZY DAN (CBS).

Easy on the disposition.

GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (CBS).

Gracie's still a card.

SOCONY SKETCHBOOK (CBS).

Smart entertainment.

A AND P GYPSIES (NBC).

Harry Horlick and his orchestra.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).

With all the old time zest.

PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC).

Leo Reisman's music never disappoints.

VIC AND SADE (NBC).

Well established.

CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JUNE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC).

Try it tonight, if you haven't already.

GABRIEL HEATTER (NBC).

A first-rate news interpreter.

HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).

A new idea.

EVENING IN PARIS (NBC).

The Pickens Sisters for one thing!

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (CBS).

Words and how to use them.

(Continued on page 80)

Why does **NEMO** tag
its corsets:

WASH WITH
IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap*! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby*. Use chifon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

NEMO foundation of silk batiste, Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE
SHE'S SMART"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

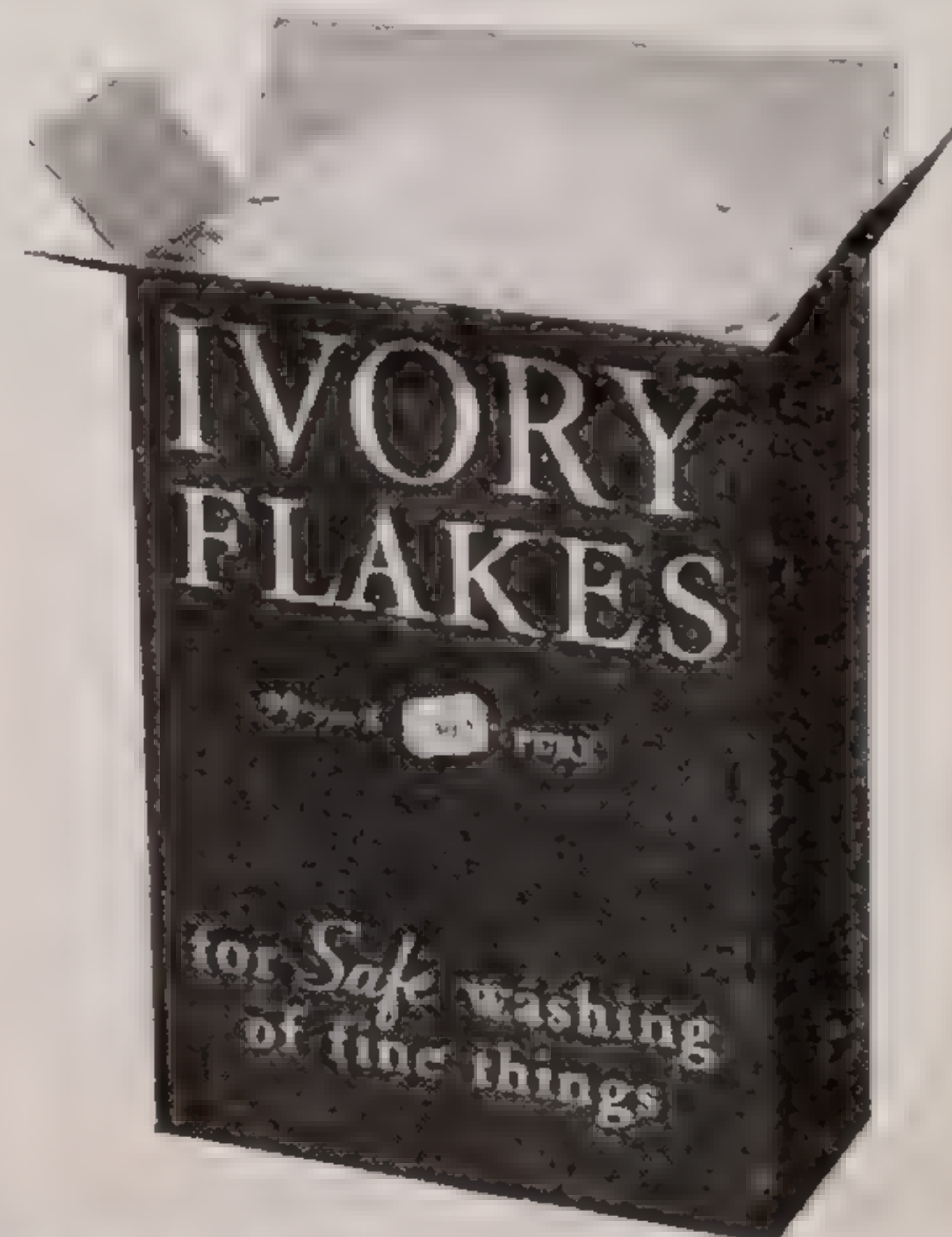
DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

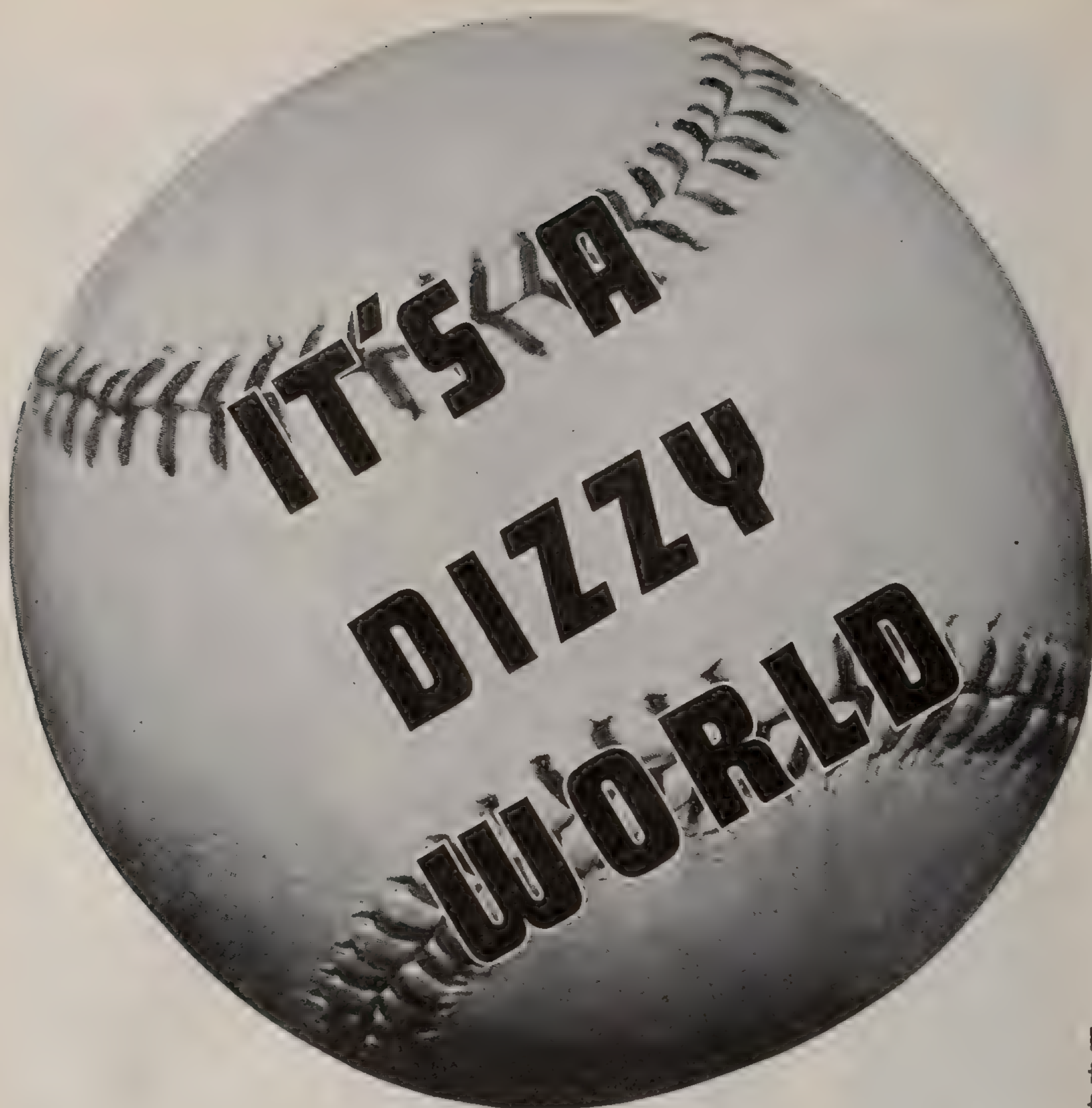
DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.



IVORY FLAKES 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



By Tom Meany

Below (left), Dizzy enjoys a favorite pastime. And here is the entire Dean family (left to right), Mrs. Dizzy, Dad, Mrs. Paul, (standing) Dizzy, Elmer, Paul.



WHEN you consider the tremendous amount of words flung over the air-waves every year on behalf of sporting events, it seems odd that sport has yet to contribute its first radio personality. There are sports broadcasters, to be sure, some of them good, some of them bad, but there is no one figure from sport itself who definitely has established himself in the field of radio. There's a strong possibility that Dizzy Dean, the flamboyant Cardinal pitching star, may yet be the man.

Guest stars from baseball, football, boxing and tennis

have appeared on various commercial broadcasts, but no sport celebrity ever has been able to carry his own program over any appreciable period. The nearest approach was Babe Ruth, who was on the air thrice weekly for thirteen weeks in the spring of 1934 for a breakfast food.

The Babe, like practically every other notable sporting figure who has tried the air-waves, suffered because he is not a good *reader*. As an extemporaneous speaker, the Babe was fine, but he dropped into a near-drone when reading his lines. And his script, in my opinion, was the best any athlete has had to work with on the air so

Pitching Pride
of the National
League—Dizzy
Dean himself!



Baseball's Colorful Hero, Dizzy Dean, Promises to be as Popular on the Air.

Below, Announcer Ford Bond rehearses the Dean brothers for a footlight engagement. (Lower right) Fans, meet Paul "Daffy" and Jerome "Dizzy," in the Cardinals' dugout.

Wide World Photos



far. It was written by Bill Slocum, veteran New York City baseball writer and Ruth's close friend for the last fifteen or twenty years.

Possibly the nearest thing to a regular sports program by an athlete, is the weekly feature of Dizzy Dean, who last year was voted, by sports editors throughout the country, the outstanding athlete in these United States. Diz goes on the air weekly for an East St. Louis, Illinois, furniture dealer when the Cardinals are at home.

It would be fitting if Dean were to be the first sports figure to establish a regular place in radio. Diz is a

natural broadcaster—with or without a microphone. He loves to *sound off*, as ball players phrase it, has the natural instincts of a showman and positive genius for saying something that starts people talking. His background is the most interesting since the late Jack Dunn lifted Babe Ruth from a Baltimore orphanage to become baseball's brightest star.

With his brother Paul, Diz constitutes the best source of copy in the sports world. Diz, spokesman for the pair, gets headlines without benefit of performance. And, the beauty of it is, he has the (Continued on page 61)

THEY ALSO SERVE



By Dorothy Brooks

Three notables of the radio scene—Dixie Lee (top picture), who won a place of her own before she chose to be Mrs. Bing Crosby. (Center) Gertrude Berg, who reversed the process, with the help of her husband. And (below) lovely Annette Hanshaw, whose husband devotes himself to her career.



WHEN a young woman sacrifices a promising and profitable career, as a lawyer, an actress, or proprietress of a tea shoppe, and trades the ups and downs of making her own way in the world for the security of a home, a husband, and all that goes with them, her sisters beam approval. She is, of course, fulfilling a woman's natural destiny. But let a husband abandon his career to work, no matter how unselfishly, to further the career of his wife, and society is apt to view the self-sacrificing man through prejudiced eyes.

Nowhere is that viewpoint more evident than in the field of radio. Dixie Lee was applauded when she left a promising screen career to mother three babies for Bing Crosby, and incidentally to mother Bing himself, while he rose to fame he had only dreamed of before he met her. The two Bennett sisters, acclaimed as screen stars of the first magnitude, secretly envy their lesser publicized sister, Barbara, because of her happy marriage to Morton Downey, even though she abandoned a place she already had won on Page One for romance and domesticity. Margaret Livingstone bade fair to become the screen's Number One home wrecker when she resigned to become the Number One heart interest in the life of Paul Whiteman.

Those women, and the others who have done likewise, bask contentedly in their husbands' reflected glory. The world drapes figurative laurel wreaths over their brows for the "sacrifice" they have made of their own careers.

But what of the husbands who are content to remain unsung in the background, shadowed by the glamour of famous radio wives? Husbands who actually work harder to further their wives' careers than the most slave-driven 8.30-to-5.30 commuter—what is their reward? Certainly



An appreciation of the silent partners to the shining success of many of radio's most popular favorites.

not the acclaim given to wives when the position is reversed. Indeed, they often are referred to sneeringly by men who work only half as hard, and achieve far less than half as much.

Countless radio fans could tell you what Annette Hanshaw eats for breakfast, but they never heard of "Wally" Rose. Even a casual tuner-inner may have heard that Ruth Etting makes her own clothes, but will look blank if you mention Colonel Snyder. Who does not know every little detail in the rise to fame of Grace Moore? Yet how many could tell you who is Valentin Parera's favorite singer? These radio husbands, and others similarly situated form a silent legion of unselfish men who, giving all, ask nothing.

During the war, mothers who sat behind the lines at home were given a star in recognition of their sacrifice, devotion, and silent courage. Pin a star, then, on the lapel of Herman "Wally" Rose, self-effacing and highly efficient husband of Annette Hanshaw. You might nominate Wally Hero Husband Number One. He was a highly-paid and unusually successful executive of the Columbia Recording Studios until the fateful summer day when the motor of his automobile went dead near Mt. Kisco, New York. Wally hied himself to a nearby hotel for a bite of lunch while repairs were being made. There he overheard the proprietor's daughter singing a haunting melody, and from that day to this, Wally Rose never has had another thought for his own personal success. The hotel proprietor's daughter, whose voice captivated the recording executive, was Annette Hanshaw, eighteen, then, with flaxen hair curling about her doll-like face.

Rose's mission in life then and there became the advancement of Annette Hanshaw to the place in the sun which he felt she deserved. His fulfillment of that mission is attested by the success Annette subsequently en-

joyed, first as a recording artist and later as a radio chanteuse. Rose gave up his job and devoted every moment of his time to the girl twenty years his junior. Shrewdly he managed her affairs; painstakingly he taught her the art of "putting over" a song. His devotion to his girl-wife has been an epic of unselfishness and consideration. Any married woman will appreciate his courage as exemplified in his deliberate encouragement of the illusion fostered among Annette's public that she is unmarried. Because Annette's popularity has been built largely upon her appeal to the young, Rose has bent every effort to suppress all reference to the fact that she is married.

Annette is fragile and easily upset temperamentally. So, while she lies abed until afternoon, Rose is up early bustling about the city selecting her songs, doing the thousand and one chores attendant upon radio success. One incident will illustrate his considerate care for his talented young wife. I was present one day when he painstakingly took apart a radio publication which contained a photograph Annette did not like, a picture of herself which had been released for publication by mistake and without her approval or that of Rose. With infinite patience he unbound the magazine, removed the offending page, and then put the paper back together again so that Annette, perusing it, would not be upset by the picture. During the entire month the magazine was on sale, he was unrelenting in his successful efforts to prevent her from seeing the photograph.

Few romances of the entertainment world are so successful as the Abie's Irish Rose marriage of Ruth Etting and her husband-manager Colonel Snyder. The envious point to the Colonel's luck is being married to one of the richest of radio stars. They overlook the fact that when he married Ruth, she was singing in an obscure Chicago café. Sacrificing a promising *(Continued on page 85)*

Here are Margaret Livingstone, Helen Jepson and Paul Whiteman.

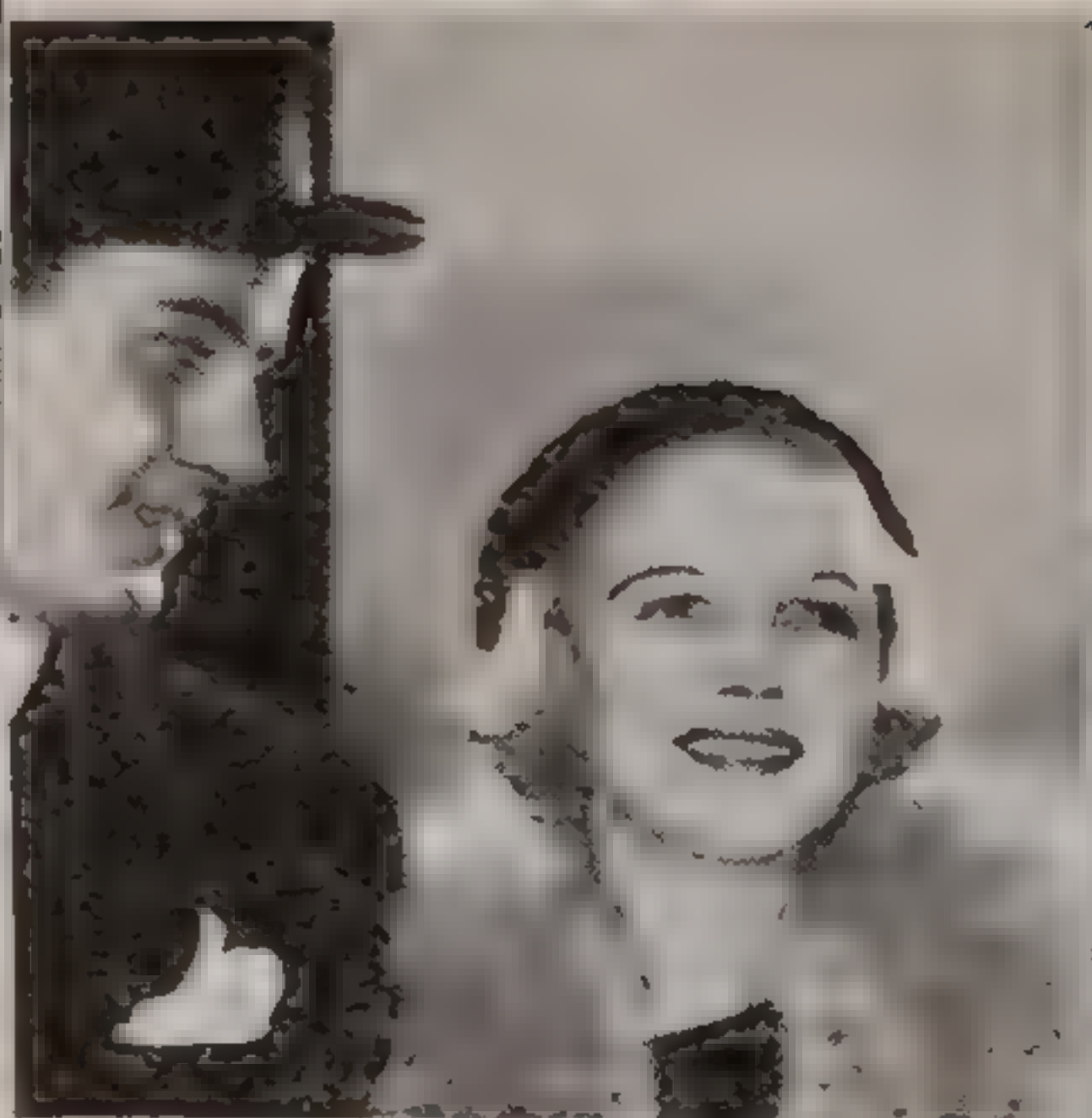


Ruth Etting, of stage, screen and radio fame, in her home.





1
The introduction—he gives you the once over—do your eyes invite friendship?



2
The first date—he follows your eyes, searching for understanding, for more than friendship.



3
Then the fateful moment, when gazing into each other's eyes, the realization of love comes.



4
The proposal—the "yes" in your eyes says more than lips ever can.



5
At the altar—eyes meet in sacred understanding.



6
On the honeymoon and ever after he adores your eyes—if from the very introduction you've kept your lashes long and alluring with Winx Mascara.

EYES INVITE ROMANCE

*if framed by
long lovely lashes*

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes—as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

Instantly EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore . . . thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute *creamy* mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply . . . it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

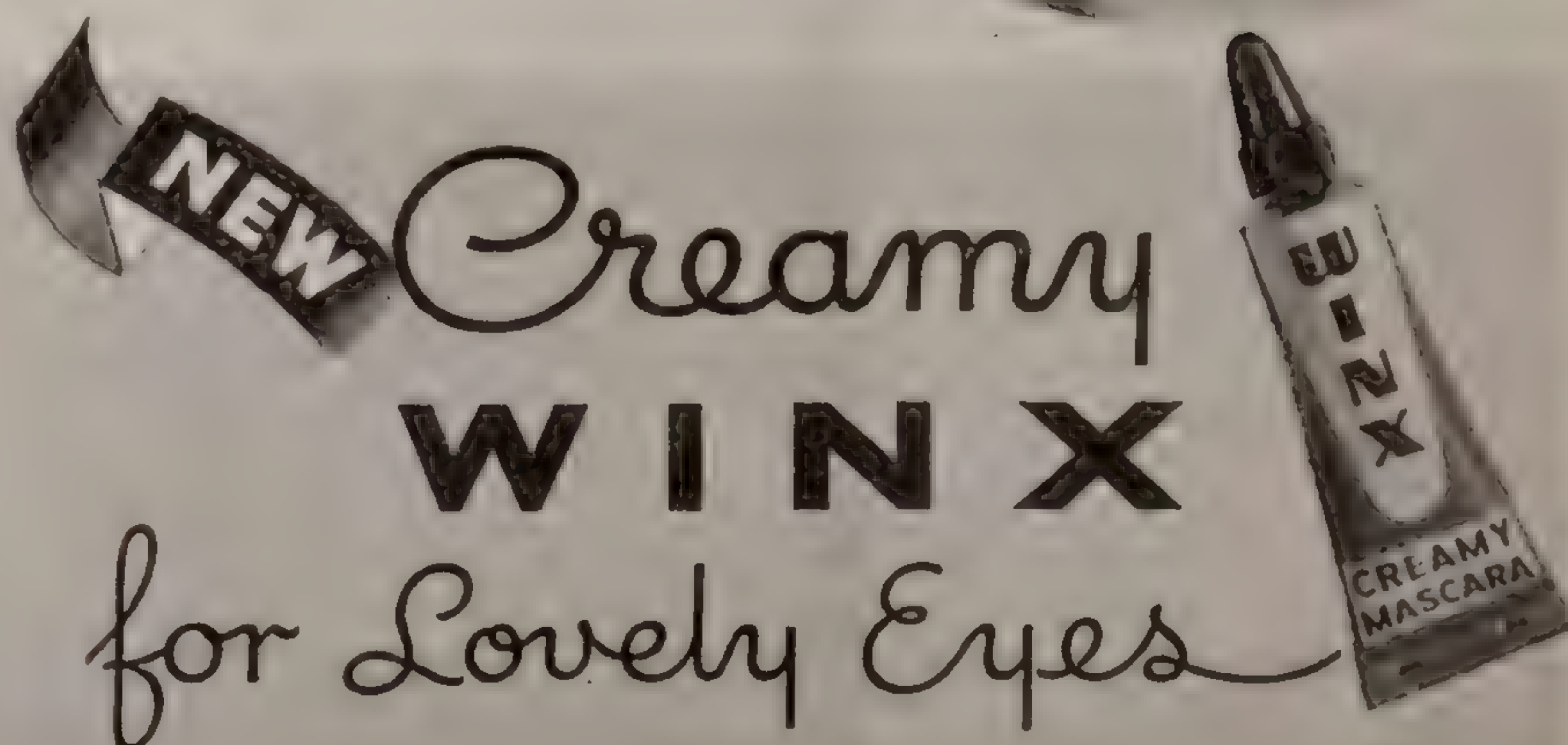
Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10c toilet counters.

. . .

Other Winx Eye Beautifiers

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid—each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

ROSS COMPANY, 243 West 17th Street, New York City



FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



The nimble-footed Fred Astaire, equally entertaining with his voice, has become one of radio's favorite personalities since appearing on the program.

TO the persistently popular "Lucky Strike Hit Parade," starring Fred Astaire with Lennie Hayton's orchestra, RADIO STARS MAGAZINE presents its monthly award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Never has a livelier, more tuneful, more invigorating program brightened the airwaves. The "Lucky Strike Hit Parade" has the nation tapping its feet and humming away the blues!

Selecting the week's fifteen most popular tunes has given the program an envied individuality and established it as something decidedly more entertaining and interesting than simply an hour of dance music. Although many of the songs con-



The youthful Lennie Hayton, whose rhythmic orchestra you hear on the "Lucky Strike Hit Parade," started his mastery of the piano at the age of six.



tinue as hits week after week, Lennie Hayton's masterful and varied arrangements keep the numbers sparkingly new. Lennie's arrangements don't confuse and befuddle, but bring out and enrich the melody of the song.

The addition of Fred Astaire, whose charming sophistication is not lost on the air; the remarkably fine voices of Kay Thompson, Charles Carlile and the Rhythm Boys; the program's flawless presentation and timeliness and the music of Lennie Hayton and his orchestra make the "Lucky Strike Hit Parade" outstanding entertainment. RADIO STARS MAGAZINE is delighted to honor it with its Distinguished Service to Radio Award!

Lester C. Grady
19

IN THE RADIO



Wide World

Above are the Boswell sisters—it looks like five, but it's only Constance, Martha and Vet. The other two are what is called "atmosphere". And below are two who are heard in the "Club Continental"—Gertrude Niesen and Phil Regan.

J. B. Scott



Johnny Green (above), the youthful conductor of "In the Modern Manner", is pictured here at home in the modern manner with Mrs. Green. Radio songsters James Melton and Jane Froman (below) now are featured in a motion picture.



SPOTLIGHT

**People You Know and Love!
New Photographs of Your
Favorites of the Airwaves.**



Two talented music-makers (above), Lois Ravel, contralto, and Leith Stevens, orchestra director, work on a new song. Below, "Any day is unlucky when you meet Gracie Allen," says Black Cat, while husband George Burns groans.



Doris Robbins, freckle-faced, titian-haired songstress, is heard nightly with Ben Pollack's orchestra. Doris is Mrs. Pollack.



IN THE RADIO SPOTLIGHT



Two who need no introduction—Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera.



Wide World

J. Fred Henry Vice-president of RADIO STARS' presents our award for Distinguished Service to Harvey S. Firestone, Jr. Below, Fred Astaire, famous dancing and singing star.





Cosmo-Sileo

Above, Papa Lawrence Tibbett enjoys giving Sonny a morning canter about the farm. He balks at taking the gate, however! Below, Singer Ray Heatherton timed by Harold Levy.

The Harmony Trio (above), June, Joan and Jeri (left to right) make a quartette with their accompanist, Jill (rear center). Below, Grace and Eddie Albert, "The Honeymooners."



Ray Lee Jackson



William Haussler

More Popular Personalities Pass in our Radio Review



Tiny Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, at breakfast.

Here Is One

AT the height of her screen career, Helen Hayes has turned her back on the gold and tinsel of Hollywood and said: "I'm through."

There was none of the usual contract trouble, no flare of temperament, no studio quarrel. With best wishes to all, she vacated her Hollywood home, dismantled her bungalow-dressing-room, and boarded an east-bound train amid chorusing of: "Why, WHY, Why?"

Her answer, briefly, was: "I've signed a radio contract for twenty-six weeks on the air. While it has been pointed out that I could handle the broadcasting from the coast, working in pictures simultaneously, I don't want to do that. I feel that I could not do justice to the radio program if I tried to make movies at the same time." Hollywood gasped. The radio world cheered. Hollywood gasped because, in making her choice at this time, Miss Hayes turned down one of the most flattering offers ever made to a movie star: an offer of \$85,000.00 to play the lead in the screen version of the Pulitzer Prize winner, "The Old Maid."

The radio world cheered because it was the first time a movie star had deserted films to turn to broadcasting. Always before it had been the other way around—the screen snatching talent away from the air with dazzling, extravagant offers.

Ray Lee Jackson Photo

WHY HELEN HAYES



Clark and Mrs. Gable, Helen and Charles MacArthur in Hollywood.



Three friends, Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes and Virginia Bruce.

Star Hollywood's Glittering Offers Could Not Hold

To those who know her story, there was nothing strange about Helen Hayes' choice. To her friends, it seemed inevitable that she should retire from the screen.

In the first place, she has always hated the idea of being a movie star. That career is alien to her nature.

A person of simple tastes, she resented the fact that she was expected to look and act like a glamour-lady of the screen. In Hollywood, surrounded by glittering constellations of beautifully gowned women, she said sadly: "I'm certainly the worst-dressed woman in America!"

Once she overheard a girl exclaim to her escort: "But it can't be Helen Hayes! No movie star would wear a shabby coat like that!" Helen was so upset she went out immediately and bought a beautiful sable wrap, commenting apologetically: "After all, a sable coat will do to cover up any kind of a dress, won't it?"

But Hollywood is a city of fine feathers, where women recline for hours on end in perfumed beauty salons; where a day is not considered wasted if it has been spent choosing a dress or a hat. It was a new world to Helen Hayes, and she never quite understood it. Her world since childhood had been one of serious, hard work. On the stage since she was nine years old, she had studied and slaved and fought her way up from children's rôles to ingénue parts, and over the high hurdle to starring.

Sleeper jumps, nightly performances, rehearsals till dawn, summer stock, meals on the fly, tedious costume fittings, and always study, study, study. If she had a moment's leisure, there were books she should read, plays to be seen, dear friends with whom she cherished an

afternoon. Time always has been precious to her. She never could quite fit into the Hollywood merry-go-round, where it was considered smart to pour time and energy into the business of making a good appearance.

Then, there is her family. She always resented the way the screen interfered with her home and family life. She went to Hollywood first, not to go into movies, but to join her husband, Charles MacArthur, who was there under contract, writing scenarios. When it was announced in the New York papers that Helen Hayes—one of the stage's

great ones, who never had even submitted to a screen test—was leaving for Hollywood, reporters rushed to catch her at the station. They saw her boarding the train, her baby in her arms. And to their question: "Why are you going to Hollywood?" she answered simply: "I

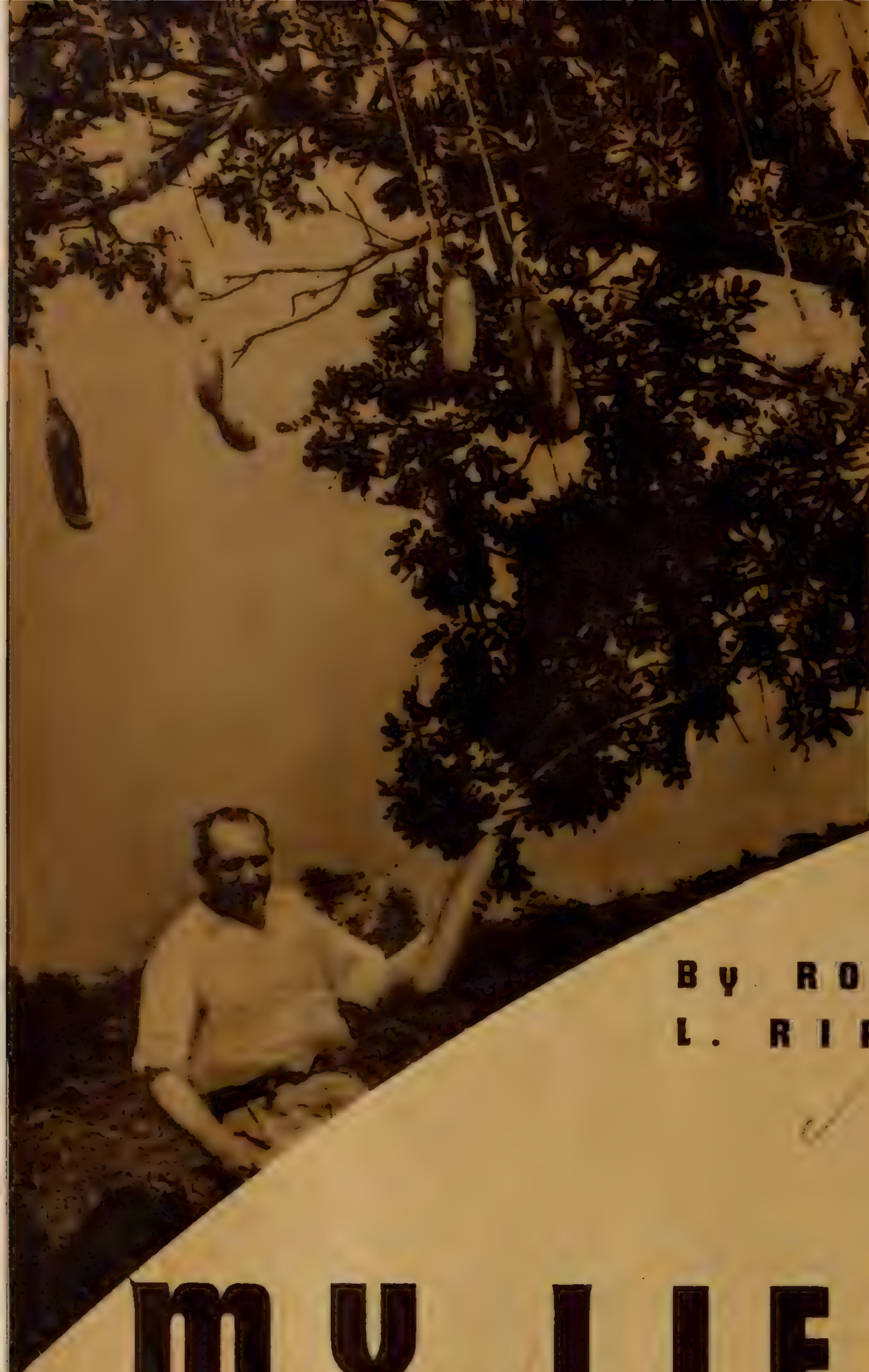
want to be with Charlie."

Once on the Coast, she was talked into playing in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Charlie had just finished writing the script for the film. Helen played the part and won the Academy Award with her performance. And after that the movie net tightened. Many of her admirers, for a long time, feared that she gradually would be weaned away from Broadway and an art that was more subtle than any she had a chance to exhibit on the screen.

But there never was a time when leaving for the coast wasn't a heartbreak for her. At their home in Nyack, New York, with Charlie and their child, Mary, with her flower gardens to tend and friends close by, she was happy. But she never was (Continued on page 79)

By Mildred
Mastin

QUIT HOLLYWOOD . . .



BY ROBERT
L. RIPLEY

Did you know that sausages grew on trees? Here is Robert L. "Believe It or Not" Ripley, picking one from a tree near Nairobi, Kenya Colony, Central Africa. It is a fruit, really. Dried, we use them in America for sponges. Natives use them for food, drink and clothing. In the Royal Temple Garden, Bangkok, Siam, is this fearsome statue.

MY LIFE IS AT

Believe it or not! Nevertheless I wouldn't change



QUEEREST thing I know is the idea you folks have that this job of mine is easy! Nothing to do, you think, but roam about the world, draw pictures, talk over the radio and make pots of money!


Let me tell you here and now that there are times when it is the toughest job in the world, times when my life is at stake. For example, how would you like to travel for days across China without a bit of food, with fleas nipping you from toe to collar-bone, with mosquitoes chawing great chunks out of your neck and ears—and all the time the heat frying you, the smells of your compartment driving you berserk? Would you, once safely arrived in civilization, go on with the job? Maybe you would—and then again, you might quit right there.

I have traveled in one hundred and eighty countries, on steamships, trains, planes, boats, camel-back, horse-back, mule-back—in rickshas, ox-carts and dog-wagons. Thrilling? Certainly it is—but only *when I'm safe at home!* It's thrilling chatting about my adventures over coffee taken on a clean, American porch with some friends. And

how pleasant to dream about far-off places in a snug studio before a crackling log fire!

But in the jungle there is no comfort and little security. In the jungle there are no waiters—and the food can be anything from stewed grasshoppers to roasted snake. Sometimes, to save myself from hunger, I have eaten whatever strange food was set before me. To quench my thirst I have swallowed water from polluted streams. And why I have not got typhoid I do not know. Dysentery I have had several times. They call this the plague of the tropics, this illness which drains your energy. Lying day after day listlessly in bed, I have felt that any job, however wretched, was better than this one of mine with all its glamour.

Yes, I am only a reporter and only a small percentage of the oddities I talk about are the result of my own bright ideas. I have a staff of sixteen who plow their way through books and magazines in thirteen languages, medical books, old manuscripts, brittle old records. They smoke out many weird facts. And when they are not busy discovering the fantastic, they are checking the



In Kairovan, North Africa, one of the holiest cities of the Mohammedan world, these anchors are treasured, believed to be the selfsame ones with which Noah fastened his Ark to Mt. Ararat. And in Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, the natives give more time to play than to work. Here are two holiday grotesques.

STAKE!

jobs with anybody!

veracity of suggestions received in the mail.

People ask me how soon I shall come to the end of my oddities. The answer is—*never*. That part of my job is easy. I could lock myself up for ten years, never stir, and still be able to make you gasp at your loud-speaker three hundred and sixty-five days a year. And longer, too. Yes, and without repeating myself once!

Back in 1918, when I drew my first Believe It or Not cartoon for the New York *Globe*, I almost went crazy trying to find ideas for the next one. But as I struggled, it grew easier. The second was the hardest—the twentieth was relatively easy. It gets easier all the time and I have been at it seventeen years—and I think I could continue for one hundred and seventeen.

Something there is about human beings that drives them to doing curious things. Here, for example, is a fond father who wants to build a doll's house for his (Continued on page 64)




Ripley finds other oddities in East Africa. The Royal East African Auto Association posts this sign, warning drivers to hoot—lest, rounding a turn, they come upon a sleeping lion!

WHY HAS Grace Moore TRIUMPHED?

She hadn't the voice for opera, nor the figure for movies, wise ones predicted.

By Katherine Albert

WHEN GRACE MOORE arrived in New York from Europe not long ago she actually was mobbed by thousands of adoring fans. They shouted and called her name and would not leave the docks until she was at last in a car *en route* to her hotel. Above her head a sky-writer in a swift airplane flung the legend: "Welcome Home, Grace Moore!" to the winds. At City Hall there was an official welcome.

Seldom has New York gone so wild over a radio, screen and opera personage. The hysterical greetings were like those long ago accorded to Jenny Lind.

Later that day I happened to be having cocktails with a woman who is a very close friend of Grace Moore. "I saw her in London," she told me. "The British were completely bowled over by her. Crowds mobbed her hotel, day and night, and swore they would not go away until she had sung for them. So she would stick her head out the window and sing like an angel for long minutes."

Grace's friend giggled. "Apparently her husband wasn't around. He often stops her from being so extremely impul-

sive. For instance, when they returned from their honeymoon the photographers wanted them to pose in a fond embrace. Grace would have loved it. But Valentin would be party to no such pose."

When you realize that all this adulation, all this mob hysteria is for a little girl from Jellico, Tennessee, a girl who was told she didn't have a good enough voice to make opera, a girl who was told she didn't have the figure to be a movie actress—well, it is amazing, isn't it?"

How did she do it?

The first glimpse I, myself, had of Grace Moore was years ago in Hollywood when she was brought out by M-G-M to do "Jenny Lind." There was a lot of publicity ballyhoo about her. She rented a veritable palace on top of one of Southern California's highest hills and very shortly threw the house open with a bang-up party for the press. We swam in the pool and ate wonderful food and had a fine time. But the consensus of opinion among the women members of the press was that she wasn't a picture bet. One of them said: "She has no glamour. She's much too much a regular fellow and a grand pal. I can't believe that she has any sex appeal."

Well, a few days later, one of the boys on the staff of my



(Upper left) Grace Moore and Michael Bartlett in a scene from "Love Me Forever." (Lower left) With her husband, Valentin Parera, noted Spanish actor.

(Upper right) Another moment in "Love Me Forever," with Leo Carillo (left) and Bartlett (right). And (lower right) a lovely new portrait of Grace Moore.

magazine was given an assignment to interview her. He came back with a dreamy look in his eyes. All he could say was: "She's wonderful! She's divine!" And that lad had interviewed every important glamour gal in Hollywood! He was utterly and completely bowled over by her as were, we soon discovered, half the men in Hollywood.

But "Jenny Lind" was a flop. They told Grace she was too fat. So she appealed to Sylvia, the most famous taker-downer in Hollywood. Sylvia has told me that she has never met a woman who could take the punishment Grace could take. And beg for more. And with every slap from Sylvia, Grace would say: "I'll show 'em. You'll see—I'll show 'em."

Sylvia took her down by many, many pounds and Grace lovingly inscribed a photograph: "To Sylvia—God's gift to a prima donna."

"New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett, followed "Jenny Lind," and, in spite of Grace's lost poundage, it, too, flopped. Grace left Hollywood. So it must be pretty

gratifying to her to be going back to the M-G-M lot, loaned by Columbia at a huge figure, to make a film with Nelson Eddy. She did, you see, "show 'em."

But when she left, everyone thought that Grace Moore's star had set.

The next time I saw her was at a party in New York. It was a very elegant party and there were some of the most famous stage and screen stars there—beautiful, exciting women. Most of them were more famous, more sought after than Grace Moore at the time.

Then Grace arrived. And every man in the place deserted whatever famous, beautiful woman he was talking to so he could be near Grace Moore. She was still the good scout, the regular fellow. She did not lure them with sinuous gestures or fluttering eyelashes. But she got 'em. Boy, how she got 'em! And in one half hour after her arrival she had all the men draped around the piano as she played and sang and said witty and amusing things.

I was talking about this one (Continued on page 7)

AFRAID OF LOVE



By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen



NINO MARTINI has never said: "*I love you,*" to any woman!

That is because these words have meaning for him, a meaning beyond the glib assurance a chance moon or a star-hung night can give to men's tongues.

It goes deeper than that. This most romantic tenor of all is *afraid* to love.

When a man or woman is caught up in a neurosis, psychologists trace back through the years to the beginnings of that man or woman. Somewhere in their childhood lies the thing that is the basis for their fear and holds them back from living completely and fully.

Martini is a little surprised, himself, that no woman has ever touched him so deeply that life without her would be intolerable. A psychologist would probably say the answer is the tomb he visited as a child.

Romeo and Juliet lie in that tomb, quiet in their sleep of all time.

Nino Martini knew about love before most boys do. For in that city of Verona where he was born, were born, too, the lovers held most dearly to the world's heart. There where he had his being, Romeo and Juliet had their being, and lived their little while and died because they loved each other so much that neither could bear living without the other.

That tomb was in his consciousness from the first time

impressions began to creep in upon his baby brain. For the land surrounding it was owned by his grandfather and his father was custodian of the young lovers' last resting place. They took that tomb casually for the most part, the Martinis, and Nino remembers how his mother used to go into it to wash and prepare vegetables for the family dinner, for it was cool in there and sheltered from the heat of an Italian summer.


It was different with the boy. When he first began to sing he sought seclusion in his shyness and he had discovered, too, that the acoustics in this chamber fashioned of century-old stone were perfect as a practice hall. So it was to Romeo and Juliet that he first poured out his heart in song.

It must have sunk deep in this sensitive boy's imagination, singing of love to those young lovers dead. When he speaks their names it is as if he were speaking, not of two people who have become a legend, but of a boy and a girl whom he knows. "A boy and a girl for whom he has warmth in his voice and sympathy in his eyes.

He feels close to them. To him they are alive and vibrant and real, his friends, who have shared the tragedy of their love with him. They have shown him how love can hurt and because of the hurt they found, they have made him afraid to love.

There is no doubt that Martini has given much thought to love.

Probing the Reason Why the Glamorous Nino Martini



Nino Martini, famous star of grand opera, of radio, concert, and more recently of motion pictures, in some interesting poses. Left, a studio portrait, showing a serious side. Next, with "Mother Schumann-Heink," herself a star of concert and opera and radio. Above, with Anita Louise, in a scene from a Fox film, "Here's to Romance."

"Once, long ago, there was a girl in Italy," he said slowly and there was a remembered feeling in his voice. "It was the first time a girl had filled me with tenderness. More than that, we were friends. We understood each other. There was always so much to say when we were together."

"I thought then it would always be like that and when I thought of the future I saw this girl as my wife, sharing my thoughts and love always. But I did not tell her I loved her or ask her to be my wife."

"My career was only starting and I had nothing to offer her. And even then, young as I was, I had the conviction that it is unfair to a woman to ask her to become engaged when the marriage must necessarily be years in the distance."

"My work called me away and I was gone two years. When I returned again I could not wait to see her. But from the first moment I knew it was different. She still was beautiful, even more lovely than I had remembered, and she still had the charm and intelligence that had moved me so deeply. But something was gone. The tenderness, the quickening of my heart at her smile, all the little intangible things that are a part of love."

"I was glad then I had not asked her to marry me. All my life I have wondered at men who say: 'I love you' to every girl who momentarily stirs them. For unless it lasts these words must be (Continued on page 81)

Returning by air from the coast, after a gratifying triumph, won in his first starring picture, "Here's to Romance."

Wide World

has remained a bachelor.

FRIDAY — AT QUARTER TO FOUR



A group of "Show Boat" favorites—Helen Oelheim, the second from the right. Conrad Thibault, Lanny Ross and Frank McIntyre are in the rear.

By Ethel M. Pomeroy



"HE CAN'T BE DEAD!"
Incredulously Helen Oelheim's warm contralto voice trembled over the wire into the office of the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House. A glance at the jewelled watch on her wrist only confirmed her disbelief in news so shocking. It was half past four. "He can't be dead!" she reiterated dazedly. "I was talking with him at quarter to four. He was well, then—cheerful. And he promised me that, even though his budget was filled, he would make a place for me at the Metropolitan this season. . . ."

But on that pleasant Friday afternoon, last May, his brain filled with plans for a brilliant new season in opera, Herbert Witherspoon had died. Probably his last act as General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera had been to promise little Miss Oelheim a place on the new season's roster.

As she slowly hung up the phone and walked away, Helen seemed still to hear his deep, rich voice speaking those rewarding words that had filled her heart with

pride and hope.

At a quarter to four he had said them. Up to that moment she had not felt that the goal of her ambition was to sing at the Met. She had had notable success in concert work, and with that and her equally successful radio engagements she had found ample outlet for her song. A pleasantly gratifying outlet, pleasantly remunerative. One that did not make excessive demands upon her time and strength. Her friends, however, estimated her stature as a singer more accurately. To please them—really to still their clamor, she felt privately—she applied for an audition at the Met. And, after a preliminary hearing, she was given an appointment to sing for Witherspoon.

She was excused early from her "Show Boat" rehearsal. In the subway she went down to the opera house, arriving three minutes before the appointed time. And, now that the moment was at hand, she found herself nervous, tense. Another singer was being heard. Then, in a moment, the secretary called: "Miss Oilheim!"—mistaking the first "e" in her name

A dramatic crisis in Helen Oelheim's life, en route



Young, lovely, slenderly built, Helen looks younger than her twenty-six years, although with no suggestion of immaturity.

for an "i." Irresistibly Helen began to laugh. Still laughing, she mounted the platform to sing—feeling gay and at ease, all nervousness vanished in that unexpected laughter.

The audition was a success. They asked her to sing again. Then Witherspoon said to her, in his fatherly, kind voice: "You are young. It looks like a tremendous undertaking to you. But don't be anxious. I will help you. I will take you under my wing." And as she left the opera house, it was as if she walked on rainbow-hued clouds. She felt that now her future course was set. This wasn't just a blithe adventure for a brief season or so—something to please her friends. She wanted most earnestly now to sing at the Met. She wanted, if possible, to keep on singing there.

And now it was half past four—and the rosy clouds had vanished and the ground was hard and uneven beneath her feet. In those brief, lost moments she had found, (Continued on page 67)

from radio to Grand Opera.

It was singing the rôle of Martha, in "Faust," that brought Helen Oelheim into radio.



RADIO ALWAYS GETS ITS MAN !

B y G e o r g e K e n t

Below are four famous folk whom the radio has wooed with varying success. Chaplin's art of pantomime must await the advent of television. Fascinating Mae West awaits the proper vehicle for her rare gifts. Maestro Toscanini recently conducted a symphony orchestra in an especially prepared concert. And former Queen Marie of Roumania, who came too soon and upset a broadcast!



Katharine Hepburn is mike-shy. She is one movie star who feels broadcasting hurts rather than helps her popularity with fans.





And above are three popular favorites reluctant to broadcast. Chevalier had a fling at it, but he, like Katharine Hepburn, is mike-shy. Garbo will consent whenever satisfactory terms can be agreed upon. And sponsors would like very much to sign George Arliss.

A Fascinating Tale of Radio's Quest for Celebrities. A Few Still Hold Out, but Some Day They'll Capitulate.



LIKE the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Radio always gets its man!

If you doubt it, get your newspaper and look at the radio programs. Count the celebrities—stars from Hollywood and Broadway, from Grand Opera and the concert stage . . .

notables from the halls of government, from palaces and palazzos. They've all capitulated, except for a handful of die-hards.

There was a time when the presence of a star on a radio program was a rarity. But every year has seen radio raid the haunts of celebrities and bring them to the loudspeakers.

Paderewski is a recent recruit. Two years ago he played once for the British Broadcasting Company, a performance short-waved to this country. When it was over, he swore never to do it again.

"Too brutally mechanical," said the Polish pianist.

But the other day he changed his mind. He will play as at a concert, for an hour or more. The microphone can have all or part of his playing—but he won't play just one selection.

George Arliss is another you never have heard—but that doesn't mean that he won't broadcast, some day. Sponsors would like to sign him, but the figure has not yet been agreed upon.

Greta Garbo, also, has indicated that she could be persuaded, if a satisfactory agreement could be reached.

The only great violinist you haven't heard is Fritz Kreisler—the greatest of them all. His original objection to radio was that transmission was poor and would distort his playing. Then he refused an offer because the proposed program included several comedians. Right now he won't talk business at any price. But we still hope to hear him on the air, and confidently expect it.

Besides Kreisler, one other musical celebrity hangs back—Rachmaninoff, the justly famous Russian pianist. But he, too, may some day change his mind.

Arturo Toscanini, unquestionably the greatest orchestra conductor in the world, was on the air once only. His appearances with the Philharmonic don't count. The story goes that General Motors offered him plenty of money if he would lead their Sunday night concert—but he would not accept money.

Then they offered him a 16-cylinder automobile delivered to the door of his home in Milan, Italy—not quite realizing the kind of bargain they had made.

This offer Toscanini accepted.

The car cost \$8,000 set up and ready to roll in Detroit. The duty on a car in Italy is exactly 125%. So, before counting shipping costs, the price of the gift already was \$18,000. Now slap on a conservative \$2,000 for transportation and it reaches a total of \$20,000. Also, the automobile thus presented falls in the category of a gift, so its recipient pays no income tax on it.

All of which puts the maestro at the top of the radio money-makers.

As to royalty, all but a few have tumbled. The former German Kaiser is one man you have never heard. Recently, when asked to speak, he said: "My well-known principles of modesty forbid it."

Stalin, top man in Soviet Russia, won't even answer the invitation to go on the air. Gandhi was difficult to get. Also the King of Siam. They dwelt so far away from wires and good radio facilities it was physically impossible to bring them to you. However, when Gandhi came to London and Siam's monarch came to New York, they submitted gracefully.

Which reminds me of Bertha Brainard's story of Queen Marie of Roumania's (Continued on page 95)



James Melton

The top-ranking tenor of radio, James Melton, is a sailor by avocation. He owns a cabin-yacht, and whenever circumstances permit he sails the open seas. He is one of the few to crash radio, by singing outside of Roxy's office. He was born in Moultrie, Georgia, on January 2nd, 1904. His wife is Marjorie McClure Melton, a writer, and they live in a New York penthouse. James also likes to hunt wild game when he is in the Maine woods. And likes to cook it!




Betty Lou Gerson

Even the more discerning autograph-seekers frequently mistake this alluring young radio starlet for that elusive elf of Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn. But Betty Lou Gerson, whose performances over the air-waves already have won for her a large and enthusiastic following, doesn't mind—so long as she can continue to autograph interesting radio contracts. Rumor whispers that she soon may be a party to another contract—when she can find time to name the day.



*Rosemary
Lane*

Rosemary Lane, who with her sister, Priscilla, contributes many a bright spot to the Fred Waring program, is one of the most winning of radio's younger stars. With an enormous zest for life, Rosemary finds everything interesting, even the long hours and hard work of rehearsals. It is that quality of enthusiasm which so delights listeners.



Meet Patti from Atlantic City!
Three months after her network
debut as a sustaining artist,
young Patti Chapin was engaged
as the featured singer on the
"Family Hotel" program, star-
ing Jack Pearl. More recently
she was established in her own
program—heard every Mon-
day. Patti also is featured now on
her outstanding broadcasts.
There's no keeping Patti down!

*Patti
Chapin*



**Vivien della Chiesa sings
from Chicago to a lonely
lover in a far-away land.**

By RUTH GERI

ALL DAY the sun sears the plains of Eritrea with brutal, relentless fire; till at last night descends with its equally cruel frost. In their drab, brown tents, the Italian soldiers huddle together, wondering if it perhaps is not better to scorch all day than to shiver all night. Over there, just a few feet over the border in Ethiopia, death may be hiding in ambush. But tonight it is Sunday and they are still alive and there must be amusement to distract a soldier from the grimness of war. The radio—cards—a cigarette. . .

In the communications tent a serious, darkly handsome lieutenant bends over his receiving set. It is lucky, he thinks, that he is a sound-engineer and that the set is perhaps the best in all Africa. . .

Far away in Chicago, a friendly noonday sun shines down on the whiteness of the Wrigley Building rising from the banks of the Chicago River. Outside, leisurely strollers promenade Michigan Avenue on their way from church. Within, although it is Sunday, there is as much bustle as ever in the Columbia Broadcasting Studios, for radio knows no day of rest.

A slim, blonde girl stands before a microphone. An engineer raises his hand. All right, take it away! And the limpid, sweet voice of Vivien della Chiesa is loosed on the air waves, to bring beauty and joy into a million homes; to go out even across a continent and an ocean to distant Africa.

Surely it is a long way from Chicago to Ethiopia, and Premier Mussolini's quarrel with the Ethiopians is a dim, distant catastrophe which one reads about in the papers while enjoying a nice, warm breakfast. And yet from the silken-haired girl at the microphone in Chicago, to the dark, tragic Italian lieutenant bent breathlessly over his radio, there stretches a fragile, tenuous thread of sound, binding them with a golden cord of music and love. And if there is a shadow of a tear in her blue eyes as she sings the tender words of a love song, it is because

WHEN SHALL THEY MEET AGAIN?

of the fear clutching at her heart for her loved one. And if he, in far off Africa, smiles as he catches the echo of her beloved voice, it is because it is good to know that at least she is safe and it is comforting to hear her sweet tones in the wilderness.

Love came riding over the waves to pretty eighteen-year-old Vivien della Chiesa on the wings of Balboa Armada—that splendid fleet of seaplanes which can bearing the good will of the Italian people to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. Vivien, just out of high school, never dreaming that fame was to come to her so soon, went down to Grant Park, with so many other Italian girls, waving a flag and shouting a greeting. Almost immediately her interest centered in just one of all the handsome, bronzed, intrepid fliers, who speedily were whisked away for a royal reception. It didn't matter that they were gone so soon. Vivien counted herself lucky indeed that she would see *him* again at the banquet where she was to sing, which was to be tendered the heroes by an Italian organization to which her mother and father belonged.

She blushed prettily as all the dashing Italian visitors

over his radio,
in the plains of
Libya, young
lieutenant Emil
Finardi of the
Italian Army
hears her loved
voice. When will
he see her again?

complimented her for the
beauty and charm of her voice,
but when *he* came she stood
there awkward and tongue-tied.
He was curious about her name.
Did she perhaps come from
the town of Chiesa? he asked.
"No, I was born right here
in Chicago and I've never been
to Italy, but my family come
from there—they take their
name from the village," she
replied, hating herself for
flushing a deep crimson and
thankful that she had studied
her Italian so well. Of course,
he had meant to use it only
for the opera, but to what sweet purpose she now was
putting it!

"But, how fortunate!" he exclaimed. "My family, too,
are from Chiesa!"

Of course, Mr. and Mrs. della Chiesa must meet
Lieutenant Emil Finardi, who was, so to speak, almost
a neighbor. Certainly, they knew the Finardis although
they could not remember this Emil who must have been
running around, no bigger than a tadpole, when they had
left Italy for America. With true Italian hospitality,
Vivien's mother greeted this son of an old friend, press-
ing upon him eager invitations. But surely he must come
to supper with them one night and tell them of his father
and mother and eat good home-cooked vermicelli and
spaghetti.

If Mrs. Chiesa secretly nursed any matchmaking
scheme for capturing so distinguished a son-in-law, it
was for Vera, her beautiful elder daughter. Vivien, too,
when she dared to think at all, sighed hopelessly; for what



Illustrated by Ralph Shepard

chance had she, little more than a schoolgirl, against her
sister? But from the first Emil had eyes only for Vivien,
whose hair was the color of sweet, yellow Lombardy wine
and eyes like blue Italian lakes and a voice which rightly
should one day echo in the famous La Scala—Vivien,
who was yet but a baby, as mama said.

But at eighteen one is not too young to understand the
quickenings of the heart and the unspoken words in a
man's eyes, and so quickly (for time was so pitifully
short) these two—young Vivien (*Continued on page 66*)

SECRETS of the LUX RADIO THEATRE

The first program
to broadcast full
length plays with
famous stage stars

By Dora

Albert

mUSICAL COMEDIES may come and go on the air, but there is one dramatic program, the Lux Radio Theatre, which seems destined to go on forever. It has brought us John Boles and Miriam Hopkins in "Seventh Heaven," Tallulah Bankhead's "Let Us Be Gay," Claudette Colbert's "Holiday," Leslie Howard's "Romantic Age," Wallace Beery's inimitable portrait of "Lightnin'," and Helen Hayes' tender "Peg o' My Heart." Over forty hit shows have been produced already, and there's a new one on the boards each week.

Already the program, which started last October, has built up three legends, the Broadway legend, the legend of America and the Hollywood legend. Probably Broadway has the sanest viewpoint. It regards the Lux Radio Theatre as the smartest bit of dramatic showmanship on



Not even the volatile Lupe Velez is temperamental when she goes on the air for the Lux Radio Theatre. For her it is a most thrilling experience.

the air, and also as a glittering show window where Broadway topnotchers can parade their wares. To America at large the Lux Radio Theatre is a glorified road show, bringing Broadway to the most isolated sections of the country. Hollywood sees it as an opportunity for a grand and glorious week-end, an exciting and thrilling house-party created for the special benefit of Hollywood stars. Lupe Velez flies to New York, dashes around town, appears for one thrilling hour on the air, earns enough money to pay for a whole week's jamboree!

At any rate, everyone agrees that the Lux Radio Theatre is unique. It has brought more stars into one studio than any other program. It has produced more fireworks, more comedy, and more heartache behind the scenes than any other program.

You've heard that Wallace Beery worked with his suspenders hanging down over his great fat stomach. Remember that? It's a symbol. Speaking figuratively, all the stars worked that way.

Claudette Colbert lay down in the middle of the rehearsal right on the floor of the studio—said it helped to straighten her spine when she lay that way.

Tallulah Bankhead has claustrophobia (fear of small confined spaces), so she couldn't bear to stay in one room for an hour at a time. During the middle of a rehearsal she would take a walk round the block. He



Jose Reyes

J. B. Scott

Scotty Welbourne

John Boles (top), who played in "Seventh Heaven" on the radio. (Lower picture) Leslie Howard, the star of "Berkeley Square."

Two other favorites of the Lux Radio Theatre. (Top) James Cagney. (Lower picture) Wallace Beery, the popular star of "The Old Soak."

Ruth Chatterton (top) did "The Lion and the Mouse." Miriam Hopkins (lower picture) co-starred in "Seventh Heaven."

first introduction to the other people in her cast and to her director was amazing. The studio was located in an out-of-the-way spot, so she hunted all over the place for it. Then she stuck her head into the room and yelled, "For heaven's sake, you *so-and-sos*, how the devil did you find this place?"

The actors do all they can to help themselves and the rest of the cast get the illusion of a real show. When Ina Claire played a dual rôle in "Polly with a Past," she wore a black hat and lots of pearls for her rôle as Paulette, the adventuress, but took off her hat and pearls when she played simple, sweet Polly. When Paul Muni said he was accustomed to grabbing his hat in a certain scene in "Counsellor-at-Law," they gave him a hat rack to play with.

James Cagney wasn't the least bit temperamental. He said he was a little tired of socking ladies with grapefruit, but he was perfectly willing to have one of the actresses in the cast sock him with a grapefruit as a publicity gag.

The most amazing thing about the Lux Radio Theatre, however, is not the glamour of the personalities involved, fascinating as they are, but the fact that anyone had the courage to put the program on the air at all. The idea of a dramatic show wasn't new, but nobody ever had ventured to try it before. There was too much money and time involved; it was too big a gamble. When an

agency, which had considered the idea for years, finally decided to try it, all the wise guys along Broadway hooted.

"Who'll listen to a full-hour dramatic show?" they clamored. "Why, it's insane! It's ridiculous! Music is what people want. No one can ever make America sit still and listen to drama for one solid hour."

I was among the people who thought the idea would be a failure. As did thousands of other people far wiser, far more experienced in radio show business than I.

But the hour went on the air. On October 14th, 1934, Miriam Hopkins and John Boles appeared in "Seventh Heaven." The atmosphere of the studio was as tense as if this were the première of a great Broadway play. There were no dowagers present in ermine, it is true. There were no bald-headed men watching the play from the front row. There were no women from the upper crust of society in the audience, loaded down with pearls. In fact, there was no audience at all, save three or four men who had moulded the program.

But everything else that belongs to a first night was there. The fear. The uncertainty. The tenseness and the excitement. The leading lady tearing a handkerchief to pieces in her nervousness, going through every gesture, every movement as though she were appearing on a real stage instead of just before a mike that had ears, but no eyes with which to see her. At the (Continued on page 70)





FRANCES

and

JOE

Two favorites of the air now are teamed by Paramount in their new musical picture, "Collegiate." Joe Penner, the duck man, and Frances Langford, sparkling contralto of radio, will both be seen and heard in this most delightful comedy of events that transpire when Jack Oakie inherits a girls' school. Frances was notably successful in her first movie, "Every Night at Eight." And she will continue to function as one of the glittering galaxy of "Hollywood Hotel."

GLADYS

and

JOHN

Lovely Gladys Swarthout, star of the Metropolitan Opera, and star of the air-waves, now is one of the principals, with John Boles, in Paramount Pictures' musical romance, "The Rose of the Rancho." The stars are pictured here in a between-scenes chat at the studio ranch, where they were engaged in filming a gay fiesta scene which climaxes the picture. The huge sombrero which Miss Swarthout is holding is one of several which she uses in her "Sombrero Dance."

IF I WERE RADIO'S MIGHTY MOGUL



By

Fred Allen



If I were the mighty mogul of the airwaves:

All lone cowboys in radio would have to find a friend. This would stop them from being lonesome

and assure them of at least one listener.

All bridge experts who explain intricate plays over the air would be made dummy for the duration of the series.

The Secretary of Agriculture would be contacted regarding a back-to-the-farm movement for radio hill-billies. This would make it possible to walk around Radio City without tripping over banjos and ten-gallon hats. It would also send a lot of yodelers back to the 'hills of the Bronx.

A new day would dawn for announcers. The Allen-controlled program would have no commercial sales talk.

Under my system the selling would be done in the listener's home. Announcers throughout the country would hurry from dwelling to dwelling, tapping on the door and asking folks what they're tuning in on. "*Bide-a-Wee Biscuits, starring Noel Coward*," the folks might say. Right away the announcers rattle off the Bide-a-Wee sales talk. This puts thousands more announcers to work. They wear out thousands more shoes.



The author goes into action before the mike—with his prescription for ridding radio of some of its chief annoyances.

Wide World



Three glimpses of Fred Allen in his new movie, "Thanks a Million," starring Dick Powell. Above, a dramatic scene with Patsy Kelly and Rubinoff.



It looks as if Bennie Baker were beating the drum to frighten the rain away. Not such a bad idea, at that, if you can do it, Benniel

That wise and genial philosopher of Town Hall fame, Fred Allen, speaks out of turn.

Which puts thousands more tanners to work. Which plays the devil with the mortality rate among cattle—but who cares?

I would also take the amateur situation in hand. Gongs must go. They should be restored to their rightful owners—Chinese mandarins—whose servants whang them to announce callers and dinner. I would sponsor a series of programs on which well-known amateurs give professionals a break. They would hold professional contests and the winners would have a chance to appear on the amateur vaudeville units which are sweeping the country.

I would take drastic steps in overhauling the comedy situation. All big broadcasting buildings would have *de luxe* barber shops, where the comics would be forced to have the whiskers snipped off their jokes. No gag writer could sell the same joke to more than three funny men at the same time. There would be a Mae West joke to end all Mae West jokes.

All jokes would be brought up to date. To wit: "The neighborhood was so tough that when the goldfish got hungry they climbed out of their bowls and chased the cats up alleys." The neighborhood, when I finished with it, would be so tough that when the cats got hungry they hi-jacked a milkman.

When Eddie Cantor and I, as children, were playing before packed houses—on the sidewalk in front of tenements—they used to define college-bred as a four-year loaf.

Fancied up for modern usage, college graduation becomes a ceremony where stu-

dents get a sheepskin after four years of wool-gathering.

On second thought I'd end up by sending all radio comedians to a nudist camp—just because I like the comic strips, Graham!

Blues singers would be given something to cry about. My staff would hire Jersey mosquitoes who'd got melancholia from biting vacationing blue bloods. These doleful little winged fellows would be kept on hand in case the singer unconsciously fell into a happy mood. At the first sign of gaiety, drilling would begin and the young lady soon would become as sad as a fan dancer when the moulting season comes.

Character actors would be limited to a dozen voices each. This would put more of them to work and reduce the breadline, where for months they've been causing disturbances by returning for third and fourth helpings, each time under another disguise.

Symphony orchestras would be directed by men with pronounceable names. If it's impossible to find a baton-waver named Smith, let his name be changed. This would immediately increase the popularity of classical music. People would be able to say: "Did you hear Smith conducting the Philharmonic last night?" Instead of: "Did you hear Vlad-er—that Russian—er—skip it."

Kiddie hours would be presented in much larger studios. These would accommodate all parents and relatives. Then the programs wouldn't have to be broadcast.

Script shows continued from week to week would end (*Continued on page 78*)





Richard Himber, the maestro of the Studebaker Champions, radio's four-star feature, directs his orchestra.



A museum wanted Vallee's first megaphone, so Dick returned the one Rudy had given him when he was Rudy's orchestra manager.

TO THIS day Ted Husing doesn't know how it happened—just who it was that yanked him out of bed, like clockwork, every fifteen minutes, one dreary morning. When Ted, tired from a late broadcast, wanted nothing more than a nice morning's snooze.

The first phone call to break the sound of his rhythmic snoring came at 5:30 A. M. In case you'd like to know, just at that moment Mr. Richard Himber, as dignified-appearing and studious-looking a gentleman as ever trod on shoe leather, was in the Pennsylvania station, on the last lap of his personal appearance tour.

The phone rang again, like the clang of a fire bell. It kept on ringing. Sleepily Ted reached for it. A stern voice said: "This is Western Union calling. We have a wire to call you at 5:30 A. M. today."

"What?" yelled the outraged Ted. "It's a mistake!"

"Sorry, sir," said Richard Himber, and hung up.

5:45 A. M. Ted Husing's phone rang again. This time a high-pitched, girlish voice said cheerily: "Good morning, Mr. Husing. This is Postal Telegraph. It is 5:45 A. M. We have a call to wake you then."

I don't have to tell you what Ted answered. By this time he realized it was a gag.

But Dick wasn't through, not by a long shot. At 6 A. M. Ted was back in bed when the phone rang ominously. "This is RCA Communications," said a low-pitched, he-mannish voice. "We have a call to ring Columbus 4-5450 at 6 A. M."

Then Husing let loose. He was furious. And his vocabulary is pretty extensive when he loses his temper. "I pity the jokester when I lay my hands on him!" he yelled.

Having done his good deed for the day, Himber went about his business.

This is the same Dick Himber, paradox, who took an unemployed musician, who was desperate, and

**Philanthropist,
practical joker,
firm friend, stern
foe--Dick Himber!**

**B y M a r y
J a c o b s**

gave him a job. At a small salary, it is true, but sufficient to keep his wife and baby.

For two weeks he kept this young violinist on his payroll, and the young man's fingers were all thumbs. Now that he had got his chance, he was too nervous to make the most of it—to make any kind of a showing.

Now Himber hates discord in music. His sensitive ear will detect the slightest sharpening of a note. Toward the other members of the band, when they played off-key, he showed no mercy. Yet never a word of reproach did he utter to this boy.

Three weeks passed. Still the young violinist was no good. Then one day Himber sent for him. Tremblingly, the violinist

came to his office, certain that this meant dismissal—the end.

When he entered, Himber handed him a roll of money—\$1,500, to be exact. "Would you mind depositing this in the bank for me?" Himber said, "I'm busy." There was his secretary. There was his arranger. There was the office boy. All of them Himber had known for a long while. All of them he could trust. Yet he chose to hand \$1,500 to this comparative stranger!

"And," he added, "I've been watching your work, kid, and you're doing fine. Beginning with next week you get a five-dollar raise."

I don't have to tell you that the violinist did a Marathon to the bank. And that the next day, when he came to rehearsal, all his nervousness was gone. He just had to make good. And he has!

When I mentioned this incident to Himber, good-natured, fat, indolent-looking, he blushed like a child, squirmed and said: "Aw, forget it. I didn't know anyone knew about that. The kid just lacked self-confidence, that was all. Anyone would have done the same."

The most unusual, most paradoxical figure along Radio Row, Dick Himber, (Continued on page 58)

GOSSIP AT A GLANCE

Birthday Weight Height Hair Married?

Jan. 27	138	5' 7½"	Gold	She says "No"
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Benay Venuta

She's the reason gals want to crash radio, is Benay. From \$100 a week to more than a thousand per in six months makes the dough she has to spend to stay slim seem very little indeed. But it isn't.

April 1	163	6' 0"	Black	Very
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Eddie Duchin

It's costing Eddie plenty not to play in the ritzy Central Park Casino. Because it had an exclusive contract on his services, it gets \$30,000 of his dough. And just when he got himself all married!

July 8	115	5' 4"	Dark Brown	Nope
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Gertrude Niesen

Sultry Gert, who has been singing to exceptional business on a coast-to-coast tour, is on the air by now—if she has ironed out a private little war which she was having with Columbia.

May 2	170	5' 9"	Brown	Yes, with kids
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Bing Crosby

An ironic note on Bing: Last month you read how he appeared with Whiteman for nix? Well, in a week or so, he takes over Paul's show. However, the King of Jazz has another program on all set to go.

Jan. 21	115	5' 4"	Blonde	No
---------	-----	-------	--------	----

Bernice Claire

This devoted dotter has bought the folks a ranch in California. Check on that birthday item, because lots of people send her gifts during the blustery month of March—and they shouldn't.

Doesn't say	135	5' 6"	Light Brown	See below
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Deems Taylor

This easy-talking humorist should be a groom by now. Incidentally, he arrives at that glib way of being funny by saying his lines over and over in rehearsal—like a stuck phonograph record.

May 26	160	5' 10"	Brown	You bet
--------	-----	--------	-------	---------

Al Jolson

It comes out that Jolie made a recent guest appearance in which he said only: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen;" then, "Thank you." Ben Bernie sent him this wire: "You were never better."

Aug. 20	200	5' 9½"	Brown	Yes
---------	-----	--------	-------	-----

Teddy Bergman

There's a little irony in this. Teddy got his first air break with Rudy Vallee. So now, that he has his own program, it has to go on in opposition to the Crooner's hour of variety.

Birthday Weight Height Hair Married?

July 10	120	5' 7½"	Red-Brown	Yes-s-s
---------	-----	--------	-----------	---------

Helen Pickens

This gorgeous gal gets more proposals of marriage through the mail than either of her sisters, and she's the only one married. Unless, that is, Patti Pickens and Bob Simmons have done it.

Aug. 7	155	5' 5½"	Brown	He is
--------	-----	--------	-------	-------

Mark Warnow

His first conducting was done in such a rush he used a yellow pencil to pace the fiddles, saxes and what have you. So now he's superstitious, and won't use a baton if he can help it.

July 16	190	6' 0"	Dark Brown	No
---------	-----	-------	------------	----

Floyd Gibbons

He went to Ethiopia to report a war and left behind a rather disturbed battlefield. A big advertiser had planned to sponsor a show with him as emcee. The fight for the job was a battle royal.

Feb. 19	110	5' 3½"	Chestnut	See item
---------	-----	--------	----------	----------

Connie Gates

This gal, reported engaged to an important CBS exec, takes her transport pilot test just after you read this. Roscoe Turner and Swanee Taylor, air aces, have groomed her for it.

Mar. 29	220	6' ¼"	Brown	See item
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Paul Whiteman

Paul now explains that he loses weight by eating what he shouldn't, then worrying about whether or not his wife is going to find out about it. He once tipped the beam at around 300 lbs.

July 18	105	5' 2"	Blonde	See item
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Martha Mears

Her little baby, which weighed in a while back at eight pounds on birth, will rarely see mom and pop together. Bill Brokaw, the pop, is with Ozzie Nelson and plays at night, while mom is busy all day.

July 10	180	5' 8½"	Brown	Yep
---------	-----	--------	-------	-----

Graham McNamee

The old softie has been laid up a long time as the result of a scooter accident. Absolutely. While announcing the Soap Box Derby in Dayton, he was hit by a runaway home-made auto.

July 22	128	5' 6"	Dark Brown	Nope
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Shirley Howard

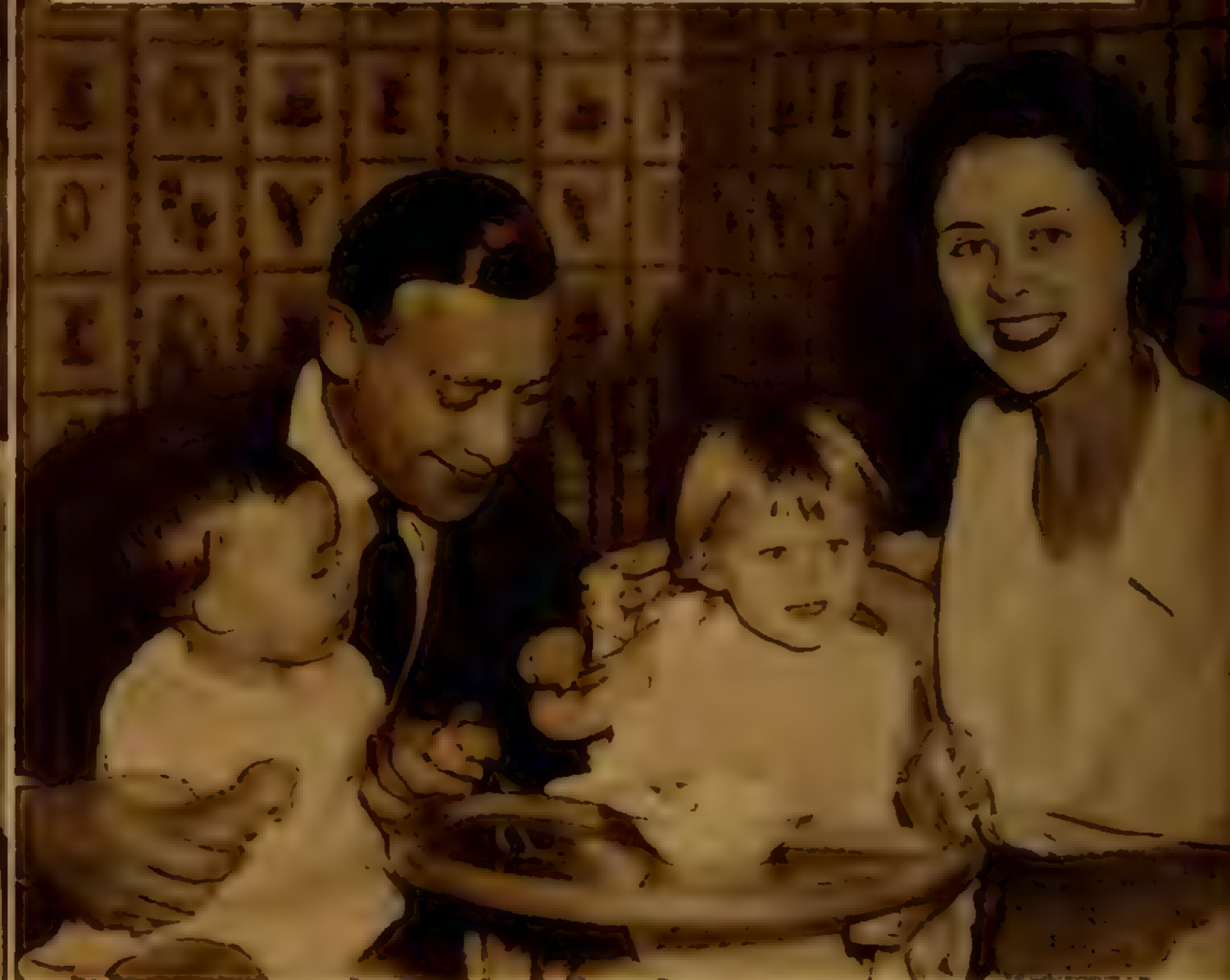
Instead of taking an ordinary vacation, the lovely Shirley voyaged clear to South America. She is due back any day now and will immediately step into a featured spot at NBC, they say.

Everything's baked for the Bakers! And their Oven-Meal suggestions are grand!

By Nancy Wood



Wide World Photos



Campfire Marshmallows

YEARS ago, in Fall River, Mass., to be exact, a young boy by the name of Phil Baker earned the large sum of one dollar for an act he put on in the local vaudeville house there. And to this day Phil remembers that *ninety* cents of that hard-earned dollar went for a single meal—the first square meal he had had in days!

Quite a feast, that must have been, although details of the dishes he ordered are now sadly lacking. But I dare say they included some of the same dishes that he likes to this day. For though Phil Baker nowadays is "tops" in the field of entertainment and, with his new Gulf program on Sunday nights, has one of the best and most highly-paid spots on the air, his food tastes have changed but little from the time when a single dollar bill represented his entire earthly wealth.

That is true of most well-known people in the Radio game, I find. Whereas you may hear colorful (and possibly exaggerated) tales of Wall Street plungers who celebrate a killing in the market with champagne dinners, roast pheasant and out-of-season delicacies, you'll seldom find a Radio star splurging that way. If he once liked corn beef and cabbage—back in the days before a

Isn't this a fine little family! Phil Baker, holding "Algy" on his knee, "Little Miss Muffet" in her high chair, and Peggy (Mrs. Baker). And (left) not a comedian in the kitchen, Phil demonstrates his Nova Scotia scrambled-eggs dish. (Top) Novel pie for Thanksgiving.

sponsor and a coast-to-coast hook-up boosted him into the money class—the star of the air-waves sees no reason to pretend that he now prefers caviar, Crêpes Suzette and the like. The idea that success (and consequent affluence) changes a fellow (or gal) into an epicure and food faddist overnight is entirely false in most cases. Certainly the foods Phil Baker likes to this day are

the simplest sort imaginable. Actually only one odd, expensive, dish was mentioned in all our conversation about the things he likes to eat.

But let's hurry on out to Phil's home for an interview. Doubtless you are as curious as I was to inspect his new house, as well as to learn about his food preferences.

The Bakers live in a lovely large, white house with green shutters, in a New York suburb overlooking Long Island Sound. I half expected to have "Bottle," that impeccable butler of Phil's broadcasts, greet me at the door of the house, but there is no man-servant to "buttle" for Baker off the air. Instead, a quiet colored girl opened the door and ushered me into the homey living-room with its cheery scheme of bright (Continued on page 72)

RADIO STARS' COOKING SCHOOL

"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan



When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.



Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—

and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.



**AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN
WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:**

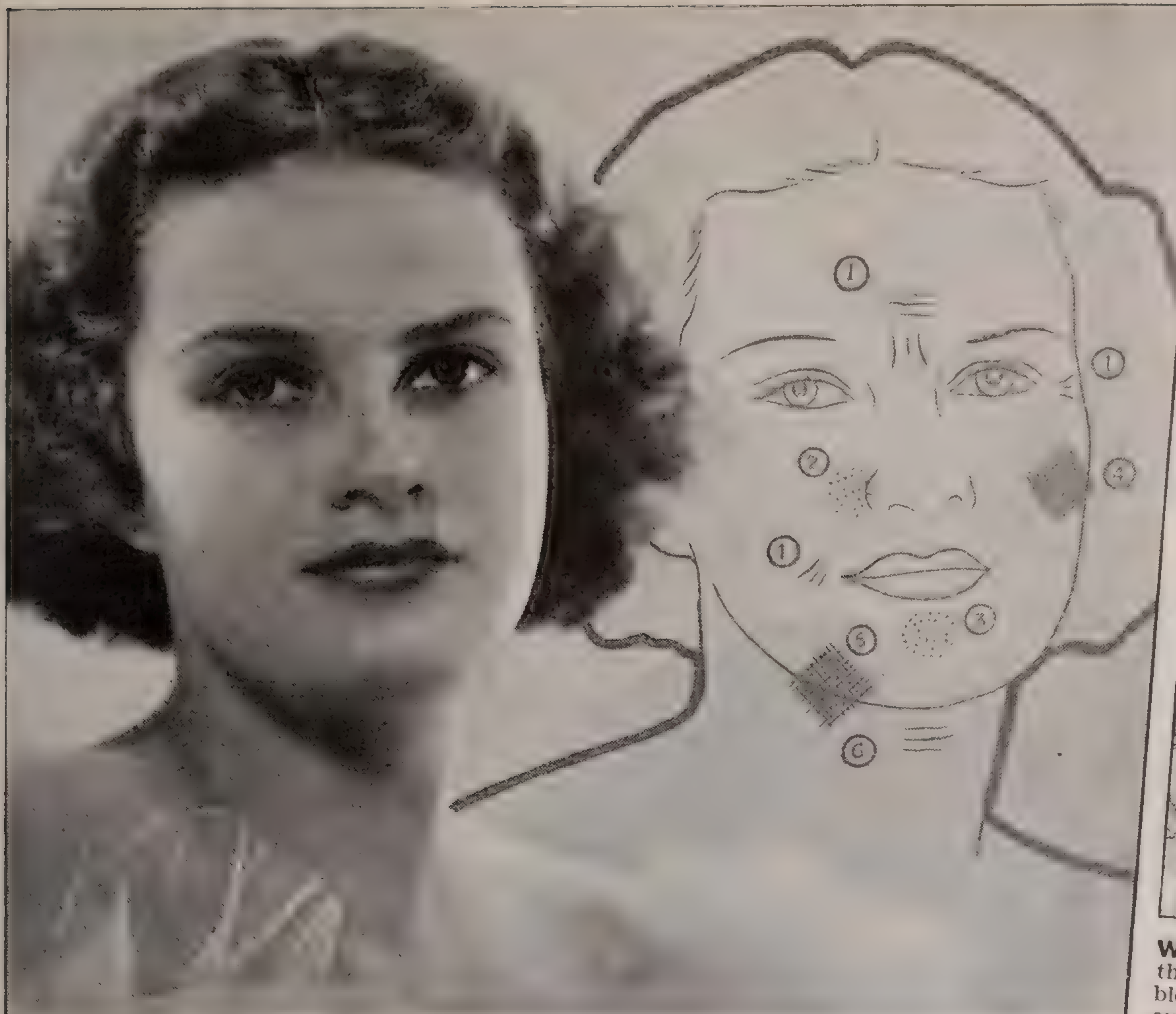
MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*



In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

**Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos
...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand**

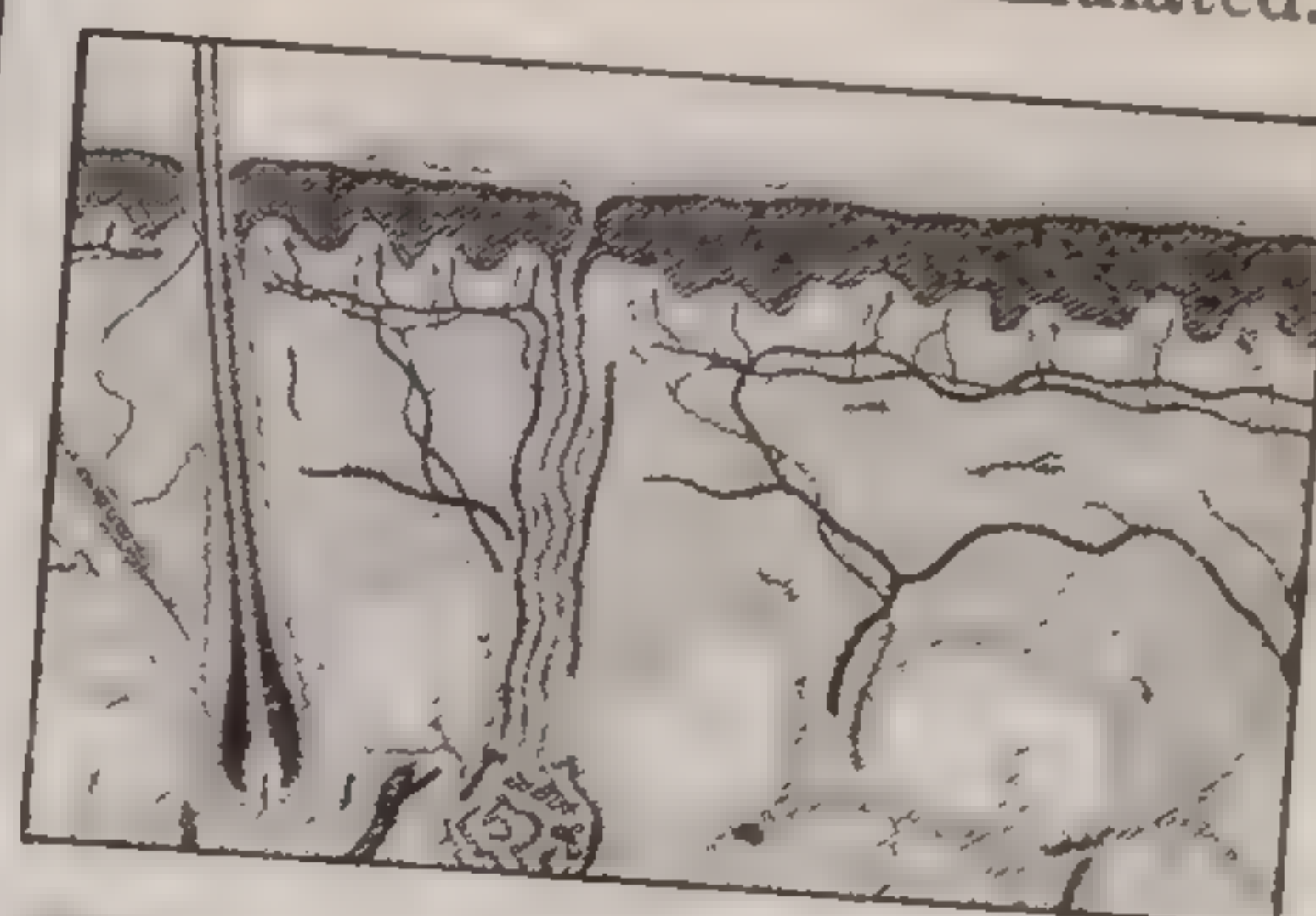




Miss Constance Hall says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear and fine."

Which is Yours?

- 1 Lines fade** when wasting under tissues are stimulated.
- 2 Blackheads go** when clogging underskin secretions are removed, and underskin stimulation prevents further clogging.
- 3 Blemishes stop coming** when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.
- 4 Pores reduce** when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.
- 5 Dry skin softens** when penetrating oils restore suppleness and oil glands grow active.
- 6 Tissues won't sag** when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.



Where skin faults start—In the underskin, tiny nerves, cells, blood vessels and glands keep outer skin flawless. Skin faults start when this underskin slows up!

Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom...Faultless!

Deep-skin Cream reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults

WHAT annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start *new*—with a satin-clear skin!

And you *can!*—by putting *new life* into your underskin! There's where skin faults begin. And there's where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. Kept active—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

To KEEP that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pore

through cloggings of dirt...make-up... skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond's Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

A double-benefit treatment

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Special 9-Treatment Tube

POND'S, Dept. M128 Clinton Conn., I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, FRANCOISE of FRANCE

Princess Christopher of Greece

famed among royalty for her classic beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look fresher, my pores fine. Little lines have vanished!"

Radio Stars Junior



With Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering in the 25th Century goes loyal Tag-a-Long.

Dear Junior Listeners:

On this page you will find the latest programs. And bits of news of popular child stars of the radio.

- 7:30 A.M. EST (1/4)**—Jolly Bill and Jane.
NBC Service to WEA and network.
(Monday to Saturday inclusive.)
- 8:00 EST (1/4)**—Spareribs—children's stories with Malcolm Claire.
NBC Service Chicago to WEA and network.
(Monday to Saturday inclusive.)
- 8:15 EST (1/4)**—Pals—children's dramatic sketch.
NBC Service to WJZ and network.
(Monday to Saturday inclusive.)
- 9:00 EST (1)**—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.
(Sundays only.)
WABC WADC WOKO WGR CKLW WFBM WCAU WEAN WFBL WMBR WQAM WDBO WGST WPG WLBZ KLRA WFEA WREC WLAC WDSU WDBJ WMAZ WIBX WWSA WSPD WORC WDNC WHP WDOE WNAE WKRC WHK WJAS WBIG WBRC WICC WBNS CKAC WREC WTOC WSJS WSFA.
- 9:00 EST (1)**—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting.
(Sundays only.)
WJZ and associated stations.
- 9:30 EST (1/4)**—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater.
(Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.
- 10:30 EST (1/2)**—Let's Pretend—Children's Program.
(Saturday only.)
WABC WADC WAAB WKRC WHK KLZ WCAU WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WDBO WICC WBT KFOR WBNS WOC WOWO WREC WDSU WMBD KTSB WTOC WIBW CFRB KTUL WIBX KGKO WSJS WKBW WDAE WMBG WCOA WOKO WKBW WDRC WDNC WSBT WMAZ WCAU WACO WFEA KLRA WDOE WQAM WFBM WMBR WNOX WHP WLAC WSFA KSL KOMA KWKH WLBZ WBIG KFH WDBJ WGST WORC KRLD KSCJ CKLW WJAS WSMK WBBM WWSA.
- 11:00 EST (1)**—Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program.
(Sunday only.)
WABC only
- 11:30 EST (1/4)**—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Dramatic Sketch. Sponsored by Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.—Jad Salts.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC WKBW WBBM WHK WCAU KMOX.

- 12:15 EST (1/4)**—The Gumps. Radio Sketch. Sponsored by Corn Products Refining Co.—Linit, Karo, Mazola and Kre-Mel.
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WABC WOKO WCAU WNAE WGR WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC KMBK KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBM WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBRC WBNS KRLD KLZ WOWO KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WDSU KOMA KSL KTSB KSCJ WMAZ.
- 4:00 EST (1/4)**—Betty and Bob—dramatic sketch.
(Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.)
NBC Service Chicago Studios to:
WJZ WBZ WJR WHAM KDKA KOIL WBZA WOAI WMAZ WSYR WENR KVOO WKY KPRC KOA KDYL KPO KFI WBAP KGW KOMO KHQ WBAL.
- 4:30 EST (1/4)**—Our Barn—Children's Program with Madge Tucker.
(Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.
- 5:30 EST (1/4)**—The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW CRCT CFCE WFIL WMAZ WSYR.
- 5:30 EST (1/4)**—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC WOKO WNAE WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WMAZ. 6:30 — WBBM WCAU WGR WHK CKLW WJSV WOWO WREC WFBL.
- 5:30 EST (1/4)**—Children's dramatic program with Tom Mix—Ralston Purina Co.
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR WTAG WSSH KYW WFBM WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WHIO.
- 5:45 EST (1/4)**—Og, Son of Fire. Children's Dramatic Stories. (Libby, McNeill and Libby.)
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WABC WCAU WAAB WKBW WKRC WJR WHAS WJAS WBRC WBT WBNS WREC.
- 5:45 EST (1/4)**—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA WBAL WGAR WRVA WIOD WJAX WHAM WJR WCKY WMAZ WFLA CRCT CFCE. 6:45—KWK KOIL WKBW KSTP WECB KFVR WSM WMC WSB WKY KPRC WOAI KTBS WAVE WSMB WBAB.
- 5:45 EST (1/4)**—The Adventures of Sam and Dick—sketch.
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
NBC Service to WEA and network.
- 6:00 EST (1/4)**—Animal News Club—children's program featuring Lou Rogers, cartoonist and entertainer.

- (Wednesday only.)
NBC Service to WJZ and network.
- 6:00—EST—Orgets in the Air.**
(Tuesdays only.)
WEAF and network.
- 6:00 EST (1/4)**—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC WOKO WCAU WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFBM WJSV WBNS WREC.
- 6:15 EST (1/4)**—“Og, Son of Fire.”
(Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
WBBM KRNT KMBK KMOX.
- 6:15 EST (1/4)**—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim.
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WABC WOKO WAAB WGR WDRC WCAU WEAN WFBM WREC WMAZ WLBZ.
- 6:30 EST (1/4)**—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. (General Mills, Inc.—Wheaties.)
(From Chicago.)
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WBBM KMOX WCCO.
- 6:45 EST (1/4)**—Billy and Betty—dramatic sketch.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
NBC Service to WEA and network.
- 7:00 EST (1/4)**—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Cocomalt.)
(Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.)
WFBM WHAS KMOX WCCO.
- 7:15 EST (1/4)**—Popeye, the Sailor (Wheatena Corp.).
WEAF and basic network.
(Thursday and Saturday.)

News Notes

Tag-a-Long Johnstone, whose picture you see at the top of this page, made his air debut on Monday, September 23rd. His master, Jack Johnstone, writes the stories for the Buck Rogers program.

Do you know who plays Eddie, the blind boy, in the Maxwell House Show Boat program? It is our old friend, Walter Tetley! Walter has been in radio for six years now. Because of his work, he can't go to school. Instead, he has a private tutor.

Mary Small returned to the air on September 25th in a new series of broadcasts. Mary spent the summer at Atlantic City, as mistress of ceremonies at Mary Small's Little Playhouse on the Steel Pier.

Billy Idelson, who plays Rush Meadows in the “Vic and Sade” program, loves dogs. He has two of which he is extremely fond

Smart Girls

**ARE MATCHING LIPS
AND FINGER TIPS**



Natural Lipstick:
Natural, Rose and
Mauve Nail Polish



Coral Lipstick:
Coral Nail Polish



Cardinal Lipstick:
Cardinal Nail Polish



Ruby Lipstick:
Ruby Nail Polish

*M*AYBE it's the touch of match-making in it that appeals to every woman! Anyway, you'll want to come out—right now—in the new Cutex matching lips and finger tips.

Abandon any fears that the matching idea may be complicated to work out! Just choose one of the 6 smart shades of Cutex Polish. Then complete your color ensemble by smoothing on matching Cutex Lipstick. Could anything be simpler?

A perfect match in quality, too

Cutex Polish, you'll find, flows onto your nails with positively divine smoothness. It leaves no rim or streaking of color. It won't peel or chip. And every smart shade is authentic, selected by the World's Manicure Authority.

The new Cutex Lipstick is just as expertly made as the polish. It's smooth, creamy . . . yet never messy or greasy. And it *stays* on—without drying your lips. It's a perfectly grand lipstick at about half the price you usually pay!

Get Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Crème or Clear . . . with patented metal-shaft brush that holds the bristles in tightly, and Cutex matching Lipstick, in a smart black enamel case, at any Toilet Goods Department.

Start off with your favorite shade of Cutex Polish and matching Cutex Lipstick—and you'll soon see what an adventure in smartness it turns out to be! Begin today!

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX
*Nail Polish and
Lipstick*

KOOL

**MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED**



YOUR THROAT SAYS
...thank you

THOSE cork tips please your lips. The fine Turkish-Domestic tobaccos please your palate. The mild menthol brings a cool and thankful refreshment to your throat. Finally, the B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS is a constant source of gratification. Save them; they are good for a choice of attractive items of nationally advertised merchandise. (Write for latest illustrated premium list No. 10; offer good in U. S. A. only.) For a year of Thanksgiving smoking switch to KOOLS!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME PREMIUMS



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ CANADA
RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

The Paradoxical Mr. Himber

(Continued from page 48)

the Studebaker Champion maestro, is generous to a fault. The best-natured, most easy going guy in the world. And the person I'd like least of all to have as an enemy.

He hates people who come late for appointments; yet he is invariably late. He doesn't drink. Yet he has two bars full of the choicest liquors. He doesn't smoke. Yet he has a complete assortment of cigars and cigarettes. He can splice a cigarette with a rifle shot. Yet he never shoots. For ten years he danced on the stage; today, when he takes a girl out, he insists he can't dance a step!

When he goes to the movies and doesn't like the show, he talks right out loud and says what he wants. When he doesn't like a person, he does the same. Once he told Laura Lorraine, who was with him on a few Essex House programs, that everyone said her singing was terrible. And he couldn't understand why she got angry, slapped his face, and walked out on him.

To me, the most pronounced of his characteristics is his fun-loving spirit, which has resulted in so much embarrassment to his friends and associates. Let me tell you something he pulled on Isidore Zir, his very competent but very serious first violinist.

One day he and Izzie were going out together. It was after a broadcast, and they just had time to make their appointment. Just before they got started, when Izzie reached in to turn the key in the car, Dick grabbed it.

"My, this is a lovely key," Dick said. "Is it the only one you've got to the car?" Izzie answered truthfully that it was.

"Of what metal is it made?" Dick queried innocently, banging the key. "Does it bounce?"

Before the violinist could stop him, he threw it against the wall. Of course, Zir couldn't find it. He almost went wild searching for it. "I'm ruined," he groaned. "Oh, what am I going to do now?"

After twenty minutes, Dick suddenly got an inspiration. "Perhaps you can start the car without a key," he said.

"What!" exploded the harrassed Izzie.

"Well, let's get in and try," Dick said.

They got into the car. And there was the key in the lock!

How was it done? Dick, who is an amateur magician, had a couple of dummy keys palmed in his hand. When he asked, "What kind of metal is this," and banged the key, he made the switch.

And then there was the time when Arty Shaw, who was first sax with the Himber orchestra, and some of the other boys, piled into the Shaw chariot, a little Ford, and went for a ride. Every few blocks the car would stop. Shaw inspected the gas tank; the motor; nothing was out of order. There was plenty of gas. When he was about ready to drop, Dick would say innocently; "Maybe the car will start now. Give it a try." And sure enough, it went beautifully—for a few more blocks. Finally Arty doped it out, or so he thought. "I guess every time my little buggy hits

a bump, the key turns and the car is locked," he explained apologetically.

To this day he doesn't know what really was the trouble. Dick, seated in the far end of the car, had attached an invisible horsehair, the kind you use for magic tricks, to the key. Whenever he wanted to he pulled it, turning the key. Then quite as easily, he'd yank it back into moving position.

Don't think the boys sit by with folded hands and say nothing to all of Dick's gags. One night Johnny Young, the announcer, decided to pay Dick back in his own coin. He had some of the band members pretend to be undertakers and called up the Essex House where Dick lives, insisting there was a corpse in Room 608, Dick's room. At 4 A. M. the house detective came on the run, and woke Dick up, knocking at the door. To make sure there was no hidden corpse, he even examined the apartment!

Finally, though, his friends framed Dick. They all know that clowning Mr. Himber, boisterous and loud as he is at times, becomes quiet and deadly serious the minute rehearsals start. Goes haywire if anything spoils his program. Insists upon absolute cooperation from the entire orchestra. A sour note makes him almost physically sick.

This day he came to the studio, set for the broadcast. The clock struck eight. Dick raised his baton.

Came a down beat. One of the saxes hit a wrong note. "I got sick," Dick told me. "I waved with my hand for the men to tighten up. Another down beat. Another off-key note. Then they all hit wrong notes. I nearly fainted. We were on the air!"

Panicky, Himber stood, white as a sheet, while David Ross, the announcer, broke in with his usual commercial announcements. He began in his smooth, golden unctuous tones. "This is Stude—stude—ce—baker Champ—Chump—Champion," he stuttered out.

No longer could Himber contain himself. "Good heavens," he yelled, "what is going on here today at CBS!"

Then Jean Hight, the head of the CBS commercial contact department, who was also in on the trick, said: "Surprise! Its all a gag!" The boys had turned the clock two minutes ahead! They were not on the air!

Though Dick Himber is a wizard at cards, and enjoys playing, he ordinarily refuses to play. But one morning Ken Lyons and Irving Mansfield, two of his pals, kept bragging all over the place that they were the best contract bridge players in either circles. Why, they had beaten Mr. and Mrs. Ted Pearson, the acknowledged champions.

"I'll play you a game," Dick said suddenly.

"I thought you don't play bridge," Ken answered.

"I've never played contract bridge, but I'll beat you," Dick answered.

Just then Andre Baruch, the announcer,

RADIO STARS

walked in. "Andy," Himber said, "do you play bridge?"

"No," said Baruch. "I haven't time for such foolishness."

"Well, you're going to play now," said Himber. "I don't play, either, so honors are even. There's only one provision I make, boys," Dick continued. "And that's that we all bid blind." The boys agreed. They were jubilant, certain it would be a walkaway for them.

Dick stacked and mixed the cards. Baruch cut them. Mansfield dealt them. Dick went up to seven spades. Lyons did seven no trump, figuring that even if Himber had dealt himself thirteen spades, he could play another suit and so lick him. Dick doubled. And won! He had thirteen spades; Baruch had thirteen clubs; the other two boys' hands were mixed.

Himber explained to me: "For fifteen years cards have been my hobby. I can do anything with a deck of cards. I know all the percentages of every gambling game in the world. If I won, playing legitimately, people would say I was crooked. If I lost, they'd say I was just kidding. So card playing is out." That's the penalty of being too good at it.

By the same token, Himber never indulges in pocket billiards. Though years ago he won a match from Andrew Ponzi, former American Professional Pocket Billiards champ. In the past six years Dick hasn't played a shot, except once.

One of the men in his orchestra, the tenor sax, Bernie Ladd, thought he was an expert player, which he is. He kidded Dick unmercifully. "I bet it's all a publicity stunt," he insisted, "you saying you're such a fine player. If you think you're so good, play a couple of games with me."

"But I haven't played for many years," Dick insisted. Finally, goaded by Bernie's wisecracks about heroes in war who never fought a battle, and billiard experts who couldn't play, he agreed.

In the first game Bernie beat him badly. In the second game Dick, getting back into form, emerged victorious. The score was 50 to 16.

"Aw, you were stalling for a bet," Bernie and some of the boys insisted.

"All right," Dick said. "We'll play luck pool, so you'll each have a chance."

That's a game in which each takes a number and uses only the particular ball with that number. Dick's key ball was thirteen. Yet at the end of an hours play, he had all the money stacked in front of him.

"Let's go back to the broadcast," Bernie finally said meekly, feeling his empty pockets. "We're convinced you can play anything."

All the boys got up silently. "Wait a minute," Dick said. "I can't take your money." He made them divide the huge stack of coins among themselves.

Recently, Himber did something else that is quite characteristic of his paradoxical personality.

When he went out of town for a trip, he left orders with his secretary, telling her what she was to do—about the mail, about phone calls, about paying the men, about handling his private bills.

Back home, the very first morning, he called the girl to his private office. Everything she had been told to do she had done. Yet, very evidently, Himber was not satisfied. He was sure she had loafed, that

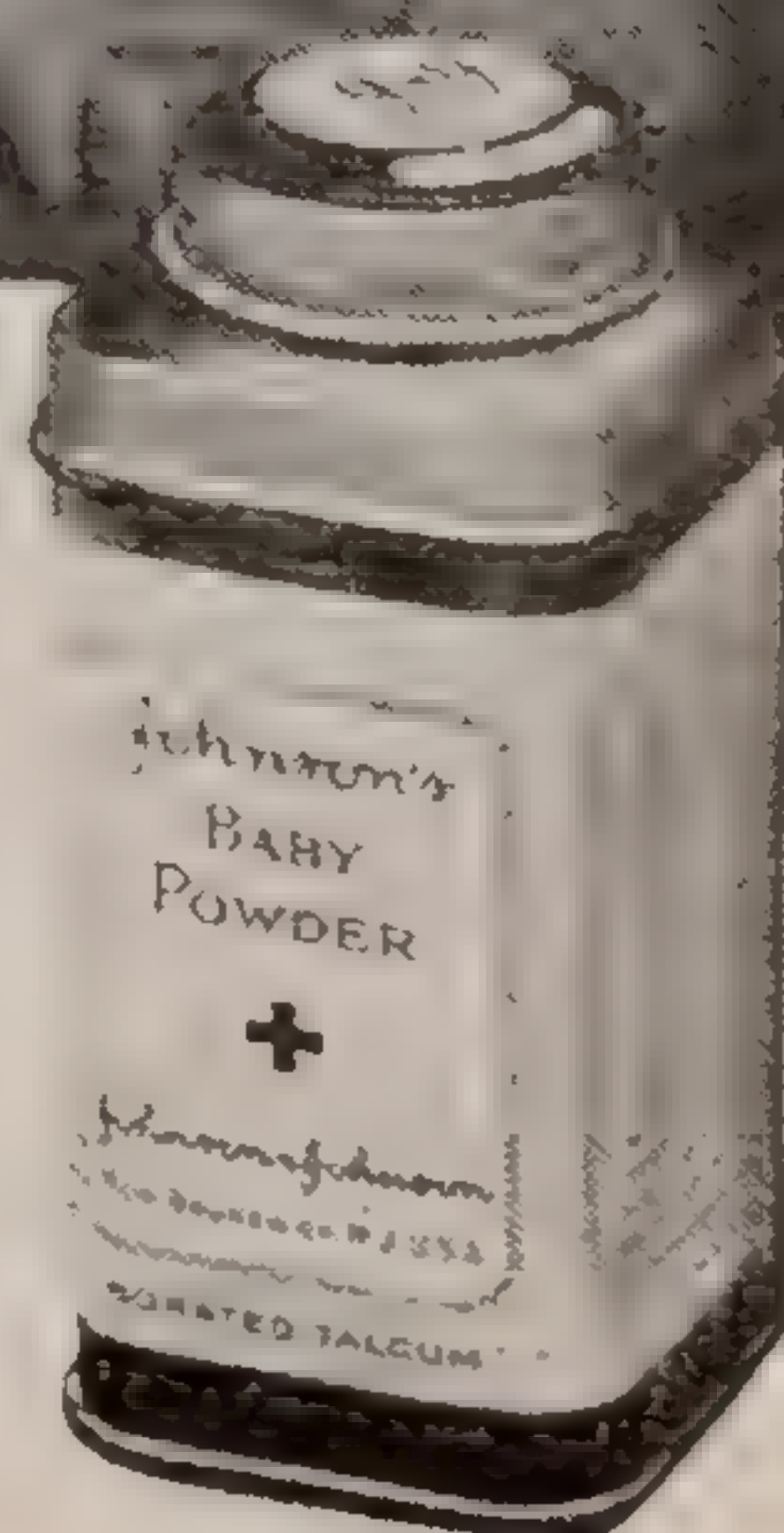
"You wouldn't hold out on my dolly, would you Mummy? C'mon, hand over that smoothy stuff while I give this child of mine a treat!"

"I think this is right but I'm not sure. Anyway dolly loves Johnson's Baby Powder no matter where I put it. It smells so good!"

"Hey, this dolly put ideas into my head. Now I need powdering—'cause I'm scratchy! Please take care of me, Mummy—I'm in trouble!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that soothes away skin irritation just like that! For I'm soft as silk—made of the very finest Italian Talc. No gritty particles nor orris-root in me. And don't forget my team-mates—Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



YOUR SKIN
IS SO LOVELY, DEAR!



TO END SKIN TROUBLES

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

PIMPLES and blotches, like mud-
diness and lack of color in the
skin, are usually caused by a sluggish system.
That is why external treatments bring so
little relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam
Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct skin
troubles caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow,
imperfect elimination of body wastes is
brought on by insufficient vitamin B com-
plex. The stomach and intestines, deprived
of this essential element, no longer function
properly. Your digestion slows up. Body
poisons cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin
B complex needed to correct this condition.
These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—
and yeast is the richest known food source
of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast
should strengthen and tone up your in-
testinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly
restore your digestive and eliminative sys-
tem to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble cor-
rected, pimples and other common skin
troubles disappear. And your whole system
benefits so that you *feel* better as well as
look better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with
ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleas-
ant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy.
Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets
utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot
cause fermentation in the body* and they con-
tain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast
Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only
50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-12-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast
Foam Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



"How do I rate with you?" asks Eddie Duchin of Gladys Swarthout and John Boles. The words are the title of one of Eddie's song numbers in "Coronado," and the famous band maestro is working on a sound stage adjoining that on which the new Paramount musical romance, "The Rose of the Rancho," is now in production. Gladys and John are principals in this Paramount picture, and they dropped in for a visit with Eddie during their lunch hour.

she had been idle for days.

"I'll bet you took half days off and everything," he said, "while I paid you for working." In vain the girl assured him she had done everything there was to do. He was adamant. "To make up for your vacation," he finally said, "you'll have to work late tonight." He kept her there long after her usual dismissal time, dictating mail that could have waited till the next morning. Accustomed to her unusual boss, the girl did as she was told, and said nothing.

By the next day Himber was thoroughly ashamed of himself. So when he appeared at her desk he handed her a package: a half-dozen lovely pairs of sheer silk stockings!

To lose weight, a short time ago, Dick had to go on a strenuous diet, foregoing the rich cakes and sodas that are his delight. Living on orange juice and milk and spinach, the sight of which he abominates.

One day when he was out riding, en route to Asbury Park for a week's vacation, he stopped at a stand and bought some corn on the cob, hot and steaming. "Dick," his chum said, "corn's no good

without butter. Do you mean to say you're going to eat it plain?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Dick said. "The doctor says I can't put butter on my food. I promised him I wouldn't."

Very conveniently and purposefully, Dick turned his back on his buddy, who, realizing what was expected of him, smeared the corn with butter. Which Dick ate with evident relish!

Himber has never had much of a formal education. His early experiences in honky tonk cafés, certainly are not supposed to create any high standards, an insatiable quench for knowledge and good manners. Yet he reads Shakespeare, Balzac, Shelley, Sara Teasdale. Without an ounce of training, he had become a really fine interior decorator. I wish you could see his bachelor apartment at the Essex House. Every bit of furniture he had designed himself. Loud? Raucous? As you might expect of a rough diamond? It's all subdued, dignified, done in the best of taste.

There's just one infallible rule in the Himber apartment. You can't smoke. Because the smell of tobacco makes Dick sick!

The End

It's a Dizzy World

(Continued from page 15)

ability to back up his chatter with his performances on the pitching mound.

During the 1934 world series, I was assigned to cover the Deans. It was my job to chat with the two boys daily, before and after the games, and let the doings of the other players go hang. With Diz doing all the talking, while Paul looked on in open-mouthed admiration, there never was a dearth of copy. Sometimes there would be discrepancies between what Diz told me and what he told other writers, but he never could be pinned down.

"I wouldn't wanna tell all you boys the same thing," he would say with a laugh by way of explanation. "If you get different stories, then everybody has a scoop or whatever you call it, and there's no harm done. Trust ole' Diz!"

So much for the personality of the man who bids fair to be the first sports figure of radio, the Number One man. Paul will tag along with him, for Diz will insist on it. The younger Dean is content to let Diz do the talking for both, but Paul is not backward before a mike. He showed plenty of stage presence in their skit at New York's Roxy theatre last winter.

Because of the rapidity with which Diz changes his tune, it is difficult to determine his broadcasting plans for next year, if any. That he has a \$15,000 contract with General Foods for this year is known, but, so far, his exploitation has been limited to cartoons in the comic section, with no radio work.

During the visit of the Cardinals to New York in mid-August, Dean made several electrical transcriptions, although he didn't know that they were called that. It was rumored later that the company remade them all with an imitator to get the stutters out of the two-cylinder words. If so, it's readily understandable.

In the first place, Diz is a poor reader, even as Ruth was. There is something about the printed word that brings out stammers in the best of us. Reading script, as radio artists found out years ago, is a profession in itself. The pauses, inflections and other trivia were too much for our Diz. On top of that, he had a heavy summer cold, the Giants were in first place and he had to pitch an important game against them in that series. For the purposes of the record, he did pitch that important game and won it, too, beating Hal Schumacher by 1-0.

As a guest star, Dizzy was on the Shell hour with Al Jolson and his brother Paul, a bit that enabled them to split \$800 or \$900 between them. Diz also went on with Kate Smith and made \$400 or \$500 for that appearance.

What Dean receives for his furniture broadcasts in East St. Louis is something only Diz and his sponsor know. The pitcher was haled before the august Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis in Chicago this summer because papers quoted



Miss Rosalie de Forest Crosby, a beautiful brunette

"The right powder makes it brilliant," Color Analyst said

Here's a girl who thought all brunette powder shades were alike. Dark-haired with pale creamy skin, she had been using "just any" brunette powder. Her skin looked sallow with it—yellowish. Pond's Color Analyst told her why: "Too dull a shade." He smoothed on Pond's Brunette. "Why, this *brightens* my skin!" Her coloring looked positively alive!

DON'T THINK Pond's Brunette is like any other brunette shade. Nor Pond's Rose Cream like any other blonde powder! They're not. Pond's Powder shades are the result of a new discovery that adds *life* to every skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's color-analyzed the skins of over 200 girls. They discovered the secret tints that made each skin what it was. Most astonishing of all, they found that dazzling blonde skin owes its transparency to a hidden *blue* tint! Glowing brunette skin gets its creamy clarity from a hidden touch of *green*!



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended invisibly in Pond's new Face Powder.

Pond's blended all these precious tints into their face powder. *Invisibly*. When you fluff on Pond's, dull skin lights up. Pale skin surges with new vitality. A florid complexion tones down soft. Every skin blooms afresh!

Don't use a powder shade that stamps you old-fashioned, dull. See what the new Pond's shades can do for you—

Brunette—clears brunette skins
Rose Brunette—warms dull skins
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skins
Natural—lighter—a delicate flesh tint
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

With Pond's, you don't have to be "powdering all the time"—it clings for hours. So delicate, it cannot clog.

New Reduced Prices—

55¢ size now 35¢
\$1.10 size now 70¢

5 Different Shades FREE!—Mail Coupon Today

(This offer expires February 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. M-126, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



*Why doesn't
it **EVER**
ring?*

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

.

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.



Popular Ramona, of the Paul Whiteman orchestra.

Dean as, saying that he couldn't get enough money from the St. Louis club and that his radio sponsor, Dick Slack, was making up the difference.

When Diz went on the carpet, he flashed a contract purporting to call for \$5,000 for the season on the air. Then later Diz told his manager, Bill DeWitt, who also is treasurer of the Cardinal organization, not to believe everything he heard about the contract. St. Louis baseball writers insist that the contract is strictly the "phonus bolonus" and that Diz gets a great deal less than that for his furniture broadcasts.

Dean told a story last year that Slack paid him at the rate of \$100 for every game he won. At that rate, the Diz made himself \$3,000, for he won thirty games for the Redbirds last year. Again, no one can say for certain how true this is. That's one thing about Diz—you've got to take plenty of salt with all information from headquarters, meaning Diz himself. And sometimes pepper, mustard and ketchup help, too!

Whatever else he is, Dean is not a business man. During the world series last year, Diz was so rushed by theatrical and radio-booking agents, endorsement-seekers and barnstorming promoters that it's a wonder he was able to win any games in the series, let alone two. He got one good night's sleep during the series—in a St. Louis hospital the night after he was beamed by Bili Rogell's throw and was believed to be suffering from a brain concussion. And he lost his only game of the series the next day, so apparently sleep is not a prerequisite in his winning formula.

Swamped on all sides by agents, besieged by admirers and a constant target for interviewers during the series, Dean decided in the middle of it to change business-managers. Asking J. Roy Stockton, a St. Louis baseball writer who has gratui-

tously given Diz a million dollars worth of advice, to take him to Commissioner Landis, Dean had his contract with DeWitt abrogated. That was about ten A. M. Before he left for the park at eleven-thirty, Dean had signed another contract. And the party of the second part was again DeWitt! So much for Dean, the businessman.

Diz can talk on his feet and talk entertainingly, too. He made an excellent speech at the annual dinner of the New York Chapter of Baseball Writers at the Hotel Commodore last February. And he wasn't a bit awed appearing on the same bill with such renowned post-prandial orators as the late Will Rogers, Heywood Brown, and other notables.

Since talking over the microphone of a public address system is no different from talking from a studio, it stands to reason that Dean will draw a good response, if given the proper coaching and workable material. Occasionally when the Cardinals play an exhibition game at a park featuring a public address system, Dean, if he feels at all playful, will grab the mike and clown as master of ceremonies. His humor is homely, and not biting, and invariably gets across in a big way. His nasal drawl, reminiscent of his Oklahoma boyhood, doesn't grate on the ears.

The fact that neither of the Deans has reached his peak augurs well for their radio chances. When Ruth went on the air, he already was in the sere and yellow of his career. The Babe was nearing forty, in the last of his full baseball years and was talking on a program designed to make breakfast foods edible and interesting to ten-year-olds who were toddling infants when Babe himself was the Colossus of Clout.

With the Deans, it is a different story. Paul is twenty-three and Diz is a year older. Paul has concluded his second full season in the major leagues and Dean his

fourth. It takes no mature baseball fan to remember the highlights of their careers, as was the case when Babe went on the air.

Because the Deans, or I should say, because Diz has the gift of saying almost exactly what people want him to say, the pair has acquired considerable stature with the sports public of America. When Diz refuses to pitch an exhibition game and Paul rebelliously stands his ground and says, "If Diz won't go, I won't, neither!" it strikes a responsive chord with the sport fans. When he publicly makes up with Manager Frankie Frisch and says, "I know I ain't bin right, Frank, but I'll show you from now on. Me 'n Paul'll pitch every dad-blamed game if you ask us," he again scores a ten-strike.

Dean's temperamental outbursts have been condoned by sport fans because of the sincerity of his repentance. That and the fact that he has invariably delivered the promised number of victories by way of atonement.

There is nothing of the swell-head about either of the boys. Last October, the day before the series opened in Detroit, Ruth, there in a reportorial capacity, called Dean on the phone to wish him luck and, incidentally, to give him some sound advice about spotlight behavior. Babe, baseball's Number One man for a long time, knew all the pitfalls and detours.

When Diz heard that Ruth was on the phone, he thought he was being kidded. He acted as pleased over Babe's visit as though he was Elmer Hoskins, aged eleven, from Pumpkin Creek, Kansas, instead of Dizzy Dean, the headline man of the hour. Hardly the behavior of one who sometimes is accused of being conceited. For the first few minutes of his talk with Babe, he called him "Mister Ruth" until the big fellow himself became embarrassed.

Having been through the first flurry of stardom, both the Deans know what it's all about by now. They have dabbled just enough in radio to know that it holds possibilities for them. They know, too, that there's gold in them there mikes.

Should Diz and Paul emerge as steady radio performers by next summer, don't be surprised. Radio and sports have much in common and the time is near for someone to bridge the gap. And I know of none more capable of making the leap than the Deans. When, as and if they do, they'll need no help from the promotion department to push them along. And they're as truly American as the hot dog itself.

The dangers besetting a sports figure who tackles the field of radio are multitudinous. To begin with, their athletic work must not retrogress. An athlete with a mediocre record would be no more of an asset to a commercial program than a soprano with bronchitis. The Deans have the youth, and the physical qualifications, to carry on their athletic successes for years to come.

Dean's amazing business convolutions and evolutions have finally untangled themselves. DeWitt, his manager, has both the Deans set straight on their course. Diz, the fire-balling broadcaster, is ready to step to the mike and say; "Hello, America!" He always did like a big audience!

THE END

"MUTINY!"



... So rang the cry from stem to stern of H.M.S. BOUNTY, homeward bound to England from the enchanted islands of the South Seas ...
"MUTINY! Down with Captain Bligh!"

The men of the BOUNTY had been at the breaking point for many long weeks, and at last, unable to stand any longer the scenes of horror and ghastly brutality that had marked the voyage, they turned against their captain in fierce mutiny, led by the gallant mate, Fletcher Christian.

Gaining command of the ship, Christian and his men turned their course back to the green isles of Tahiti. The men were elated ... were they not bound for a peaceful carefree life ... for a Paradise on earth? Christian rejoiced, for he was returning, as he had promised, to Maimiti, the beautiful Tahitian maiden who had captured his heart ...

But cruel Captain Bligh, whom they thought dead, was seeking revenge ... could they escape him and remain in this Eden for which they had fought so desperately?

You will enjoy reading the thrilling and romantic story of "Mutiny on the BOUNTY," M-G-M's picture featuring Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, and Franchot Tone—it appears in complete story form in the December issue

Screen Romances

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen
December now on sale

My Life Is At Stake

(Continued from page 27)



LET your own mirror and the flattering comments of friends prove that last season's dress can be a smashing success today—with Rit!

Tinting and dyeing with Rit is so easy, so sensible, so economical, you'll find dozens of uses for it. For tinting, use only warm water; even for dark colors, you need NO BOILING. Try Rit today—you'll be grateful for the introduction!

Rit is a concentrated wafer: easier to measure than powder; won't sift out of the package; dissolves instantly.



AT ALL DEALERS

RIT
TINTS AND DYES
White Rit Color Remover . . . takes out color without harming the fabric—really whitens white goods.

little girl. He could buy a few feet of lumber and in an hour or so finish the job. But no, that would make it like every other doll's house. So he starts collecting matchsticks, thousands of them; and after a year or more of incredible labor he manages to glue them together making a doll's house that is different—although not nearly as strong. People come and stare and say *ooh*—and that makes the fond father happy.

I traveled a thousand or more miles across the desert to find the Tomb of Noah and when I got there I was baked, broiled and roasted in the heat. I did as many miles under worse conditions to look at a stump which I was told was the tree of knowledge in the Garden of Eden. And out of these two torture journeys—what did I get? About two minutes on the air. Did they interest you? Okay then.

In Najaf, holy city of the Mohammedans, I tried to make a photograph—considered a sin by all good Moslems—and escaped lynching by an inch. The only reason I wasn't killed in Canton, one day during the Chinese Revolution, was that the Chinese were too busy killing one another. Later I learned that I was the only white man in the city on that day of bloodshed.

No, no, it's not an easy job! I travel long and far but with me goes a trunk-load of files, each file containing hundreds of items, each item demanding verification. Oh, the wild goose chases I have had! Yes, my friends, I want you to know that checking the truth of thousands of fantastic facts, places and people is hard labor whether it takes in Java or New Jersey. For all that, I wouldn't change jobs with anyone. The letters come in. A little girl writes to say how thrilled she was to hear me tell of the Garden of Eden. That's enough. It cancels out the bugs,

the heat, the evil food, the rocky beds.

I am no Rudy Vallee but I get more mail than he does—aye, more mail than any other person in the United States, not excepting the President. Ask Jim Farley, if you doubt my word. A million letters a year. And one year—the year of the radio Believe It Or Not contest, 4,000,000 of them. I daren't look a postman in the eye.

Letters have come to me addressed in the language of the ancient Vikings and in the old Confederate Civil War code, in shorthand, telegraphic dots and dashes, the wig-wag and numeric codes, in sign language. Many had rippling lines drawn across the envelope—that and nothing more—to indicate a ripply (Ripley) river. On New Year's Day I received a postcard twenty-seven feet long and eight feet wide.

I have received letters on a piece of human skin, on a turkey bone, on a rock, a chip of wood, on glass, tin, and—believe it or not—on an egg. Good old Uncle Sam! The egg traveled safely through the mails, for miles and miles of mail routes. And then some careless boy in my office handled it roughly and it broke. On March 26th, 1930, E. L. Blystone of Ardara, Pa., sent me a message of 1615 letters engraved on a grain of rice. The feat was bettered by a man who worked in the U. S. Mint—who went insane doing it! The most remarkable of these freak messages was a lock of hair on which I discovered the words, "*The finest welcome in the world to Robert L. Ripley.*"

And the letters come from all classes. From prisons, royal palaces, the halls of Congress. The Princess Inez Beatriz of Spain became so impatient for the solution of a puzzle, she wrote me personally.

Seeking oddities is a job that takes the humdrum out of life; you can no longer



A recent picture of Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee.

RADIO STARS

C H E R A M Y

April Showers

THE PERFUME OF YOUTH

plod from home to office without asking questions, without wondering a little. You take a walk in the woods—and the trees are not simple trees any more. You know that there are trees that whistle and trees that weep, trees which grow shirts and trees in which men have been buried and who have been digested and completely hidden by the pulp and bark.

You cannot look at the people you meet every day without brooding a little over the depth and mystery of human power. You cannot help remembering that a man once held his hand above his head so long that a bird built a nest in it; that Ernst, a Norwegian, ran the 5,625 miles from Paris to Moscow in 14 days; that the Chief Rabbi of Lithuania committed to memory 2,500 volumes; that Sara and Janos Roven were married for 147 years, that and that and that. . . . These are the things that give you pause and make you think.

You may have gone to the best schools, read hundreds of books—yet it is surprising how many facts which we take for granted simply aren't so. You fancy the South Pole as a pretty cold place and it is—except for one day of the year when it is the hottest spot on earth. You look up to Mt. Everest as the tallest mountain peak, but right here at our back door in Ecuador we have a peak three and a half miles higher. No, things are not what they seem and every fact has a flaw. Lincoln was wrong; rivers run in two directions; people have frozen to death at the Equator! Santa Claus is the patron saint of thieves, and the East Wind is heavier than the West wind—*Believe It or Not*.

And, Believe It or Not, this is my fifth year in radio. The mike doesn't worry me these days but back in 1930, when I was on the air at the same time with such veteran radio performers as Phil Cook, Phil Baker, Roxy and his Gang—I was plenty nervous. However, I got over it. My sponsors made a check-up and discovered, to my own amazement, that the Believe It or Not program had gathered in about 73 per cent of the listeners. Right then and there I lost the jitters. And they never have come back.

Was that broadcast of mine last year an accident? I mean the one in which my program went completely around the world. Whether it was or not, I was gratified to discover that I was the first to accomplish a round-the-world radio talk. Not a country with short-wave equipment was omitted. The broadcast went out in sixteen languages. I also was the first to broadcast from ship to shore, the program going out from the Leviathan, July 24th, 1931.

One of these days when my bones creak and my muscles all have kinks, I am going to settle down to the house I have built on a lagoon near New York. Then perhaps, I'll retire from hunting the strange and the incredible. The house is practically a museum now, what with jungle drums and mastodon tusks—and dried human heads cluttering the mantels. And then, the long job over, I'll walk through the rooms—there are seventeen of them—and think of the man who resolved never to speak and kept his word for thirty years; of the man who winked out of turn and kept one eye shut for three months; of Kaspar Hauser who without mechanical aid could see the stars shining in daytime.



Luxury . . . ON A BUDGET

YOUTH shall not be denied loveliness, says April Showers . . . and forthwith presents the most exquisite toiletries that ever fitted a young budget! *Face powder* . . . a sheer veil of scented mist. *Talc* for a refreshing body-bath. *Eau de cologne* for a glamorous rub-down. And a *perfume* created by one of the world's greatest perfumers to give you a fragrance that is young and gay and in supreme good taste.

PRICE LIST *April Showers*

Eau de Cologne 28¢, 55¢, \$1
Face Powder . . . 28¢ and 55¢
Talc 28¢ and 55¢
Perfume
purse sizes 28¢ and 50¢
Dusting Powder
85¢ and \$1.25
*Rouge, Lipstick, Skin Lotion,
Bath Salts, etc., from 28¢ to
85¢. At stores everywhere.*

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2-DRAM BOTTLE OF

\$3 La Richeesse
PERFUME!



To introduce

LUXOR...moisture-proof powder

Combats shiny nose, conspicuous pores, floury blotches

You can't possibly have a lovely skin if face powder mixes with natural skin moisture and lets shine through, clogs pores and makes them conspicuous, or forms pasty-looking blotches.

So change at once to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder. Prove it yourself. It won't even mix with water in a glass. Thus, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin and make a harmful paste.

More than 6,000,000 women stick to Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect.

No powder at any price, contains finer, purer ingredients. Insist on Luxor by name, and get

FREE! 2-drams of La Richeesse

a sophisticated, smart French scent, selling regularly at \$3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together in a bright new Christmas wrapper at all cosmetic counters for the price of Luxor powder alone.

Luxor Moisture-proof **55c**
FACE POWDER



AMAZING HAND SOFTENING CREAM DRIES LIKE MAGIC!

By all means try this spectacular new softener for hands. A marvelous absorbent cream works right into tissues—dries like magic! At all cosmetic counters.

When Shall They Meet Again?

(Continued from page 41)

and stalwart Emil declared their love and hand in hand went shyly to Mr. Chiesa, gravely announcing their intention to marry.

"Of course not immediately, papa," Vivien hastily assured him, "but after I graduate from the conservatory."

There followed a gay little party for which Vivien cooked spaghetti with her own hands to prove to Emil's brother officers that he was not unwise in his choice of a future wife. Many toasts for the happiness of the betrothed pair were drunk and the engagement rings exchanged. Mama, with many lamentations and tears, albeit her face shone with pride, agreed that after Vivien had completed her course at the Chicago Musical College, the following year, she would set sail with her daughter for Italy for the wedding. Emil, for his part, agreed that his young bride should be permitted to continue her music studies at the great operatic capitals of Italy and then go on to a brilliant operatic career.

A few days later, the shining planes winged their way back to Italy, leaving a happy little Vivien to her roseate dreams.

But fate works in its own devious ways. The following year, while Vivien was busy assembling fine linens for her marriage chest and a suitable trousseau, the Columbia Broadcasting System announced that it would conduct a contest throughout the middle west to give some deserving unknown singer a chance at a radio contract. Vivien's friends and family urged her to enter it. For had she not graduated from the conservatory with highest honors? Half-laughing, half-hoping she agreed.

How she won, picked unanimously by a jury of competent judges, and now after

her very first appearance on the air she was offered a commercial contract is an old story. Never was success more instantaneous. But with what misgivings she accepted her good fortune, envied by thousands of other young singers! It had been so exciting, planning to go abroad, to see all the famous centers of music in Europe and Italy. And there, on the other side of the Atlantic, Emil waited for her.

However ambition burned strongly, too. Her parents entreated her not to pass up this golden opportunity. "You are yet so young—you and Emil have so many years before you." Emil, too, who received the news by cablegram unselfishly was of the same opinion. "Take your chance, and good luck. We have a lifetime to be happy in."

"I wonder if we will have?" she questioned despairingly, when I saw her last, sitting grave and trim in a chic blue tailleur, at lunch. "I wonder if I was wrong—if I had gone when I promised we at least would have had a year of happiness before this—this awful war." Her blue eyes brooded darkly. "If he's killed—" she broke off unable to hold that terrible thought. "But he couldn't be—I love him so much!"

And then a brave, new light lifted the cloud from her eyes again. "Anyway, I'll have to work terribly hard and be a great success. That is the only way I can ever repay Emil for his sacrifice."

And so she sings to him, bravely and sweetly, in far-off Africa each Sunday and he listens and writes to tell her he heard her and how happy it made him.

For dictators and emperors may make wars, but a man and a maid make love—to radio and love distance is nothing.

THE END



Reaching out for Metropolitan Opera celebrities, Hollywood summoned Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera star and radio singer, to make a picture. On her arrival, however, they were not ready for her, so Helen flew East again to fill the interim with several radio engagements.

Friday---At Quarter to Four

(Continued from page 33)

and lost a friend. In those moments she had touched the high point of her career. And now?

She didn't dare to think that the dream was done, the bubble burst. She just had to hope that everything yet would be all right—that her verbal contract with Mr. Witherspoon would be ratified by his successor. But there was a strange ache in her heart for the lost glory of that moment, a mist in her soft blue eyes for the lost friend.

Like one conning the pages of an unfamiliar book, she reviewed the brief, bright story of her life. Music inevitably had been its theme. Her parents were musicians—not professionals, but people to whom music had a meaning beyond the filling of an idle hour. Her two brothers and her sister played and sang. Piano lessons were begun as soon as small hands had the necessary strength. And Helen had practised so assiduously that in her early 'teens—she smiled at the remembrance—she was acclaimed as a child prodigy. All through her High School days she continued to study, and had, herself, given piano lessons, proud of the first money that her music earned.

Her career as a singer started when she was a High School girl in Buffalo, where she was born. There she met George Houston, then a singer in the Rochester Opera Company, who suggested that she study at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. That was an intriguing thought—but, how to do it? Some singers have had their careers sponsored by wealthy patrons of music—but not Helen Oelheim. She made her own way. She resolved to try for a scholarship, and was successful in winning one for two consecutive years. During those years, while studying at the school, she sang with the Rochester Opera Company.

And during those years a new experience came into her life—one that made music more real, more beautiful, that made life richer than she had dreamed it could be. The manager of the Rochester Opera Company was a young man named Fred Michel. At the end of the two years the company was reorganized and went on tour as the American Opera Company. Mr. Michel went with it as manager. Helen went with it as one of its brilliant soloists—and as Mrs. Michel.

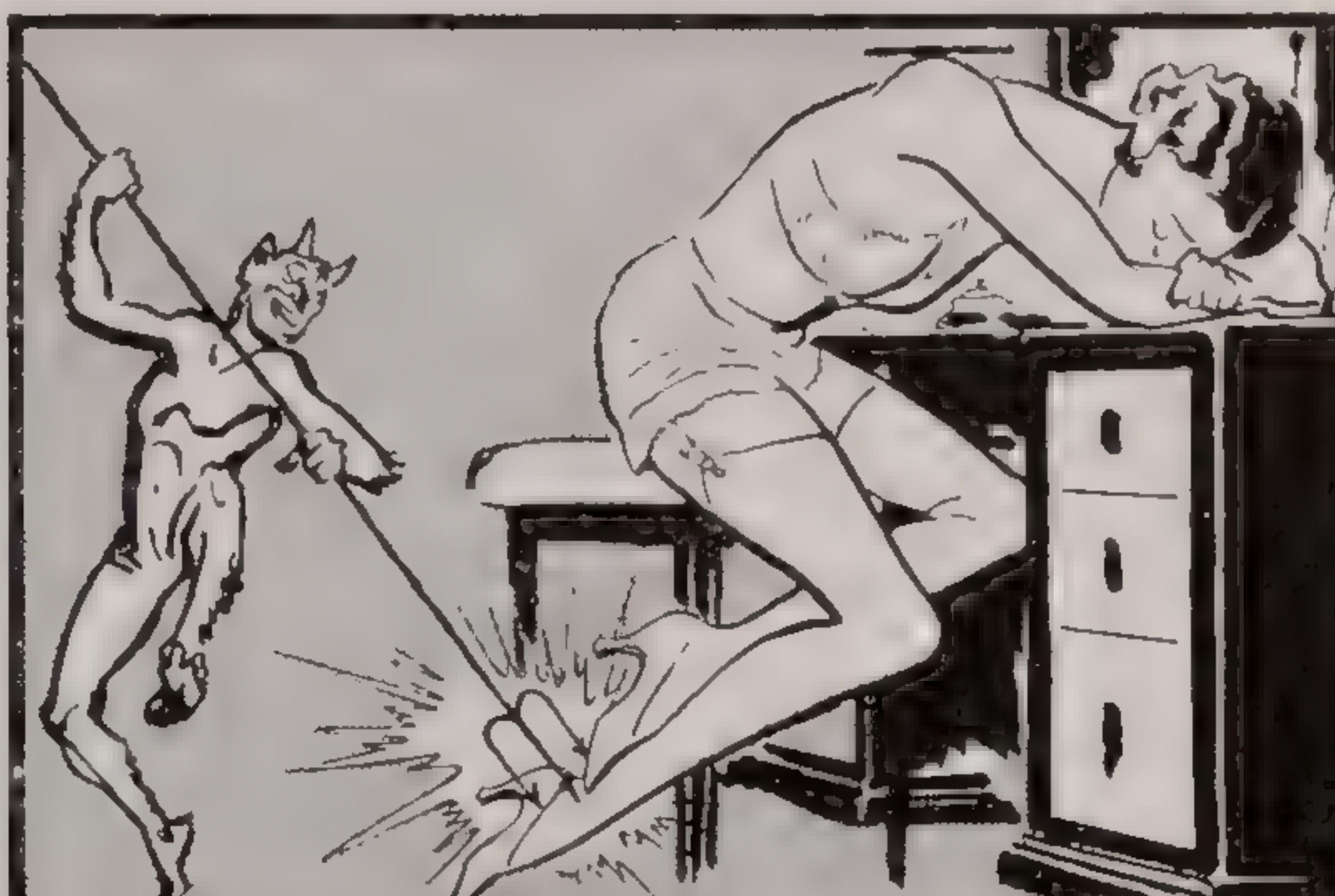
On tour she sang three roles, Suzuki in "Madame Butterfly," Nancy, in the opera "Martha," and Martha in "Faust." It was the last-named role that brought her into radio.

For the second time that emissary of fate, George Houston, came into her life. Through him, she was engaged to sing at a recital at the Stadium in New York. There a radio official heard her.

"Has Helen Oelheim signed her contract with the opera company for next year?" he asked. And on being told that she had not, he said: "Don't let her do anything till she has talked with me."

WHO'S AFRAID OF A BIG BAD CORN?

"Not I", said Brave Blue-Jay, as he set about to rescue the beautiful lady in distress



(1) She was in distress, too, that beautiful lady! This terrible corn had her by the toe . . . and he just wouldn't let go! He stabbed and kicked and made ugly wrinkles and a look of agony come into her beautiful face.



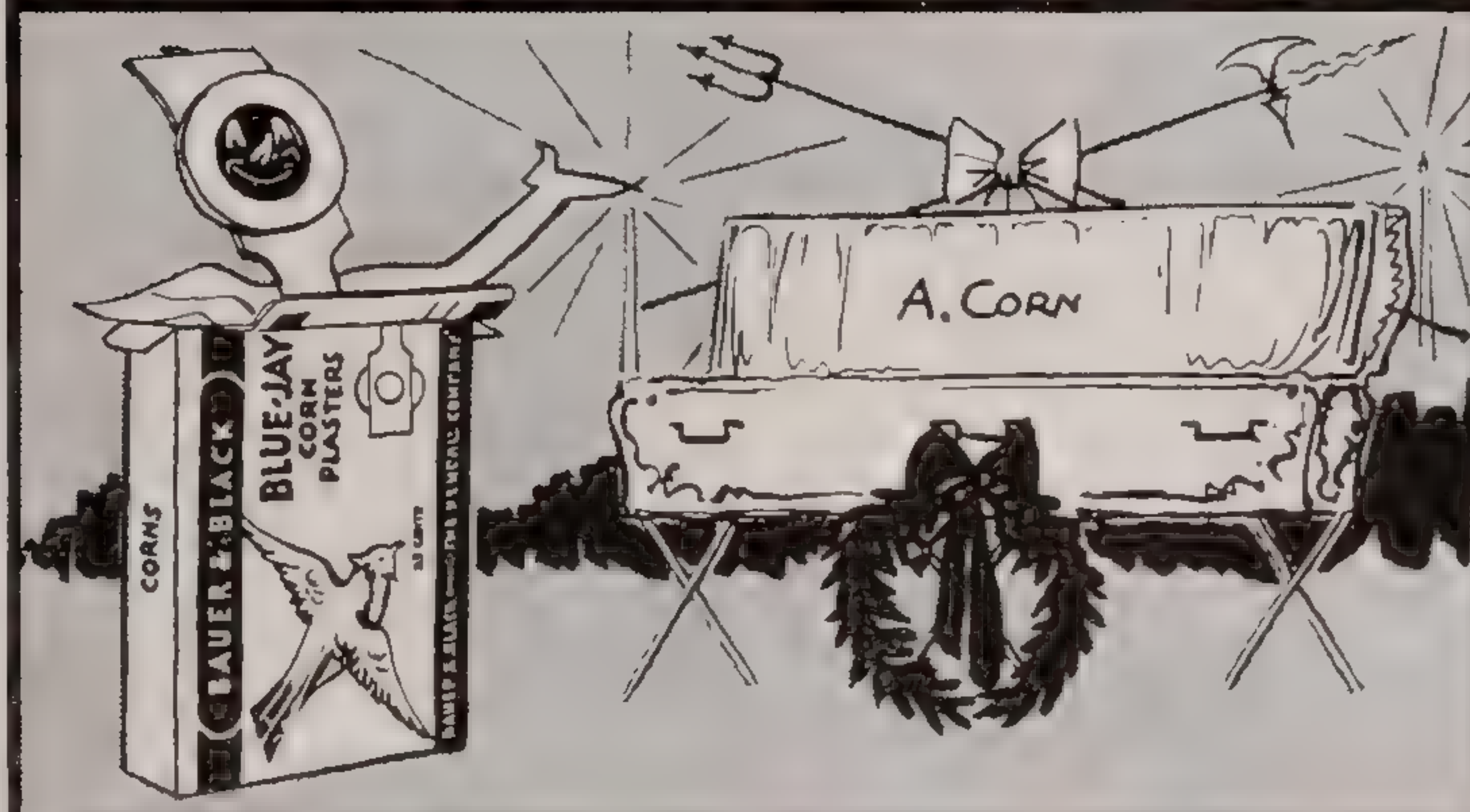
(2) Who will come to her rescue?" "Blue-Jay!" whispers a kind and helpful friend. And out of his package-home leaps Brave Blue-Jay, ready and willing. Quick as a flash—



(3) Blue-Jay attacked that terrible corn and had him down in a moment utterly helpless. The villain's torturing hold on the beautiful lady was instantly broken, and—



(4) She sprang to her feet and danced from sheer joy! Now that corn would trouble her no more . . . would no longer make her cranky, nor keep her from dancing with her friends!



(5) The end of the story is the end of the corn. Imprisoned by Blue-Jay for three days, at the end of that time his lifeless form was lifted out, carried away. Thanks to Brave Blue-Jay!

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☐ Enclosed find \$3.00 for which please send, postpaid, one box of 90 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.

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If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my \$3.

Name _____ Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Give Height _____ Weight _____ Age _____

Canadian and Foreign Countries Cash on Advance



A recent shot of Michael Bartlett in action. Michael, who discovered an enthusiastic fan following after his success in "Love Me Forever," starring Grace Moore, is busy on the Coast with radio work. He is singing now with the Jack Benny program, broadcast on Sunday nights.

The result was that Helen began the radio work which was to keep her busy for the next five years. That same year, she sang in a recital with Giovanni Martinelli of the Metropolitan. Also she sang on the Friends of Music program with Bodansky, who heard her first audition. And through the succeeding years many radio programs heard her golden voice—the Sonora Hour, the Jack Frost Hour, the American Radiator program, The Dutch Masters Hour, in which she starred with Nelson Eddy. Later she sang in concerts with Eddy, in Philadelphia. She was on the Swift Hour, and with the A & P Gypsies. Then the Palmolive program—the Show Boat—and Lanny Ross' State Fair program. Beside these engagements there were frequent concerts—in New York, in Philadelphia, in Buffalo, and in a number of other cities.

A full life, and a happy one. A happy home life, too. For her husband, unwilling to travel while her work kept her in New York, resigned his position with the opera company and became associated with a firm of industrial engineers in New York. They have a charming home in Merrick, Long Island.

Well, Helen thought, if nothing came of the Metropolitan dream, life still was pretty good!

And so the Spring days lengthened. And

then one day the message came which justified the acumen of Herbert Wither- spoon and the wisdom of his successor, Edward Johnson. Without a further audition Edward Johnson signed a contract with Helen Oelheim for this season's opera.

She was given twenty-two roles to learn this summer—no small assignment for a busy young singer! Some in German, some in French, some in Italian. German and French languages, at least, were familiar to her, but of Italian she knew nothing. Hitherto her operatic roles were sung in English. And earnestly she began studying Italian, taking two lessons a week.

So, learning twenty-two operatic roles, taking voice lessons, Italian lessons, rehearsing for radio programs, singing on the "Show Boat" program and on the Lanny Ross Sunday night concert program, her days were, one may believe, fairly full! They rented their home in Merrick and moved into an apartment in New York, to make the schedule easier.

I talked with her one evening, in a niche in Radio City, after a broadcast.

"Don't you find," I asked, "getting all that into a workable program somewhat difficult?"

"Tremendously difficult," she said "There aren't days enough in the week, nor hours enough in the day!"

But I saw no shadow of fatigue in her eyes, that shine as she speaks. Genius must lend some special ichor to those who serve it. Otherwise flesh would rebel at the strain.

And now that the coveted accolade is hers, she looks forward to the beginning of rehearsals in the famous old opera house. "I don't imagine that I shall have very much to do this winter," she says modestly. "But I hope to continue there, and some day to sing the rôles I love." What those rôles are she would not care to say, lest it should seem presumptuous in so young a singer.

And she is young. Perhaps twenty-six in years, but looking younger than that, though with no suggestion of immaturity. Young, slenderly built and lovely, short of stature—about five feet two in height—with soft brown hair and eloquent, bright eyes, blue as a summer sea. Her speaking voice is richly beautiful. I asked her if she ever had been interested in dramatic work, for while there is an entire absence of anything theatrical in her manner, no pose, no attitudes, it struck me that with that lovely voice, with the gracious charm and beauty that is hers—and no picture does her justice—she would be an asset to any stage.

"I love it!" she confessed. "I've always hoped that if anything happened to my singing voice, I might find an opening in the theatre."

But we will cherish the hope that her song will continue to be our delight for long years to come.

Her first voice teacher was Adolin, noted as the teacher of John Charles Thomas. Her present teacher, with whom she has been studying ever since she first came to New York, is Walter Golde, and the success of his pupil must be very gratifying to him. As, also, to her countless friends, who see her moving steadily toward the heights for which they believe her destined. A belief that those who listen to her over the air will heartily share.

She will continue her concert work this winter, too. In February she will sing in Buffalo. Each year she gives three concerts at Hamilton College.

She told me a little episode of her interview with Herbert Witherspoon, that fateful Friday afternoon. As she was leaving, after the audition, he stopped her.

"Can you see me later this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Helen said unhesitatingly. "I have a rehearsal for the Show Boat."

If the impressario felt any surprise that a postulant young singer should hold a Show Boat rehearsal of more importance than an interview with him concerning her career in Grand Opera, he did not show it. Graciously he agreed that she should phone him for another appointment. But when she made that postponed call, it was forever too late.

A friend, to whom she told the story, gasped: "Imagine turning down Witherspoon for the Show Boat!"

"Why not?" Helen countered calmly. "That's my job. They pay me for it."

Which, I venture to guess, is characteristic of Helen Oelheim. If she has a job to do, she will do it with all her heart.

THE END



You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

**The Wrong Shade of Face Powder
Will Make You Look Years Older
Than You Really Are!**

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you?

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (19)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

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Address _____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

Secrets of the Lux Radio Theatre

(Continued from page 43)

end, throwing herself quite exhausted into a chair.

And the next day there were the notices which the actors and the director read with trembling eagerness. Then they sighed with relief, for the notices all hailed a new program on the air, worthy of taking its place with the finest dramatic shows.

The show made a hit on Sunday afternoons and became the most popular daytime show on the air, but the producers were not satisfied. Compared to the popular evening shows it wasn't getting as big an audience as they wanted. Mary Pickford got a bigger audience and they thought that they had the making of a more popular program. That's why the Lux show switched to Monday evenings—to get the biggest potential audience.

There are three important people behind the show—Danny Danker, Hollywood contact man, Thomas Luckenbill, the producer, and Anthony Stanford, the director—all very colorful. Then there's George Wells, who does the adaptations, and Robert Armbruster, who handles the musical backgrounds.

Perhaps Danny Danker has one of the most difficult jobs in the picture. He's the liaison man between the producers and the stars. Very close is Danny Danker to the stars of Hollywood. Calls them all by their nicknames. And it's doubtful if they'd trust anyone else. He's been in Hollywood for eight years.

Nothing fazes Danny Danker. He knew, of course, that Greta Garbo never had consented to appear over the air. But that didn't stop him. To Garbo he went and asked her the momentous question. She said no. Nobody expected her to say yes.

But Mr. Danker will take nothing for granted.

It was Mr. Danker who persuaded Wallace Beery to appear over the air for the first time, to get his air baptism on the Lux program. He watched Wallace at work, as a cat watches a mouse, waiting for the moment when Wally would be free. A dozen times he suggested to Wallace Beery that he go to New York to appear in a play. But Wallace didn't want to go on the air. Maybe he was afraid of the mike; maybe he just didn't want to leave Hollywood.

One day Mr. Danker got an inspiration. He knew that Wallace was going to New York to buy a plane. And he nabbed him just before he left. "Wally, won't you appear in the Lux Radio Theatre," he asked, "while you're in New York getting your plane?" "Sure," said Wally, "why didn't you ask me before?"

It's Thomas Luckenbill's job to engage the stars who can't be reached in Hollywood. He buys plays, too. But the stars have to be secured first.

"I want Ruth Chatterton," said Tony Stanford, who directs the plays.

Ruth was in Spain. Mr. Luckenbill cabled her. Would she appear in a play for the Lux Radio Theatre? She already had made "Rebound" for them, and loved it. So she cabled "yes" and grabbed a boat for New York. Now Mr. Luckenbill cabled her that they had decided to do "The Lion and the Mouse." Would she appear in it? Ruth cabled back that she didn't care much for the play; she'd prefer something more sophisticated. Midway across the ocean, she cabled that she not only didn't care for the play; she actually

hated it. It was old-fashioned; it was this and that; would they please let her do something else?

By this time the play had been bought, and four or five people in New York had okayed it, so Luckenbill cabled again: "Please, for heaven's sake, do it!"

Ruth consented, although she still thought the play too old-fashioned. Even when she got to New York, she couldn't work up any enthusiasm for the play; and Mr. Luckenbill, watching her rehearse, was afraid she wouldn't put it over. Really she was just holding back, as all the best actresses do in rehearsal. They don't give their all till the final performance. Came the afternoon when the play went over the air. Now Ruth was terrific. She gave the part everything she had. Everyone around the studio whooped and cheered.

Producers, following a quaint custom of theirs, sent orchids to Mr. Stanford and Mr. Luckenbill. As they do whenever they think that some show is colossal. Rudy Vallee receives their orchids sometimes. So does Al Jolson. The Lux show has received orchids five times. For Seventh Heaven. For Rebound. For The Lion and the Mouse. For The Barker. And Counsellor-At-Law.

At heart Mr. Luckenbill is a pirate. A modern, quiet pirate, not the swashbuckling kind, but just as effective. When Leslie Howard arrived in New York, a few days late for rehearsals, for "The Petrified Forest," three men from the theatre office hung around grimly, determined to capture Leslie and make him rehearse for their play. But Mr. Luckenbill was also at the Newark airport, determined to capture Leslie for the rehearsals for "Berkeley Square."

As the plane landed, he grabbed Leslie Howard's luggage and thrust it into a taxi. Leslie followed his luggage. And arrived, to his surprise, at the radio studios. Where Tony Stanford at once started to put him through his paces.

Leslie, who never had had to rehearse much for a radio play before, stammered that he couldn't see the necessity for so much rehearsal. Such nonsense, he said. But his eyes twinkled.

"Leslie," Tony Stanford told me, "is the laziest actor I've ever met in my life. And the most charming. I don't blame you girls a bit for going mad about him."

It was something of a job to get Ina Claire to sign up to appear over the air. Not that she didn't want to do it. Oh, dear, no! But three or four times negotiations started. Each time Ina changed her mind. The first time everything was kayoed by astrology. Ina refused to sign up because the sun was in the wrong quarter of the heavens or something like that. Finally, when they got Ina to sign a contract, they put a clause in it saying that if she didn't go through with the play, "Polly With a Past," she'd have to pay the sponsor instead of the sponsor paying her.

Though Ina had refused to sign up until she had a whole week when she could concentrate entirely on her Lux perform-



"Now there's a program that's different," quoth Myrt to Marge, cocking an ear at the huge ventilator of the S. S. Malolo, and overhearing some interesting chatter from below decks, on their return from a trip to Hawaii.

ance, she is such a dynamo that when the time for rehearsals came, she tried to do a dozen other things at the same time. Finally the director said to her: "For heaven's sake, stop worrying about other things and concentrate on 'Polly!' Now behave!"

The announcer was a very serious guy, so Ina determined that if it was the last thing she ever did in her life, she would make him laugh. "Mr. Velvet Voice," she called him all over the place, but he wouldn't crack a smile. On the afternoon when he made his commercial announcement, she stood near him, making faces at him that would make a sphinx laugh. But on he went solemnly reading. She put her finger to her nose in an ancient and derisive gesture, and waited to see what effect that would have. The flood of oratory continued unabated. Finally, just as the announcer got to the most impassioned part of his advertising blurb, Ina stole behind him and tickled him! He struggled for a moment with himself, as though he were about to break down, and then he recovered his voice, and finished in a tone of unctuous triumph. Ina had failed to break him down!

You couldn't get Tony Stanford, who directs the show, to admit that any of the stars are temperamental. He just doesn't call those things temperament. He says the stars never get angry, except at themselves for failing to put across an effect. Not even volatile Lupe Velez.

What a sight she was as she broadcast! Russian boots. A huge Mexican sombrero. She wore beach slacks that looked like blue sailor pants, a polo coat and a yellow

jersey sweater. Someone asked her the why of this extraordinary assortment. "Oh," she explained tremulously, "Johnny Weissmuller made me leave home without any decent clothes. He was afraid if I had any party clothes I'd go to too many parties and meet too many other men."

The stars are completely themselves when they rehearse. And most of them are pretty swell. But no one could understand the aloofness of Claude Rains, who had made a hit in "The Invisible Man" and other horror films. For some reason known only to himself, he wouldn't talk to the other members of the cast or to the director. It made Dorothy Gish, who was playing opposite him, develop a terrific inferiority complex. The director diagnosed her disease as Claude Rains-fright, but could find no antidote. Consequently, "The Green Goddess," in which they appeared together, was one of the very few duds the Lux Radio Theatre has produced. Dorothy was elated when she got a chance to appear in another show later on. "Now," she said, "I'll be able to show you what I really can do."

Gary Cooper was very shy, like a little boy. He was so self-conscious, so unsure of himself, that no one would have dreamed that he was one of the greatest stars of Hollywood.

It looked for a time as if Gary would collapse, just from shyness. Everyone was afraid he wouldn't be able to put over his rôle. He was trying terrifically hard, but this was something new to him, something almost terrifying. And just when it looked as if Gary was licked, ten-year-old Janet Lee Hutchinson stepped into the picture.

Gary fell for her at once. Under the spell of this child's personality, he relaxed and forgot himself completely. With her Gary could do his finest work. The only time he really was himself was when he played opposite her.

All the time the actors are rehearsing, new plays are being bought. They are bought several weeks in advance, and have to be approved by the producer, the director, the client, the account executives and the star. Every effort is made to choose a play that fits a star's personality exactly—"What Every Woman Knows" for Helen Hayes, "The Barker" for Walter Huston, "Berkeley Square" for Leslie Howard, "The Old Soak" for Wallace Beery, "The Man In Possession" for Robert Montgomery, and so on. In the offices of the producers they keep a record of plays they are considering, giving their plots, their casts, and even their box-office history on Broadway and in the films. Plays dealing with religious and racial themes are barred. Sex is virtually tabooed, except when it is handled with the utmost delicacy, as in "Michael and Mary."

You may wonder why no audiences are ever allowed at the Lux Radio Theatre. Even important officials of the networks are turned away. Once distinguished visitors came from the British Broadcasting Company and begged to watch the broadcast. But they were refused. One representative of the client is permitted to sit and watch from the clients' booth.

Joe E. Brown wanted his wife and his two children to watch the show. The
(Continued on page 74)

A NEW
KIND of Mildness



Scientists have found the mildness of cigarette smoke depends not on the tobacco but on its preparation. The smoke from your Philip Morris cigarettes has been proven definitely and measurably milder than from ordinary cigarettes. This fact has been presented to, and accepted by, the medical profession.

America's Finest
15¢ Cigarette
Call for PHILIP MORRIS



It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about Zonite will be welcome.

• You do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is safe. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is not poisonous. Not caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

• The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, \$1.00.

Another form of Zonite... Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are \$1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

• Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

RS-512

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
() Facts for Women () Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....
(Please print name)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P.Q.)

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(Continued from page 50)

blue and gold, its comfortable chairs and sofas and its lovely fire-place of delft-blue tiles.

As I sat down to wait for the maid to summon Mrs. Baker I could hear gay laughter in some distant part of the house, and detected the unmistakable sounds of children's voices. Soon I found myself making my way towards these cheery sounds under Mrs. Baker's hospitable guidance.

She's a cute little girl, Phil's wife, Peggy—petite, sparkling and looking more like an older sister than the mother of the two Baker babies, "Little Miss Muffet," aged two and "Algy," something under a year of age.

Phil presently joined the family group and we went tramping forth on a tour of inspection, first up the circular staircase to the nursery where the children's lunch awaited them, then, eventually on to the kitchen where Phil demonstrated his skill in preparing "Nova Scotia Eggs" while discussing his other food favorites. Mrs. Baker played "stooge" for this particular broadcast by reminding Phil of this and that dish which he had failed to mention, while the cook filled in the missing details. During all this, as you can well imagine, your Cooking School correspondent was an interested audience of one. It was all very jolly, informal and, I am pleased to say, informative. (And never once did I hear the sepulchral mocking tones of "Beetle," Phil's "haunter" on the air!) I came away with a notebook filled with recipes and with some cooking ideas that are simply swell-elegant! Naturally I intend to pass every single one of them on to you.

But first of all let me describe that egg dish that Mr. Baker so skillfully whipped together as I watched. This is the "odd, expensive" combination I mentioned, since it calls for Nova Scotia smoked salmon—which costs quite a pretty penny and can only be secured at food specialty shops.

First the eggs are broken into a bowl—allowing two eggs to a person. Then two tablespoons of cream are added for each egg, together with salt and pepper to taste. This is beaten lightly with a fork until thoroughly blended, after which small pieces of the salmon are added and the mixture turned into a frying pan in which butter has been melted but not browned. The eggs are scrambled to the desired consistency over very low heat, using a large spoon and not very much stirring. Served on wedges of buttered toast this makes an unusual and delicious luncheon or late supper dish.

But I am even more enthusiastic over Mrs. Baker's ideas for Oven Meals. It seems that in the cool weather almost everything is baked at the Baker's. Of course with them this is strictly a matter of personal preference but to the rest of us the economy feature of such meals is sure to provide added appeal.

For when you decide on a real *Oven Meal*, you know that the same heat that bakes the main dish (whether meat or fish) also cooks the potatoes, the vegetables

and the dessert. If you follow Mrs. Baker's suggestions you'll go even further and bake the Soup for dinner and the fruit course for the next day's luncheon dessert at one and the same time. Bearing this thought in mind you, yourself, can work out lots of menus of this type, but you'd have a hard time devising a better menu than the following one, for a typical Baker Baked Dinner. I'm proud to say that I have recipes for all the dishes mentioned. Those that I don't give you here will be found in this month's RADIO STARS Cooking School leaflet. They're yours for the asking you know—all you have to do is to fill in and mail the coupon that appears at the very end of this article!

Here's the menu, as suggested by Mrs. Baker, and including all of the dishes Phil likes best:

Simple Onion Soup Au Gratin
Baked Spanish Steak
Egg Plant En Casserole
Baked Potato Puffs
Holiday Pumpkin Pie Supreme

Savory Baked Fish may be substituted for the steak. Those of you who, like the Bakers, live near waters where halibut, sword-fish and other such fish abound, will be delighted with this recipe.

SAVORY BAKED FISH

- 1 pound halibut steak (or other firm-textured fish)
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- A few grains cayenne
- 1/4 cup buttered bread crumbs
- 1 3/4 cups canned tomatoes, juice and pulp
- 1 bouillon cube
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon grated permesan cheese
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 whole cloves

Wash fish, cover with lemon juice and allow to stand for one hour. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with buttered crumbs and place in large greased baking dish. Heat canned tomatoes, add bouillon cube, finely chopped celery, green pepper and onion, cheese, Worcestershire sauce, bay leaf and cloves. Pour tomato mixture around (but not over) fish in pan. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in hot oven (400°F.) or until fish is tender and crumbs are browned.

The soup also pays a visit to the oven! The recipe for this easily made, warming soup is one I know you will want to have in your files, so I've had directions for making it printed on one of this month's recipe cards. Another card will bring you both the Egg Plant and the Potato Puffs mentioned on the Baker menu, while a third card will tell you how to make the Baked Spanish Steak. Since an inexpensive cut of beef is called for, you will find this recipe economical as well as delicious.

The fourth card, this month, will give you explicit directions for making that



Ralph Dumke and Ed East, known to radio as "Sisters of the Skillet".

divine pie you see pictured on the first page of this article. It's not one bit hard to make, either, for the crust can be of the easy graham cracker type and the filling is simple, too. If you're looking for something new in the pumpkin pie line for Christmas, or better still for Thanksgiving, here's your chance to collect a worth-while inspiration.

And by the way, for those of you who may not be satisfied with only *one* Thanksgiving suggestion, I've had printed some extra copies of last year's Rudy Vallee Thanksgiving leaflet which you may have missed. This contains a more familiar type of pumpkin pie, an unusual Cheese Pastry Crust recipe, a recipe for Chestnut Stuffing, that will add a last touch of perfection to your Holiday bird, and Scalloped Onions, New England style. (These onions, by the way will be grand to use as another vegetable suggestion for one of your Oven Meals.)

Only a few hundred of the Vallee leaflets have been reprinted, however, so it will be a case of "first come, first served." In other words the first couple of hundred to send in this month's coupon for the Baker recipes will also get recipes for Rudy's New England dishes. Just place a check in the space indicated on the coupon, be prompt in sending in, and they, too, are yours, together with this month's recipes for Phil Baker's preferred Oven Dishes.

Just think—nine perfectly marvelous recipes this month—and all for the price of the stamp you use to mail your coupon.

COUPON

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me this month's free recipes for Phil Baker's favorite Baked foods.

I have put a check here (.....) to indicate that I would also like a free copy of the Rudy Vallee leaflet featuring traditional New England Thanksgiving dishes.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

NEW EASY WAY TO *Perfect Chocolate Pie!*



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1/2 cup water
- Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

• Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MM 125 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

*Borden
Quality*



Nils T. Granlund, with his secretary, Claire Sasser, who, Nils says, does much of the work for the weekly programs, "N.T.G. and his Girls!"

Secrets of the Lux Radio Theatre

(Continued from page 71)

For a MEMORABLE VISIT TO NEW YORK



Enjoy living at the Savoy-Plaza with its spacious . . . tastefully furnished rooms . . . outstanding service . . . delicious cuisine . . . and exciting entertainment facilities. With Central Park at its door and the fine shops, theatres and subway near-by, this hotel is convenient to all parts of the city. The Savoy-Plaza awaits your arrival to tender you with all those attendant harmonies of fine living that have made this hotel the favorite of New Yorkers . . . Single rooms \$5, \$6, \$7 . . . Double \$7, \$8, \$9 . . . Suites from \$10

THE NEW Savoy Room

The Savoy-Plaza announces the opening of the new Savoy Room designed by Eugene Schoen, of Eugene Schoen and Sons . . . The Savoy Room is now open for Luncheon, Dinner and Supper

The Inimitable

DWIGHT FISKE

In his Stories at the Piano

AFTER THE THEATRE

ROSITA and FONTANA

at Dinner, in their original interpretations of the newest dances

DICK GASPARRE

and his orchestra

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

CAFE LOUNGE AND SNACK BAR

(Informal) Open for Luncheon
Cocktail Hour, Dinner and Supper

BASIL FOMEEN

and his Internationals play for dancing
at Cocktail Hour and Supper

SAVOY=PLAZA

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

FIFTH AVE • 58th TO 59th STS • NEW YORK

agency officials pondered. At first they were inclined to say no. But Joe was giving the last show ever to appear over the NBC network (they're on Columbia now) so, because it was something of a gala occasion, they let the wife and the two youngsters watch the program.

The reason audiences aren't allowed at the Lux Radio Theatre is because the plays are designed for the ear, not the eye, for the millions in the home, not a few hundred people who could be crowded into a studio. You can build up a perfect picture of the play as you sit there before your radio. But if you were in the studio watching the actors read from scripts, your illusions would be shattered.

The plays, by the way, have to be especially adapted for the radio. That's George Wells' job. When you see things happening on a real stage, it's much easier to convince you. Over the radio nothing can be taken for granted. For instance, when "The Bishop Misbehaves," with its original cast, was to be played over the air, Mr. Wells encountered a neat little problem. In the original play, a woman holds up the Bishop, saying to him: "Hold up your hands." She didn't have a gun or anything else to hold him up with, but the Bishop, who was holding up a gang of desperadoes, meekly obeyed. Over the air that would sound just silly.

Mr. Wells hit on the idea of having the woman hold up the Bishop by prodding his back with a monkey-wrench. Thinking it's a gun, he puts up his hands. Later he discovers he was held up with a monkey-wrench. "An old trick but a useful one," says the woman, grinning.

When Mr. Golden, producer of the play, heard this scene over the air, he said, "For heaven's sake, why didn't I do that!"

This perfect program takes hard work, long hours of rehearsing.

And most of them love it! They're gluttons for punishment. Like Walter Huston. He had appeared in "The Barker" on the stage about a thousand times. He was so grand at rehearsals that the director and everyone else, sighing with relief because the whole thing was going off so well, decided to take an hour for lunch.

Walter Huston stopped them. "Let's not," he said. "Let's just have some coffee. Can't we run through this thing again?"

Already, in only a year's time, the Lux Radio Theatre has more traditions, more legends, more amazing stories told about it than any other program that has been on the air for so short a time. Some of the stories are true. All of them are touched with the magic glitter of the stage, and breathe a sorcery of their own. Some of the best stories about the dramas behind the scenes cannot be told.

Of those that can be told, my favorite is the story of Ethel Barrymore, who was suffering from a nasal ailment and at the same time had trouble with her eyes. By accident she put the nasal drops, a strong astringent preparation, into her eyes. And suffered the agonies of the damned. White and writhing with pain, she went on the air, hardly able to see enough to read her script. Trying to remember it while she stood there, a spirit in torment.

She got through the role finally. The director of the theatre came up to Ethel Barrymore to congratulate her. "You were magnificent," he said humbly.

Through the swollen optics she eyed him arrogantly. "I'm Ethel Barrymore," she said, "and I don't need any little boy to tell me whether I'm good or not."

THE END



"The Westerners" greet Capt. Henry and Lanny Ross, on Show Boat Hour.

Why Has Grace Moore Triumphed?

(Continued from page 29)

day to a woman who knew her when she was a kid in Tennessee. "She was always that way," this friend said. "She could always make people flock around her—boys and girls both. She taught a Sunday-school class, sang at morning services, led a children's choir and was always the ring-leader of every town enterprise.

"There was a boy who was mad about her. He confided to me, almost with tears in his eyes, that he had thought Grace was crazy about him until he saw her with other boys and realized that she treated them all equally well and was as charming with one as another. Maybe that trait, which began back in Jellico, Tennessee, is the secret of her great success with men.

"When she told me she wanted to study for grand opera I was amazed. I even laughed at her—I think now with shame. Her voice was sweet and very tender but it was not, I felt sure, a great voice. I told her so and she wouldn't believe me. In just the same way she wouldn't believe Hollywood when they told her she wasn't star material. Grace's not believing people is what has made her a success."

She wouldn't believe her father when he said he would not let her study for grand opera, so she ran away from school and sang in a Greenwich Village restaurant called "The Black Cat." Literally she sang for her supper and when her irate father came to New York to take her back home she wouldn't go with him. And even when she lost her voice completely she would not give up. Dr. Mario Marafioti, one of the most famous teachers and throat specialists in the world, remembers a girl who sat in his office for three days waiting for him. Time and again he told his secretary to tell her to go away that he was too busy to see her. But she sat until, worn down by her patient presence there, the doctor examined her throat.

He could promise her nothing. He said that six months of complete rest and relaxation might help her. And he forgot about her—forgot about her until Grace Moore, the Metropolitan Opera star, recalled herself to him.

You know how she was refused by the opera company and how, undaunted, she studied in Europe until Gatti-Casazza himself, asked her to sign a Metropolitan contract. You know how she returned to Hollywood and made a startling and tremendous success. And you know how brilliant and successful her radio programs are.

And now she stands triumphant. What is she like today?

She married the Spanish actor, Valentin Parera, in July, 1931. You've read of their meeting, two months before. Grace

Beautiful Eyes

with
Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MASCARA EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL EYELASH TONIC CREAM EYEBROW BRUSH

FAME AND FORTUNE . . . OR HOME AND HAPPINESS?

When little Annette Monard married the poverty-stricken composer, Fritz Brecker, at a carnival, little does she dream that she will become a great singer . . . nor does Fritz. But, upon realizing what great talent she possesses, he starts her on her career. As Annette rises rapidly and becomes a great artist, Fritz sinks deeper and deeper into the gloom of his own lack of success. He leaves her, and Annette must choose . . . will she have a great career—or a happy married life? With this difficult choice before her, how does she decide?

You'll enjoy reading "I DREAM TOO MUCH," the story of RKO-Radio's new musical, starring Lily Pons, famous soprano, in her film debut, with Henry Fonda. Complete story in the December SCREEN ROMANCES.

Other complete stories in December will include: "Rose of the Rancho," starring John Boles and Gladys Swarthout . . . "Magnificent Obsession," starring Irene Dunne with Robert Taylor . . . Barbara Stanwyck with Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley" . . . James Cagney and Margaret Lindsay in "Frisco Kid" . . . "A Night at the Opera," starring the Marx Brothers with Kitty Carlisle . . . William Powell and Rosalind Russell in "Black Chamber" . . . Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty" . . . Helen Twelvetrees and Donald Cook in "Spanish Cape Mystery" . . .

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

DECEMBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE.



The 8th WOMAN

HER ADVANTAGE OVER OTHERS

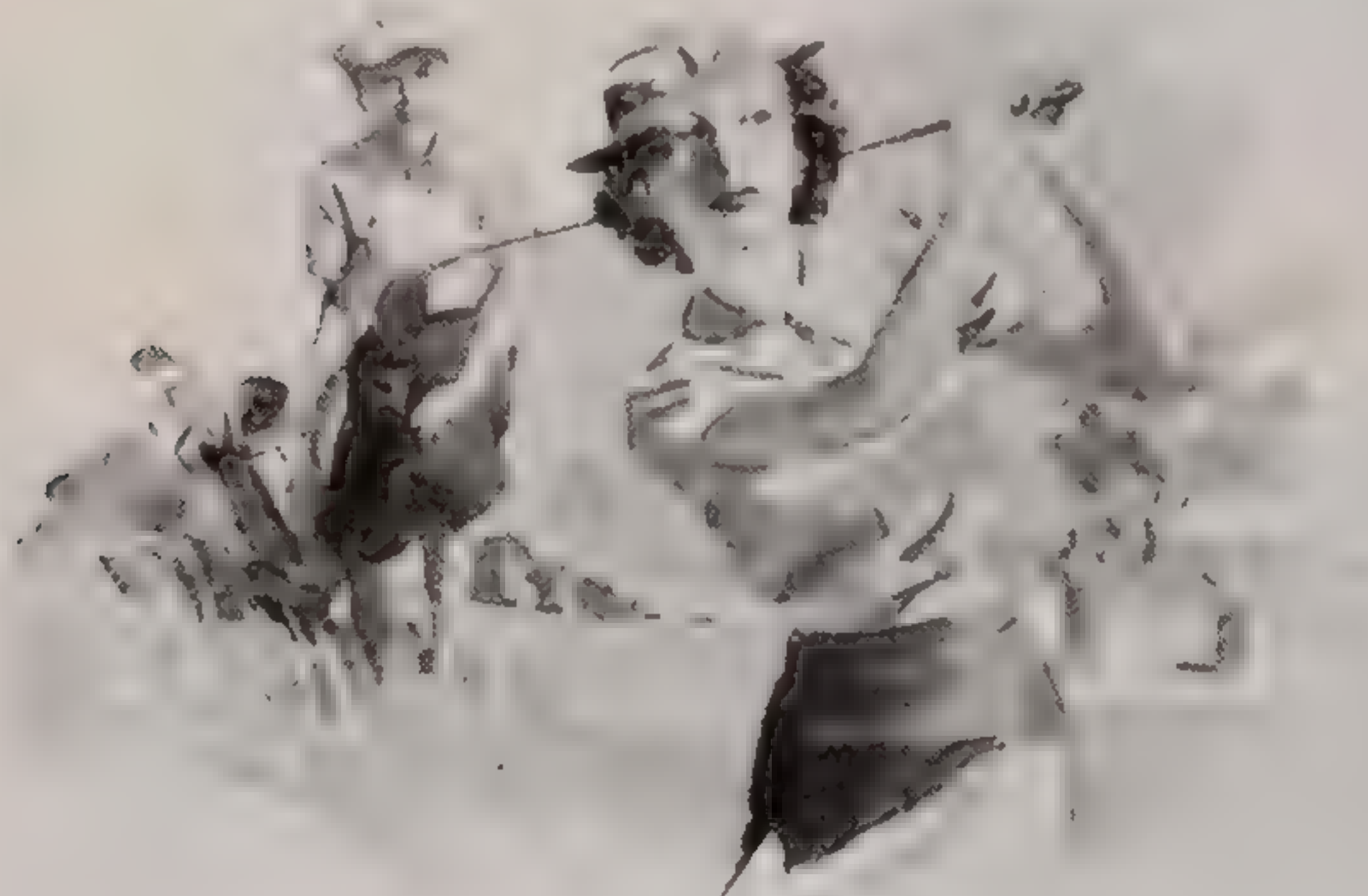
Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never pleads that she is "indisposed," and whose spirits never seem to droop?

She is apt to be that eighth woman who has learned to rely on Midol.

Eight million women once suffered every month. Had difficult days when they had to save themselves, and favor themselves, or suffer severely. But a million have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do *not* contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.



ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other strenuous activities. Midol means freedom from the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

and her secretary were walking up the gangplank of the Ile de France on their way to Europe. Suddenly Grace turned to her and said, "Something marvelous is going to happen. I feel it in my bones. I know it."

As they crossed the deck Grace saw a tall, handsome man. She clutched her secretary by the arm. "It has happened!" she said. "I'm going to marry that man."

Grace Moore has a greater amount of energy and vitality than any person I've ever known anything about. She has a secretary but she uses her only for dictating letters and making a few appointments. And although she has a manager she does most of the business connected with her screen, operatic and radio work herself. As a result she always says she is too busy to make appointments for interviews, yet she always ends by giving the appointments, and she will talk for hours on any subject the interviewer suggests.

She swears she has no time to pose for photographs. But she always winds up by posing, getting the whole job done up in fifteen minutes and arriving with boxes of new clothes and all sorts of tricky hats, along with dozens of wonderful suggestions for poses.

Besides her enthusiasm for clothes she adores houses. She and Ruth Chatterton are intimate friends and they spend a great deal of their time together hunting for

houses which they never buy. A few years ago when Grace returned to New York from one of her many European jaunts Ruth Chatterton was also in the big town. Ruth sent Grace a wire: "Meet me this afternoon. Have found an adorable house in Westchester." And Grace broke every appointment to look at houses with Ruth all afternoon.

They do the same thing when they're together in Hollywood. But at last Grace broke down and bought a place in Beverly Hills. She also owns a home in Nice and has just given up the apartment she kept for so long in New York.

There is literally nothing in contemporary life that does not interest her. During her last vacation she took up mountain climbing and cut a notch on her stick for every mountain she climbed. Every year she and Parera spend their anniversary in Venice, where they were married, for she is as sentimental as she is excitable. And in spite of her ability to ensnare men she ardently declares that there never can be another man in her life but Valentin Parera—the suave, poised, Continental, so different from herself.

And she has friends—hundreds of friends—both in Europe and America, social contacts she never neglects. Gay, ambitious, energetic, volatile, glamorous, triumphant Grace Moore!

The End



In our September issue we ran a story called "50,000 Chorus Girls Can't Be Wrong." And illustrating that story was a picture of this young singer. By some mischance the name attached to the picture when it came to us was "Rita Ria." In reality the young lady pictured above is Harriet Carr, known as the "Girl with the Violin Voice." She sings on the NBC-NTG program, and also is a WNEW star.



"The notes come from the diaphragm," says Professor Loubet, showing that a match cannot be extinguished while John Papadulli, a soda fountain clerk acclaimed as another Caruso, sings.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 11)

got me so enthused again about the beautifying properties of milk (she uses it for facials, as well) that I decided to prepare a special bulletin for you all about the milk diet as a sort of counter-balance to your holiday feasting. If you over-indulge on turkey and then on turkey hash, you'll need a little extra effort to get your figure back into condition. The milk diet is perfect for this. Or maybe you're counting on mistletoe happenings, or wishes coming true on turkey wishbones, in which case you'll want to get into condition before the festivities begin. Either way you'll want complete instructions for the milk diet—the milky way to mannequin perfection.

A few months ago I wrote an article on a milk and health farm which drew such a tremendous response that I felt it only fair to you to offer an authoritative milk diet before you started believing in Santa Claus and dreaming of candy, bon bons, fruit cake, plum pudding, and all the rest of it. The diet I offered before was not a milk diet; it was simply a well-balanced 8-day reducing diet, which, however, included considerable milk in its menus. Now you may have both diets, if you wish, but you'll be sure to want the milk diet for quick, harmless reducing.

I'm going to skim off the cream of the new beauty ideas that I think will help you to be most glamorous for the holidays. The first selection is a new creamy mascara. (Not intended as a pun.) You simply apply it right from the tube, and then whip out your eye-brow brush to finish the eyelash beautifying process. It's about the creamiest mascara I've ever discovered, and it achieves a really natural

effect. More important than anything else, it's kind to your lashes. It doesn't make them harsh and brittle.

You will note that Vivienne uses considerable eye make-up. She believes that her eyes are her best facial asset, hence she does everything possible to enhance them. She succeeds in making them look even larger than they are. Her skillful application of mascara from the base of the lashes clear to the tips (the tips are the finest part of the lash and hence the lightest) makes her lashes look almost twice as long as they really are. There's always a mirror above a cocktail bar. Try considering your dressing-table a make-up bar, and you'll be gratified at the results you see in the mirrors that greet you during all the holiday festivities.

Yet another "creamy" news note is the news of a new two-minute facial that leaves your skin as smooth as satin, or as a creamy magnolia petal. It only takes two minutes, honestly, and it will be a life-saver for you when you're rushing to get ready for your all-important date. It is especially effective for coarse pores, blackheads and dry skin. I guarantee that if you try the milk diet and this new facial . . . you'll be amazed at the results.

Mary Biddle,
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

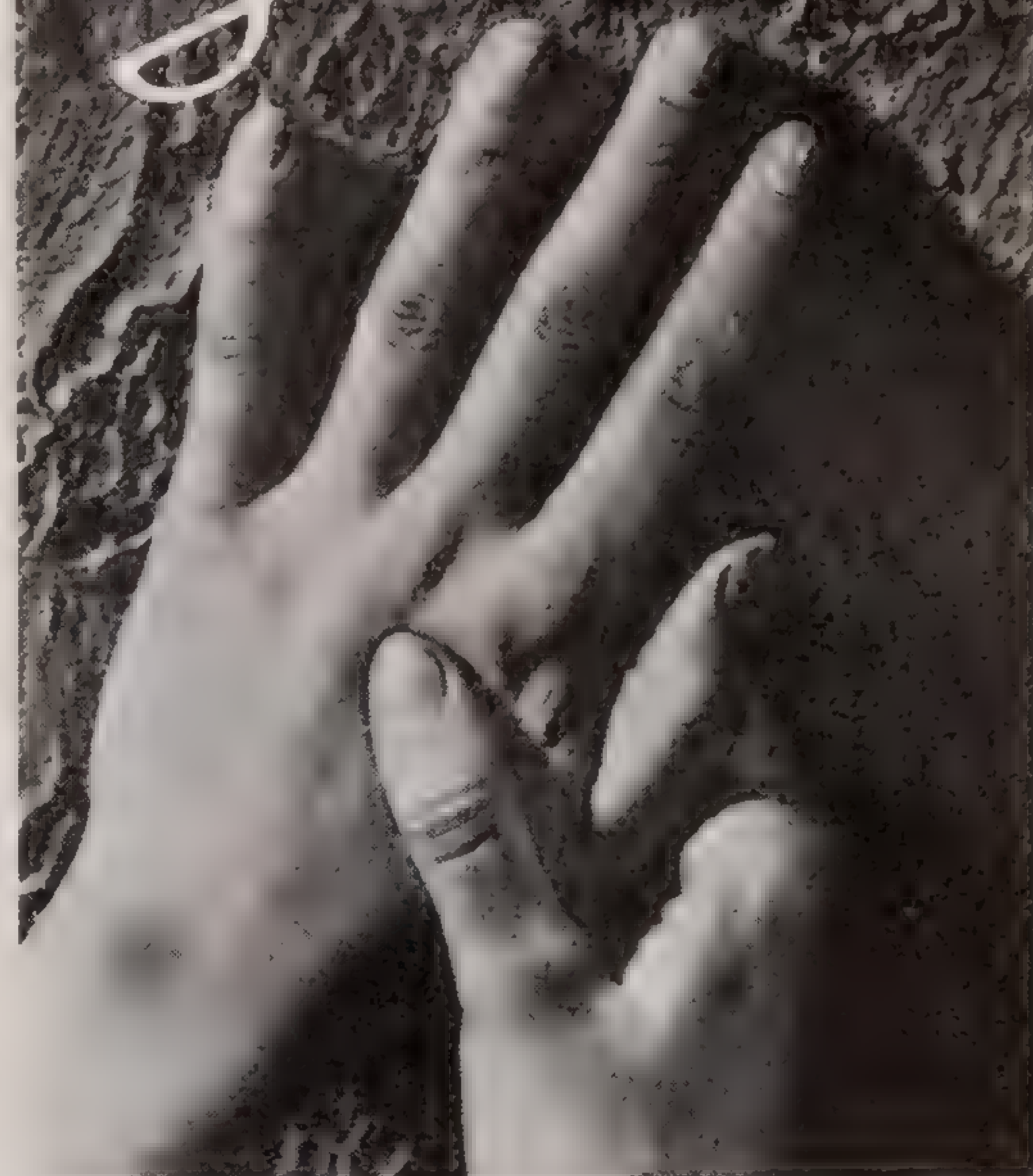
Kindly send me your Milk Diet & Hints for Holiday Glamour.

Name.....

Address.....

Are your hands
ROUGH as

Stucco?



■ Do your hands feel coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the *quickest-acting*, most *economical* skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. Your drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—35c, 60c and \$1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.



Free **HANDY
HOME DISPENSER**

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your drug-gist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one **FREE** by sending **ONE 60c Italian Balm carton** (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or **TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY**—with your name and address—to **CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.**



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Italian Balm

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AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery in pleasant tablets is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny", run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

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**"SKINNY? SEE HOW
I LOOK SINCE I
GAINED 12 POUNDS"**



Posed by professional models



The candid camera clicks, as Rudy Vallee softens the tempo of the Connecticut Yankees. Vallee's Variety programs are heard each Thursday evening over nation-wide WEA-F-NBC networks. One of the hardest working of radio's stars, Rudy never loses the edge of enthusiasm, as his programs testify.

If I Were Radio's Mighty Mogul

(Continued from page 47)

each episode with more suspense. This could be effected by having someone shot just as the episode goes off the air. Beginning, naturally, with the author.

More discrimination would be used in selecting movie talent for radio. Mickey Mouse would be put under contract until he grows older and his voice deepens. The cheese people would then introduce him as one of Whiteman's guest stars. Karloff and Lugosi, the gay ghouls, would be featured in a modern adaptation of Cinderella. The pumpkin coach would become a hearse and the prince would probably turn out to be a prominent mortician. King Kong, who made a monkey of himself in a big way, would be starred in a series sponsored by an animal cracker firm.

Sports broadcasts would be announced by the world's greatest soothsayer, whatever his name is. Only two people would listen—Graham MacNamee and Ted Husing. The broadcast would be given ten days before the events took place. Ted and Graham would write down all that was going to happen, memorize it, and then go to the game and give the performance of their lives.

Boxers who have just won the heavyweight championship of the world would

be asked to say: "Hello, Pa!" This would make long-neglected fathers of pugilists throughout the country feel better.

Impromptu broadcasting would be popularized. Radio engineers with sound equipment would go into nooks and crannies and bring to the listening world unusual sounds. They'd go into the Senate chamber, slip a microphone under a desk and catch the buzz of solons snoring. They'd pick up the fizz of peroxide as Hollywood blondes stayed blonde, detect the whistle of swiftly-thumbed joke-books as radio comedians prepared "original" scripts, register the tiny cry of starving moths—in Sally Rand's dressing room—and eavesdrop on robins in the spring, arguing about which one is going to be first.

Imitators of George Givot, the Greek Ambassador of Mirth, would be severely punished. Habitual offenders would even be forced to spend six months in Greece.

All imitators of Fred Allen would be carefully grilled as to the extent of their criminal record. The one with the most evidence against him would get the maximum penalty—he'd take my spot in radio and I would retire to the hills of North Dakota.

THE END

Why Helen Hayes Quit Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

happy in Hollywood. Always she was hungry for her home in the East, where neighbors called her "Mrs. MacArthur," where she could walk down to the grocery store with her youngster and not be stared at. "I love it here at home," she always has said, her eyes shining. "We're just home folks up here."

Every minute at Nyack was precious to her, every day counted. A year ago last Spring, when telegrams from the Coast were reminding her that work soon would begin on "Vanessa," she said sadly: "How I hate leaving home! My lovely lilacs are just coming into full bloom." Then she added apologetically: "Oh, I realize how familiar a complaint that is, coming from me!"

When asked: "Well, why do you go back? Why not stay?" she answered: "There's a little Hollywood custom known as a long-term contract."

However, even if you could move Hollywood to Nyack, and give Helen Hayes her home, her garden, her family, her friends, all within walking distance of the set, I don't believe she would want to return to the screen.

She never has been happy working in the medium of the motion picture, even though she has been very successful.

Backstage one day, after a matinee performance of "Mary of Scotland," someone asked her how it was that she, the smallest actress on the American stage, could play so successfully the rôle of the tallest queen in history. Helen hesitated a moment, then answered: "Why—I just *think* tall."

Packed in that short statement is the

artistic reason for Helen Hayes' choice of the radio over the screen. She has always stressed the importance of imagination, of the intangible, in acting. And she always resented the mechanics, the constant hammering of literal details in movie making.

She knows, as any truly great actress knows, the emotional power of a whisper, the dramatic effect of a half-spoken word, the suspense created by raising or lowering the voice, the magic of timing, the wizardry of a laugh or a sob. She needs no glycerine tears, no close-ups, no artificial shadows or striking backgrounds to create drama. She can paint with words, and color with her voice.

She once said: "I love the sound of words beautifully put together. That is why I prefer spoken drama—it is much more literary than the screen. How I love the lilting lines of Barrie's plays, and the beautiful prose of Molnar's!" When someone reminded her that the screen now was using more dialogue, she said: "Yes. But the screen is best when handling swift action, adventure. It isn't meant for long speeches, no matter how beautifully they may be spoken."

Schooled in the theater of long rehearsals and constant study, the importance of fine workmanship always has been paramount with her. It was while she was playing in "Mary of Scotland" and dreading the scheduled return to the Coast that she said: "Somehow, one feels frustrated, working in the movies. You generally have to do what you are told, whether or not you think it is right or wrong." Then she added: "I guess



Radio's James Melton, with Jean Muir, in "Stars over Broadway."

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maybe I just don't like to do what I'm told."

Her first experience in doing what she was told in movie-making outraged her. It was during the first week of shooting on "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." She had come on to the set at six-thirty that morning and worked without stopping all day. By night she, along with everyone else in the cast, was worn out. But the shooting schedule called for the completion of yet another scene. It happened that the scene contained one of her longest and most dramatic speeches—a speech which, on the stage or for the radio, would have been given careful rehearsing and much thought. She was horrified to learn that the company intended to shoot the speech that night. She was dead on her feet, exhausted. And she said so. But the schedule must be filled! Perhaps a little fresh air would help Miss Hayes? Two men were detailed to take her for a walk.

"They literally held me up, while I walked around the block," Helen described it. "Production, in the meantime, was at a standstill until a little California air revived me. When I returned, the scene was shot." That it turned out well is more a tribute to Miss Hayes' ability than to the Hollywood technique of movie-making.

In spite of her own success on the screen she feels, and resents, the fact that purely personal circumstances can make or break a star. "Acting is a wasted faculty on the screen," she says bitterly. "Personality rather than talent is the criterion of movie success."

Until now, her only experience in radio has been infrequent appearances as the guest artist on dramatic programs. She made radio history one afternoon last winter when, on an hour's notice, she replaced Margaret Sullavan, who had suffered a sudden attack of laryngitis, in the Lux Radio Theater's presentation of "Peg o' My Heart."

Tempting radio offers have been dangled constantly before her eyes. But they never lured her until now. "I don't want

to go on the air unless I can find a program about which I feel enthusiastic," was her attitude.

Then came the Sanka program which met with her immediate approval. The central character is that of a woman who, in order to save herself from an emotional crack-up after her marriage hits the rocks, takes a position as head of a foundling home. It's a dramatic serial, with the powerful emotional thread strongly woven into the story incident. And bound up in that character are all the tragedy and comedy, the heartbreaks and happiness, that go to make up the life of any real and vital woman. It was the opportunity of creating this character that appealed to Helen Hayes.

Unlike most great actresses who go into radio, she does not aim to evolve a new form of dramatic art for the air. Nothing as pretentious or arty as that. She knows that the essence of pure drama is unchangeable, whether on the stage or on the air. She wants simply to reach the hearts of as many people as possible.

"I have no desire to pretend that I can work out a new form of dramatic art," she says. "To create a living, human character, a woman who is welcomed into the homes of listeners-in, and privileged to visit with them for half an hour—that is my aim."

That is the same woman speaking who, when asked once what had been her biggest thrill since entering the theater, answered: "The first time my baby smiled."

It is the woman who, turning down a fat movie contract and reminded by the film mogul of the salary involved, said quietly: "There is such a thing as making too much money."

It is the woman whose greatest joys come from such simple pleasures as going sledding with her youngster on a winter afternoon or turning the earth for a new garden in the springtime.

And every celebrity on Broadway joins with the neighbors in Nyack in saying: "We're glad Helen Hayes has come back home to stay!"

The End

Board of Review

(Continued from page 13)

LUM AND ABNER (NBC).

Haysced hilarity.

MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).

They're in the movies now.

SINGIN' SAM (CBS).

Good cheer.

MARCH OF TIME (CBS).

Rapid-fire dramatization of the news.

LOIS LONG'S WOMAN'S PAGE (CBS).

Just what milady has been waiting for.

AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).

Still tops.

LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).

Head man of the commentators.

DANGEROUS PARADISE (NBC).

Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson.

BEN BERNIE'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

The life of the party.

SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC).

Sigmund Romberg, Deems Taylor—what more could you ask?

HARV AND ESTHER (CBS).

Usually good.

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM (CBS).

Splendid.

HOUSE OF GLASS (NBC).

Another "Goldbergs" series.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC).

A marvelous singer.

EDGAR A. GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC).

Good for the soul.

N. T. G. AND HIS GIRLS (NBC).

Gayety plus.

LUD GLUSKIN PRESENTS (CBS).

Musical arrangements you should hear.

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE (CBS).

Frank Munn again.

G-MEN WITH PHILLIPS LORD (NBC).

Exciting at times.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).

Friendly advice.



UNCLE ERA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).

You will or you won't.

THE SINGING LADY (NBC).

Improving.

POPEYE (NBC).

Rather disappointing.

MARIE, LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS (CBS).

Opinion is divided.

THE GUMPS (CBS).

Could be improved.



Helen Claire, of "Roses and Drums," wore this authentic Confederate uniform when she played the rôle of a Virginia girl spy in the popular Civil War drama, heard each Sunday. Miss Claire is a native of Alabama.

Afraid of Love

(Continued from page 31)

unspoken again. They must hurt someone who believed in them and in their love."

As he spoke, his dark eyes luminous with a vicarious pain, it was clear why Martini is afraid to love. It is not that he is afraid for himself. A man who has made the the amazing success he has, in the short span of years since his career started, cannot be afraid for himself. His fear comes from the horror of hurting another human being.

"Once you have told a woman you love her and have gone on to know the emotion was only of the moment, you have lost that woman forever," he went on. "You can never be her friend after that and friendship between a man and a woman is so enriching a thing for both of them. There has never been a woman in my life who has been at all important to me who is not my friend today. That is what men, on whose tongues talk of love lies lightly, miss.

"I have never found the woman I know I

want to spend the rest of my life with." For all the light in his eyes, the quick readiness of his smile, he speaks earnestly and there is an impression of every word being carefully measured. For, with all his charm and sensitiveness, Martini is not the voluble Latin. "Sometimes, of course, since then, there have been girls different from the others. Girls I have wondered about, who have quickened my heart-beat when I have been with them. Then, tomorrow maybe, I am gone and sometimes I may see them again and sometimes I may not. To really love, to really be sure, you must spend much time with a woman.

"You can see how it is with me. Today I am in New York, singing in radio or at the Metropolitan. Tomorrow or next week I am away again. I sing in San Francisco or London or Paris. There is Hollywood and my work in pictures. Since the beginning of my career I have never been able to stay long in one place.

"And so because I have found out how

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold. It is expressly a cold treatment in tablet form. It is internal in effect and it does four important things.

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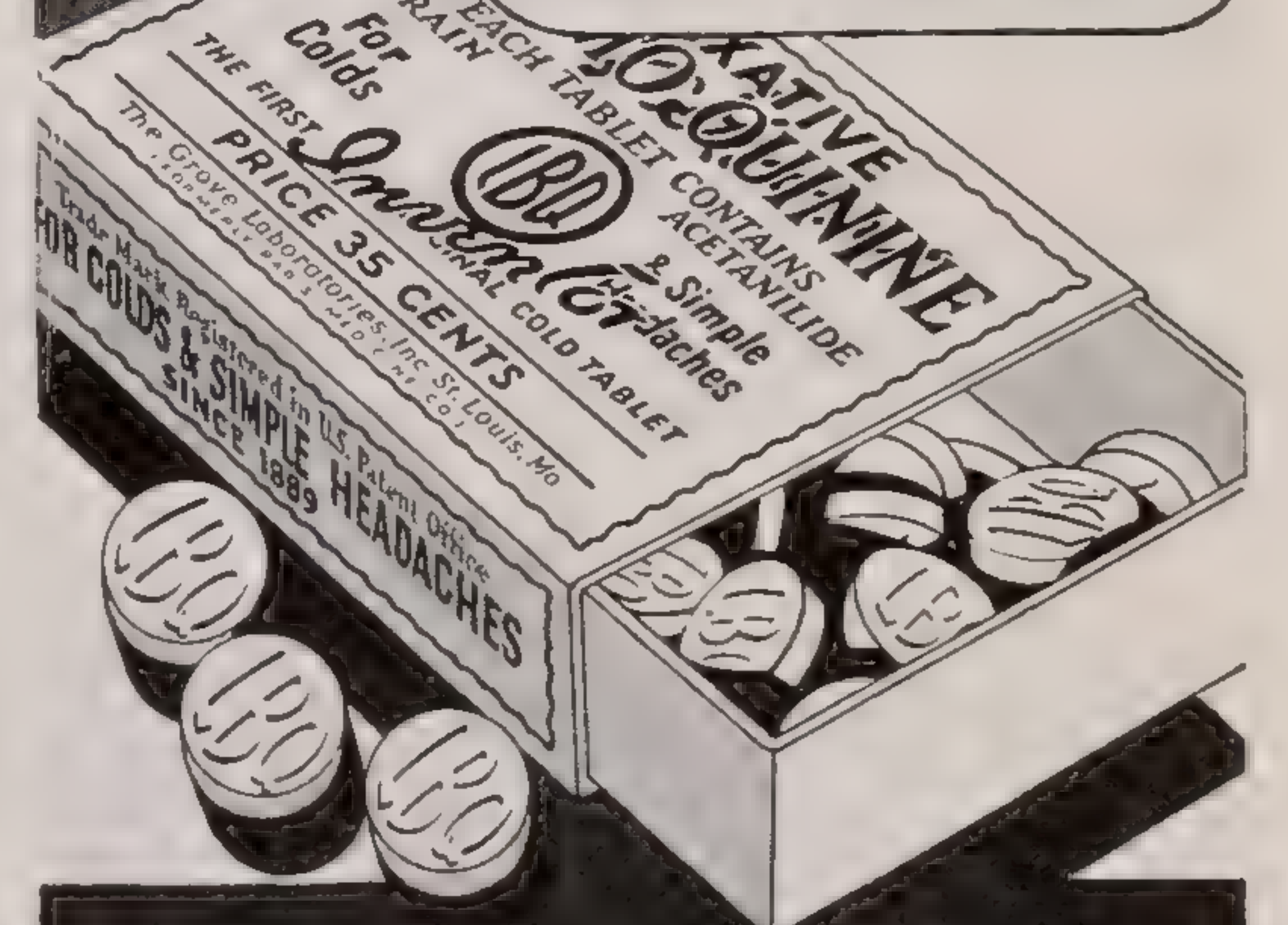
First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Bromo Quinine is distinguished for this fourfold effect and it is what you want for the prompt relief of a cold.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for *any* reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!



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Internal Treatment



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important it is to be sure that an emotion is lasting and not a whim of a moon-colored night, that early experience in Italy has held me back when a woman's voice has caught itself in my thoughts or when a smile or a chance gesture has suddenly torn at my heart. This beginning of an emotion is so elusive. It may mean everything or nothing at all.

“Only once since then have I felt as deeply about a girl. She is an American and I met her in New York shortly before I went to Hollywood to make my picture. I wanted to know this girl better and it was hard to leave when I wanted so much to stay. Now that I am back in New York, she is away and when I go alone to the places where we went together I see her sometimes almost as if she were with me, and the way the light fell on her hair and deepened in her eyes and the little trick she had of lifting her chin when she laughed. Maybe someday we will meet again. I hope so.”

Martini looked lonely and there was a timbre in his voice that made his words suddenly rich with overtones of feeling. He is barely thirty but he looks even younger than his years, except for an understanding in his eyes. You feel that it has cost this man something to hew to the line he has marked for himself. Sometimes, often, it must have been hard not to reach out for a warmth that was his for the asking. That girl in Italy . . . That other girl in New York . . .

“I want to marry some day,” he went on slowly. “Very much. But it must be to

a woman I love in the full sense of the word. Selflessly and with full understanding, and she must love me, too, like that. And we must know each other long enough and well enough to be sure it is like that.

“You see, from the beginning, a singer's marriage faces a hazard. It means much time spent away from each other and that is bad in any marriage. The happiest ones are those rooted in companionship and all the little things of everyday that they share together.

“It would be impossible for my wife to travel with me on my concert tours. There is the physical discomfort of living your life in a train drawing-room, of packing and unpacking practically every day, of rushing from one hotel to another. And there would be the monotony for her of days spent alone away from friends and her own interests, while my life would go on as usual, full of the interest in my career, rehearsals, interviews, conferences and so on.

“So, because it would be asking too much of any woman to travel with me, from the beginning we would have to forego all the little intimacies that make a husband and wife grow together. We would both have to seek too much outside of marriage. Unless our love was truly great it could not survive.”

It seems inevitable that Martini will fall in love some day. For he is adored by women, this young tenor. At his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House a woman young and lovely and proud, unpinned her corsage and pressed her lips against it



When Major Edward Bowes dedicated a recent Amateur Hour to Texas and its coming Centennial Exposition, Walter D. Cline, manager of the Exposition, presented him with a real ten-gallon hat, a commission in the Texas Centennial Rangers, and innumerable telegrams.



Here is Malcolm Claire, who is "Spareribs," NBC's children's story-teller, surrounded by the things he likes best—his library of children's books, from which he compiles his stories, and musical instruments, none of which he can play—so he plays the comb!

before she threw it to him at his last curtain call. They say his work in "Here's To Romance" sets a new mark for movie matinee idols and when his glorious voice comes over the radio many a woman whom romance has passed by is caught in the ecstasy of a vicarious emotion. For the moment she, too, is young and lovely and adored.

For Martini has a special quality only one other man I have ever seen has possessed. That was his fellow countryman, Rudolph Valentino. A quality difficult to describe, save that it held warmth and tenderness and a universal romanticism, so that while Valentino held one woman in his arms every woman watching felt that it was she who was being held like that.

So it is with Martini. Every woman, listening to his song of love, feels that it is for her alone that song is sung. Every woman, watching his eyes, feels that they soften and glow for her.

And yet Martini never has told a woman he loves her. Someday he will. Romance is inevitable in his life. No man with his bright charm can escape it utterly.

Someday a woman will erase that early knowledge of tragedy from his mind. A woman so gay, maybe, and so gallant, that no man could feel it lay within his power ever to hurt her. A woman with perhaps the feminine counterpart of his charm, so that instead it would lie with-

in her province to inflict the hurt.

Or, maybe, she will be a woman whom life already has hurt, a woman with eyes sensitive to pain, so that in soothing a wound made by another Martini will forget his own compulsions.

And yet she may be just a girl, any girl, vulnerable to pain as all women in love are vulnerable. A girl whose laughing eyes can be agonized with hurt as can all women's eyes who take no count of the love they have to give.

A girl, any girl, with no greater beauty or charm or loveliness than any of the others who have figured in this young man's life. Maybe with less.

For love is a mysterious power and for all the poems that have been written about it and for all the songs that have been sung and for all the hearts that have been broken, men and women have come no closer to understanding it than they did when the world was young.

Romeo and Juliet died because they loved each other, because they were young and bewildered and unable to cope with the magnet that held them. And today other men and women are going through that same bewilderment, that same agony.

Some day Martini will fall in love. Then he will discover that he will be less wise, less understanding and less practical than he is today.

The End

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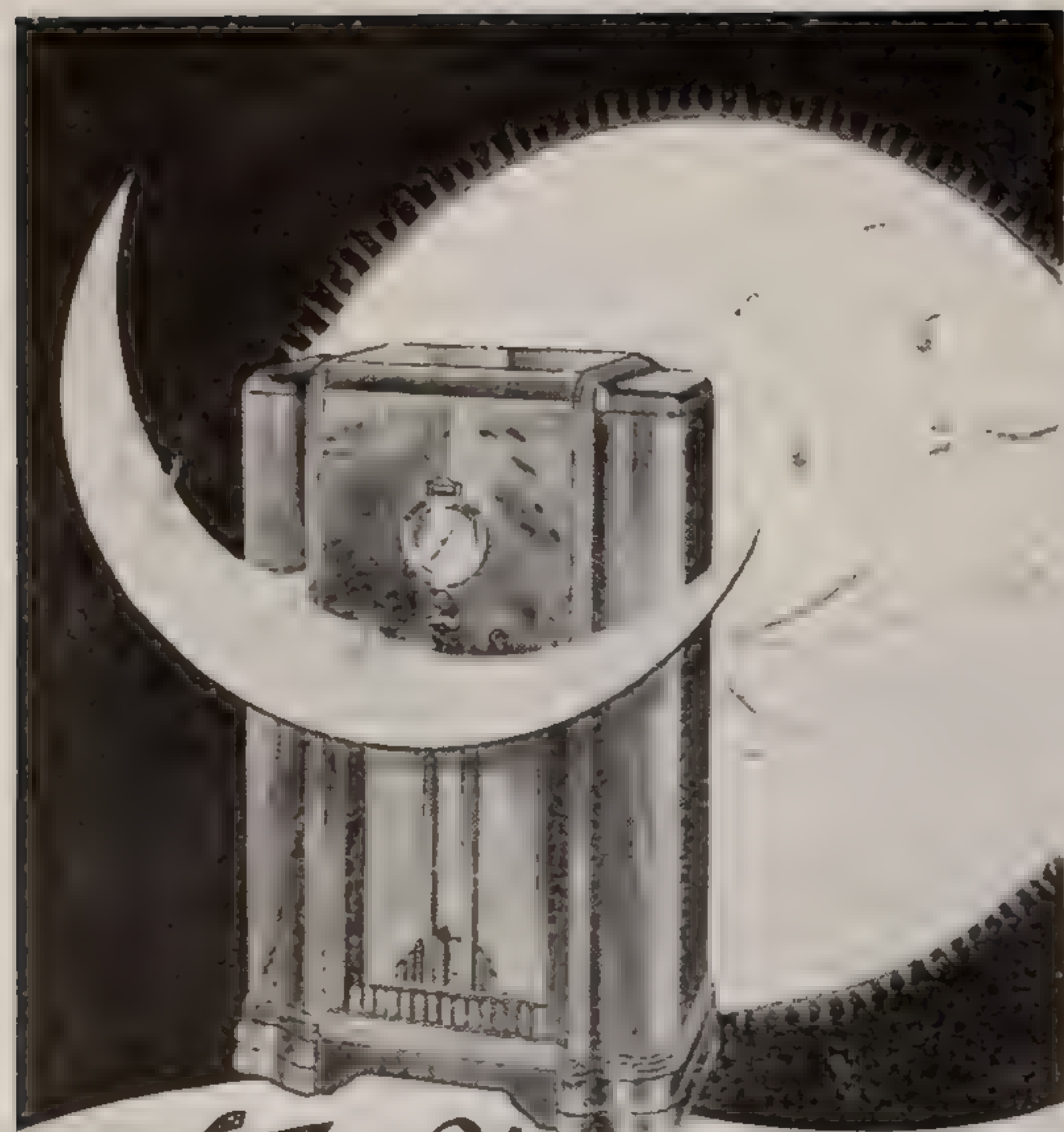
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an intriguing story of
LILY PONS
RADIO STARS for January
on sale November 29th

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 54)

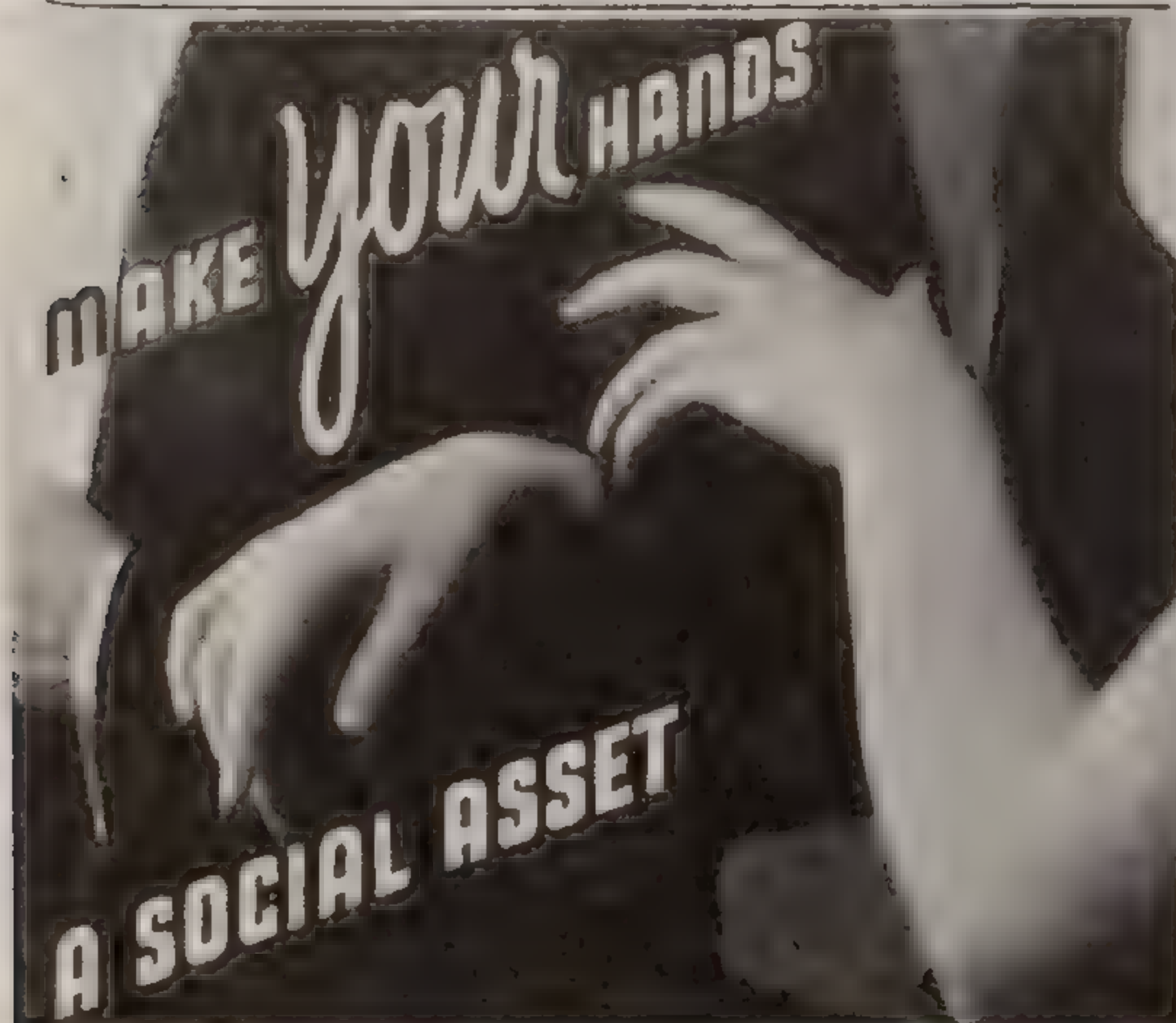


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8:30 EST (1/2)—Leslie Howard. (Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.)
WABC and network.

9:00 EST (1)—Ford Sunday Evening Hour.
WABC and network.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Georges Metaxa; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town trio. (Sterling Products, Inc.)
WEAF WTIC WJAR WTAM WHIO WTAG WCAE WBEN WCSH WFBK WRC WGY WWJ WSAI CFCF KYW. 8:00 CST—KFJR WMAQ KSD WHO WOV WTMJ KSTP WEBC WDAF. 7:00 MST—KOA KDYL. 6:00 PST—KHQ KPO KFI KGW KOMO.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. (Real Silk Hosiery.)
WJZ WBAL WMAL WBZ WJR WFIL WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WLW WENR KSO KWK. 8:00 CST—WREN KOIL WMT.

9:30 EST (1/4)—Walter Winchell. (Jergen's Lotion.)
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL WSYR WHAM KDKA WGAR WENR WMT KSO KWK WREN KOIL WFIL WMAL WLW WXYZ.

9:30 EST (1/2)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Sterling Products, Inc.)
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR WPTF WCSH WFBK WWNC WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WIOD WFLA WRVA KYW WHIO WJAX CFCF CRCT WIS 8:30 CST—WSB WMAQ WHO KSD WSM WOV WMC WOI WJDX WFAA WSMB KPRC WDAF WTMJ KSTP. 7:30 MST—KDYL KOA. 6:30 PST—KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KPO.

9:45 EST (1/4)—Neila Goodelle. (Northern Warren Corp.)
WJZ and basic blue network.

10:00 EST (1/2)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK WBNS CKLW WDRC WCAU WJAS WFLB WSPD WJSV. 9:00 CST—WFBK KMOX WBBM KMBC WHAS WDSU WCCO KRLD WIBW KFAB. 8:00 MST—KSL KLZ. 7:00 PST—KERN KMJ KOIN KHJ KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KGW KVI.

10:00 EST (1)—General Motors Concerts. (General Motors Corp.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WJAR WCSH KYW WFBK WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WHIO WIRE WMAQ WHO WOV WDAF CRCT CFCF WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFJR WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WAVE WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WKY WBAP KTHS KTBS KPRC WOI KOA KDYL KGIR KGHK KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR.

11:00 EST (1/4)—Sunset Dreams—Morin Sisters and the Ranch Boys.
10:00 CST—WOAI KTHS WDAF WKY KPRC WBAP KTBS. 9:00 MST—KOA KDYL. 8:00 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR.

11:15 EST (1/4)—Walter Winchell. The Jergens Program.
9:15 MST—KOA KDYL KGIR KGHK KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR.

11:30 EST (1/4)—Voice of Experience.
KLZ KSL KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KGW KVI.

11:30 EST (1/4)—Eddie South and his Riviera Orchestra.
WJZ and network.

12:00 EST (1/2)—The Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra.
10:00 MST—KOA KDYL. 9:00 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

MONDAY

(Nov. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

6:45 EST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas gives the
(Continued on page 86)



A new picture of Xavier Cugat, who is renowned almost as much for his unusually clever talent as a cartoonist as he is for his delightful music.



On October 6th Countess Olga Albani, long a favorite singing star of radio, started a new series of programs, with the title, "Life is a Song." She was welcomed back by Announcer Charles Lyon.

They Also Serve

(Continued from page 17)

political career, Snyder, adroitly handling Miss Etting's affairs, brought her to the front rank in short order, and has handled her investments so shrewdly that they have suffered but slight shrinkage since that fatal October day in 1929. As though that were not devoted service enough, watch Ruth's shining eye and glowing countenance when she speaks of their fifteen years' romance.

The lots of Wally Rose and Colonel Snyder have been relatively easy compared with that of Valentin Parera, husband of the talented Grace Moore. At the time of their marriage, Grace already had achieved fame and riches, and it was a difficult decision when Valentin was forced to forego his own career as an actor in order to permit her freedom for her own more illustrious one. Parera was deep in plans for an M-G-M picture when Grace was summoned to sing before King George and Queen Mary, of England, in a command performance of *La Boheme* in London's Covent Garden. He dropped everything to remain by her side. A short time ago, when Miss Moore was appearing in a Chicago theater, I was present backstage when a bewildered cub reporter, sent to interview her, addressed Parera as "Mister Moore." The singer's handsome husband lost none of his Latin suavity, although his hot Spanish blood must have

burned at the unintentional slight. Similarly he accepted flowers sent by a dozen admirers and conveyed them dutifully to his famous wife. However, Grace will tell you that it is not simply coincidence that she has enjoyed her greatest triumphs since that day, four years ago, when she met her handsome husband on the Ile de France and fell in love with him at sight.

If you are a woman who has ever had the questionable good fortune to beat your husband at bridge or golf, you are well able to understand the sportsmanship of those husbands who, working side by side in the same profession with talented wives, have watched the wives climb faster up the ladder of fame, and still have been so lacking of professional and personal jealousy as to be able to remain uncomplaining and even give the little woman a much needed boost now and then. There are many of today's radio luminaries who have benefited vastly and readily admit it, through such husbandly aid.

When Gladys Swarthout married Frank Chapman, whom she met in the opera house in Florence, Italy, his was the better known name musically. Capricious radio swept Gladys in its upward tide until her fame far overshadowed that of Chapman. Yet unselfish Chapman refused a proffered concert tour to remain with Gladys in

(Continued on page 87)



Rinse away hair dullness with Colorinse. Rinse in "the Sheen of Youth"—glowing, natural color; shimmering highlights; and a soft, glamorous lustre. Neither a dye nor a bleach, absolutely harmless. It tones up dull, faded or harsh hair immediately. Used and praised by leading beauticians everywhere.

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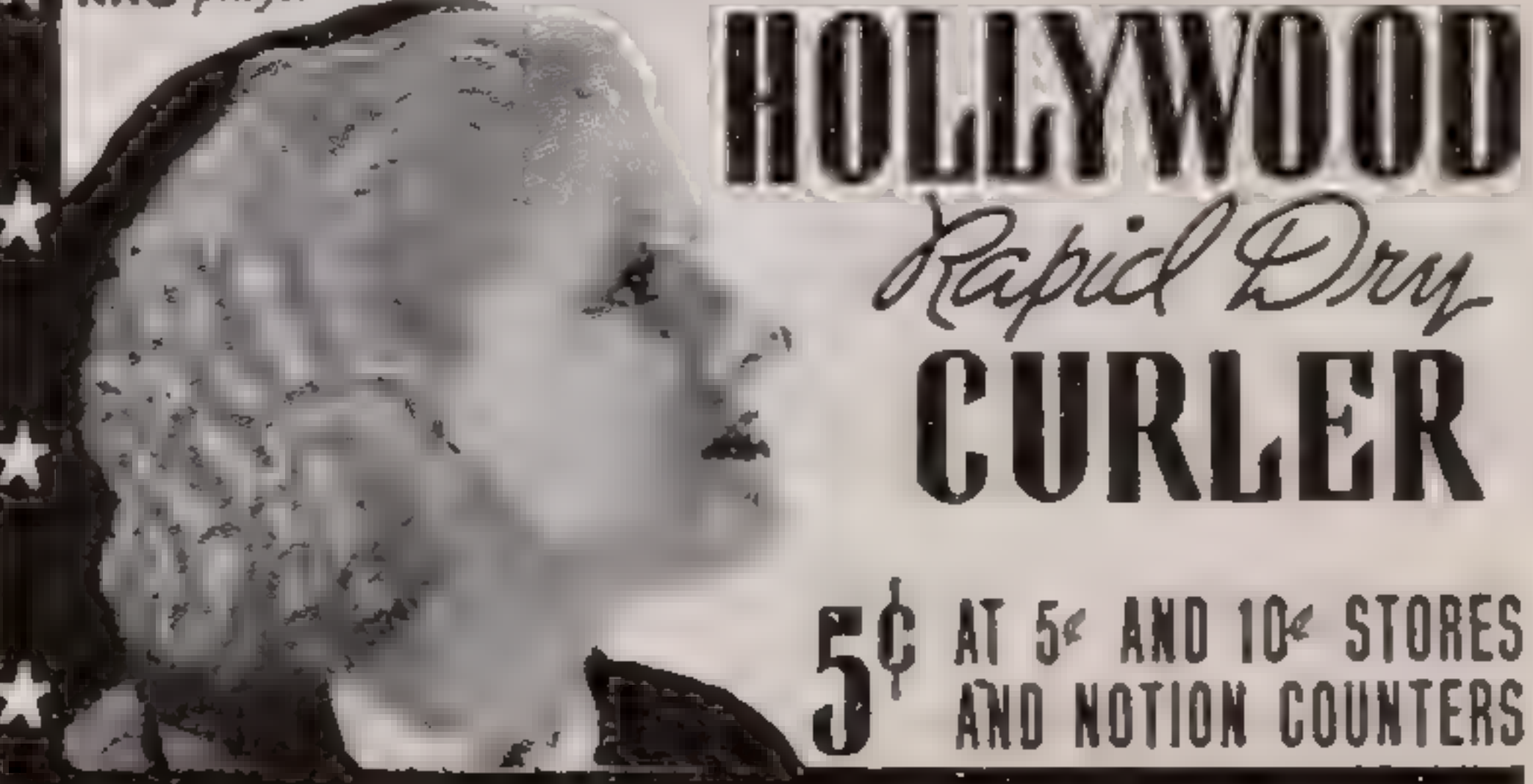
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JANE HAMILTON
RKO player



GLORIOUS Love AT FIRST SIGHT



Heartbreak—at the sight of his Brother's Wife!

Cynthia and Jeff were alone in the garden. Their hour was upon them; two who had loved spoke fiercely, quickly . . . Cynthia told him simply "You must have thought me a fool, bringing me to this place so offhand. You might have known I'd find out all about you if I came here." Jeff replied, "Why, honey, I was only keen about her the way a kid is! Then Tod came along and fell for her, and I passed out of the picture." "And you've regretted it ever since," Cynthia said hotly. "Being noble. Giving up your brother's wife! You regret it now!" "If that's the way you feel," he commented, "There's not much for me to say, is there?"

But there *was* more to say. . . . Cold, cruel words that left their pride, their love in tattered shreds. Did these two who loved each other so deeply, who hated each other so bitterly, ever forgive each other the dreadful words each had spoken?

Read
STRANGER, TAKE MY HEART!
by Ellen Hogue
in

Sweetheart STORIES

December Now on Sale . . . 10c

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 84)

- day's news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ WLW CRCT WBAL WBZ KDKA
WHAM WJR WSYR WBZA WJAX WFLA
WMAL WGAR WRVA WIOD.
- 7:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WEAF and network.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)
- 7:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. Dramatic
Series. (Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR
WKRC WHK WJR WDRC WCAU WJAS
WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM
WDBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA.
- 7:15 EST (1/4)—The Ivory Stamp Club with
Capt. Tim Healy—stamp and adventure
talks.
WJZ WFIL WBAL WMAL WBZ WBZA
WSYR WHAM KDKA WXYZ WENR
WMT KSO KWK KOIL (station list in-
complete).
- 7:15 EST (1/4)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station
E-Z-R-A." (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WEAF WJAR WTAG WEEL WBEN
WCAE WRC WCHS WGY WTAM KYW
WHIO WFBZ WLW. 6:15 CST—WHO
WOW WDAF WMAQ.
- 7:30 EST (1/4)—Singin' Sam, songs. (Wasey
Products, Inc.—Barbasol.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WGR WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT WJR
WDRC WFBM WHAS KFAB WCAU
WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL WSPD WJSV
WCCO.
- 7:30 EST (1/4)—Lum and Abner—comedy
sketch.
NBC Service Chicago Studios to WJZ
WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR.
- 7:45 EST (1/4)—Dangerous Paradise with
Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Wood-
bury's.)
WJZ WLW WBAL WMAL WFIL WBZ
WBZA WSYR WHAM KDKA. 6:45 CST—
WENR KTBS KWK KSO KOIL WREN
WSM WSB WSMB WBAP.
- 7:45 EST (1/4)—Boake Carter, commentator

- on the news. (Philco Radio and Television
Corp.)
WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WEAN
WFBL WKRC WJSV WHK CKLW
WCAU WJAS WBT WGR. 6:45 CST—
KMBC WBBM WHAS KMOX KRLD
KOMA WCCO.
- 8:00 EST (1/2)—Hammerstein's Music Hall.
(American Home Products.)
WEAF and basic red network.
- 8:00 EST (1/2)—Fibber McGee and Molly—
comedy sketch with Marion and Jim Jor-
dan; Lynn Martin, contralto; mixed sex-
tette; Ulderico Marcelli's orchestra.
NBC Service Chicago Studios to WJZ
WGR WFIL WBAL WMAL WBZ
WBZA WHAM KDKA WCKY. 7:00 CST
—WLS WMT KSO KOIL WREN. 6:00
MST—KOA KDYL. 5:00 PST—KFI KGW
KOMO KHQ KPO WSYR.
- 8:00 EST (1/2)—Esso Marketers present Lom-
bardo Road. (Standard Oil Co. of N. J.)
WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WMAS
WFBC WLBZ WMBG WDBJ WHEC WICC
WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WJSV
WPG WBT WDNC WBIG WHP. 7:00
CST—WDOD WNOX KLRA WREC WNEF
WLAC WDSU KWKH WIBX WWVA
WSJS WORC WCHS WESG WSCS.
- 8:30 EST (1/2)—Firestone Concert; Margaret
Speaks, soprano; Wm. Daly's orchestra.
(Firestone Tire Rubber Co.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEL WRVA
WJAR WCHS WFBZ WRC WHIO WGY
WBEN WTAM WWJ WLW WCAE CRCT
CFCE WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD
WFLA WSOC WTAR. 7:30 CST—WMAQ
WHO WPRC KSD WEBC WTMJ WIBA
KFYR WSM WMC WSB WJDX WSMB
WAVE WKY KTBS WOAI KYW WDAF
WDAY KSTP WOW WIRE WFAA WAPI
KTHS.
- 8:30 EST (1/2)—Evening in Paris—Odette
Myrtill, the Pickens Sisters, Mark Warnow
and orchestra. (Bourjois Sales Corp.)
WJZ and network.
(Continued on page 88)



Two popular stars of radio and motion pictures, Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler.



Pat Padgett (left) and Pick Malone (right), Show Boat's Molasses and January, are overtopped by "Tiny" Ruffner, NBC's tallest announcer.

They Also Serve

(Continued from page 85)

New York while she filled her radio engagement last winter, and when Hollywood called her, he gave up a chance to sing with a European opera company because he felt that she needed him.

Once Helen Jepson sat in the front row of a concert hall, casting worshipful eyes upon the first flutist of the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra. Several years later, he stood in the wings of the Metropolitan, rejoicing as much in her triumphant success as Nedda in Pagliacci as though it were his own. George Posser, the flutist, encouraged the blonde star when, discouraged, she wept that her ambition was dead; killed by too oft-repeated discouragement. She would be content, she told him, to be his wife and the mother of their daughter, Sallie Patricia.

"No, no," he reassured her. "You have talent, dearest. They *must* hear you. I shall make them!" And he did. Posser begged a friend who conducted the Little Symphony Orchestra to permit his wife to sing as a soloist. The friend acceded to the prayerful request. Thence came Helen's radio opportunity, and the story of how Gatti-Casazza heard her sing with Paul Whiteman and took her to the Metropolitan is an oft-told tale. Only Posser's part in the success story of Helen Jepson has been overlooked by the public.

Mrs. Louis Berg had been married for ten uneventful years to a successful official

of a sugar refinery, and was the mother of two growing children when she announced suddenly that she planned to go on the radio. She had written a script, and wanted to act in it. Instead of *pooh-poohing* her suddenly born ambition, and telling her to go down town and buy herself a new coat and forget it, Louis Berg read the script. He took time from his own work to help Gertrude Berg, and typed out the show she had written in long-hand. His part in the success of "The Goldbergs" and later of "The House of Glass" has been a silent one though no less potent.

When Elsie Hitz was seventeen, she married an actor named Jack Welsh. After a whirlwind courtship, Welsh, offered a few radio parts when radio was still in the crystal set stage, thrust his young bride into parts opposite him. Thus she gained the training that has made her today one of the highest-salaried actresses of the airwaves. Welsh long since has forsaken his Thespian career in favor of a more remunerative one in the banking field, but he insisted that Elsie continue her dramatic work, and coached her untiringly. Her success is a tribute to his interest, and incidentally to his ability as a teacher.

To paraphrase an old adage, they also serve who only sit and wait—outside bookers' offices to get their wives a break.

THE END

"Please HELP ME"

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OF
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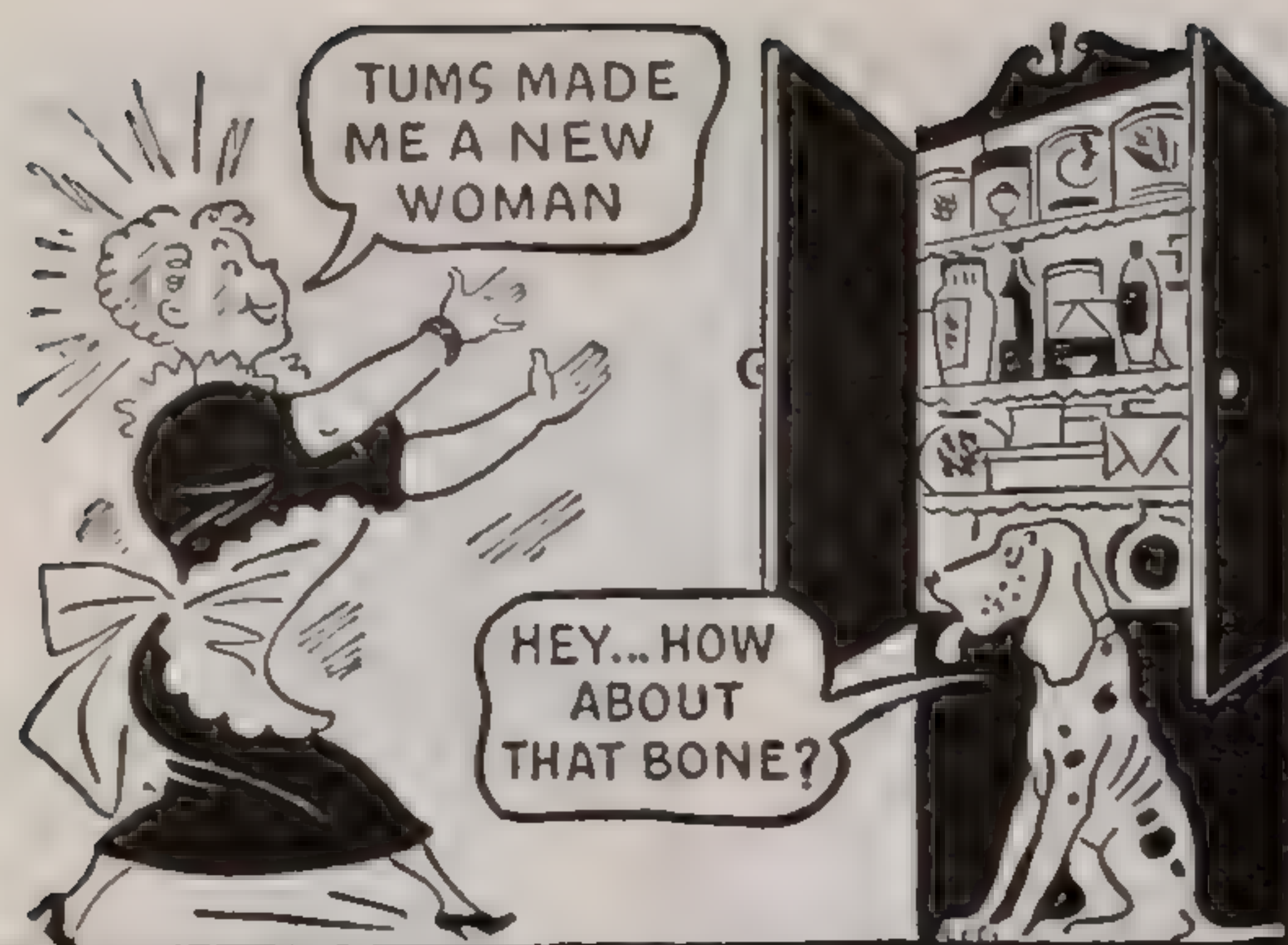
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OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND...
SHE EATS WHAT SHE DARN WELL PLEASES!

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION!

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. Pleasant to eat as candy. Only 10c at any drug store.



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Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. MyFREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 187, Chicago.

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 86)

8:30 EST (1/2)—One Night Stand with Pick and Pat; Joseph Bonime orchestra. (Dill's Best and Model Smoking Tobacco.)
WABC WNAC WADC WOKO WCAO
WGR WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WCAU
WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WLBZ
WICC WBT WHP WMBG WHEC WMAS
WORC. 7:30 CST—WBBM KFAB KMBC.

9:00 EST (1/2)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Guest stars.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI KYW WHIO
WRC WJAR WCAE WCSH WWJ WGY
WBEN WTAM. 8:00 CST—KSD WOW
WDAF WHO WMAQ WSAI WIRE.

9:00 EST (1)—Lux Radio Theater.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WKBW WKRC WHK WCAU WJAS
WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WQAM
WDAE WICC WBT WBNS CKAC WDBJ
WHEC CFRB WORC CKLW WDRC. 8:00
CST—WBBM KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS
KFAB KMOX WGST WBRC KRLD KTRH
KTUL KLRA WREC WISN WCCO WLAC
WDSU KOMA KTSB WNAJ. 7:00 MST
—KLZ KSL. 6:00 PST—KHJ KOIN KGB
KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KERN KJLJ
KFBK KDB.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ WGAR WWNC WSYR WRVA WAPI
KTHS WJR WMAL WTAR WLW WIS
WJAX WIOD WFLA WBAL WBZ WBZA
KDKA WSOC WPTF. 8:00 CST—WSB
WLS KWK WREN KSO KVOO KSTP
WEBC WDAY KPRC KTBS KOIL KFYR
WTMJ WFAA WMC WSMB WJDX WOAI
WKY WMT WIBA WSM. 7:00 MST—
KOA KDYL.

9:30 EST (1/2)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ WBAL WSYR WJR WMAL WFIL
WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR
WENR WCKY. 8:30 CST—KSO KWK
WREN KOIL WMT.

9:30 EST (1/2)—Grace Moore (Vick Chem. Co.)
NBC Service from Hollywood to WEAF.
WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WWNC
WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAG WEEI
WJAR WCSH KYW WRC WFER WGY

WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WHIO
WLW. 8:30 CST—WIRE WMAQ KSD
WHO WOW WDAF WTMJ WIBA KSTP
WEBC WDAY KFJR WAVE WSM WMC
WSB WJDX WSMB KVOO WKY KTBS
KPRC WOAI. 7:30 MST—KOA KDYL
KGIR KGHL. 6:30 PST—KPO KFI
KOMO KHQ KFSD KTAR KGW.

10:00 EST (1/2)—Wayne King's orchestra.
(Lady Esther.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB
WCAU WEAN WSPD WBNS WKBW
WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WJAS WFBL
WJSV. 9:00 CST—WBBM KMBC WHAS
KMOX KFAB WCCO WIBW WDSU
KRLD WFBM. 8:00 MST—KLZ KSL.
7:00 PST—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KGB
KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KFBK KDB
KWG.

10:00 EST (1/2)—Contented Program. Lullaby
Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman
orchestra; Jean Paul King, announcer.
(Carnation Co.)
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR WSAI WRVA
WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA
WTAR WCSH WCAE WFER WRC WTIC
WGY WBEN WTAM WWJ KYW. 9:00
CST—WMAQ, KSD WHO WOW WDAF
WFAA. 8:00 MST—KOA KDYL. 7:00
PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

10:30 EST (1/4)—The March of Time. Drama-
tizations.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD
WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC.
9:30 CST—WBBM KRNT WGST KRLD
WCCO WDSU WFBM KMBC WHAS
KFAB KMOX WJSV. 8:30 MST—KLZ
KSL. 7:30 PST—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN
KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY
KVI KGW.

11:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge.
WBBM WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB
KMOX WGST WBRC KRLD KLZ KTRH
KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSFA
WLAC WDSU KOMA KSL KERN KMJ
KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB
KOL KFPY KGW KVI.
(Continued on page 90)



Phil Baker finds himself somewhat handicapped for his broadcast! The extraordinary idea originated in the fertile brains of Beetle and Bottle.



Alexander Woollcott—a Vignette

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, noted author, playwright, raconteur and—in the rôle of the "Town Crier"—conductor of one of the most popular and provocative periods on the air, usually baffles his interviewers. He doesn't like to be interviewed. For those listeners, however, who know that Woollcott is a celebrated wit, a boon companion of great personalities, a host at famous Sunday breakfasts, a champion croquet player, and a lot of other intimate details—but who do not know where he was born, went to school, worked and played, this history has been compiled.

Alexander Woollcott was born in Phalanx, New Jersey, U. S. A., on January 19th, 1887, the son of Walter and Frances Grey Bucklin Woollcott. After he finished wading through his nursery library—reading everything from Nietzsche to Lewis Carroll—Woollcott trudged off to Philadelphia to attend Central High School.

From Philadelphia Woollcott proceeded to Clinton, N. Y., and spent the usual amount of time acquiring a Ph.D. degree from Hamilton College in 1909. After some years of general writing, studying and teaching, he became dramatic critic of the New York Times—a post he held from 1914 to 1922.

During the War, Woollcott deserted his aisle seat and enlisted for service overseas. With Harold Ross and several others, during those tremendous times, he published "The Stars and Stripes," a superb literary

creation and the official newspaper of the A. E. F.

In 1922 Woollcott became dictator of dramatic tastes for the readers of the *New York Herald*. Three years later his criticisms and personal enthusiasms popped up on the drama page of the *New York World*.

By 1928 Woollcott's talent for injecting his own enthusiasms into the imaginations of a vast number of readers brought his writings into the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, newspaper syndicates, and books. His writings include "Mrs. Fiske—Her Views on Acting, Actors, and the Problems of the Stage," "The Command Is Forward," "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play," "Enchanted Aisles," "The Story of Irving Berlin," "Going Places," and the recent best-seller, "While Rome Burns." He has also written the plays, "The Channel Road," and "The Dark Tower," and made his début as an actor in "Brief Moment," at the Belasco Theatre in 1931.

Late in 1930, Woollcott faced the microphone for the first time in the New York studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, conducting a chatty literary column called "The Early Bookworm." Since that time he has commuted, off and on, between the typewriter and the "mike." After a vacation Woollcott now is back on the air as "The Town Crier," heard every Sunday from 7:00 to 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T. WABC.)

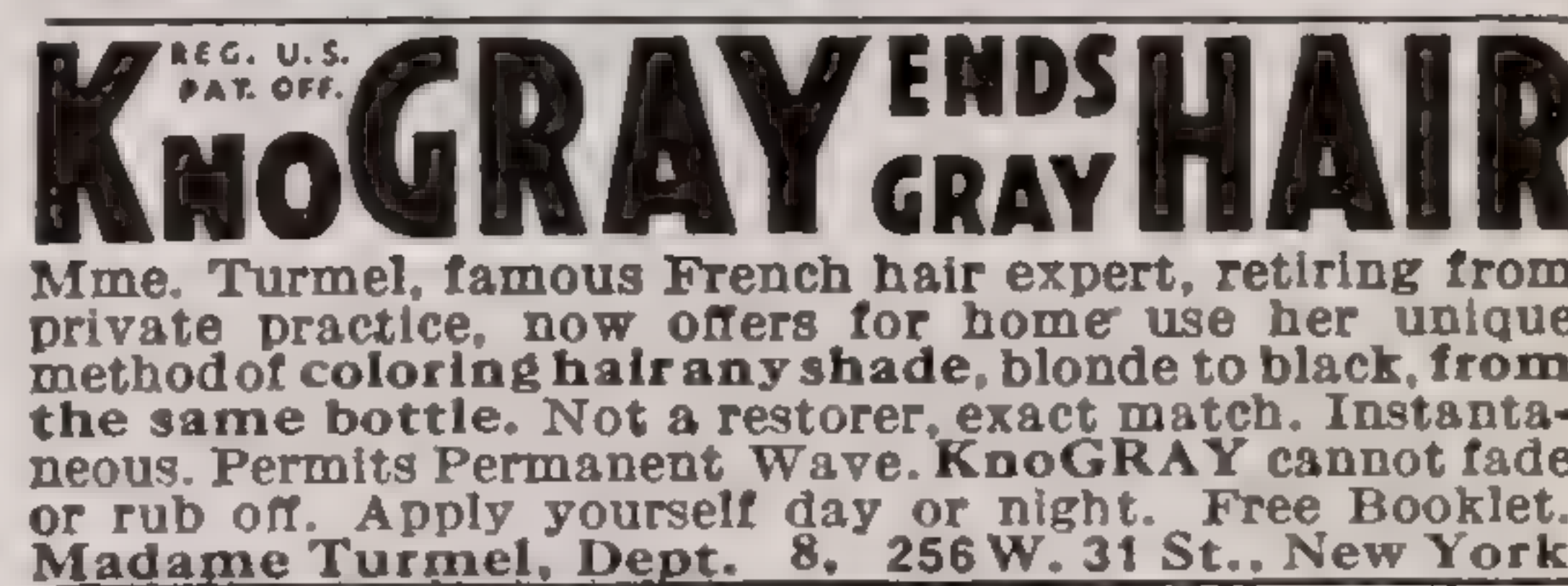
Woollcott always carries a cane and a well-filled portfolio, and "collects" god-children.



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Keep tab on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative—Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.



Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 88)



"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't even Lie Down!"

WHAT a terrible affliction, Piles! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Piles are such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there's nothing more serious than Piles, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Piles than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

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Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

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11:15 EST (1/4)—Singin' Sam.
KLZ KSL KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN
KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY
KWG KVI.

11:30 EST (1/2)—Voice of Firestone Concerts.
KOA KTAR KDYL KGIR KGHL KFSD
KFI KGW KPO KHO KOMO KGU. (See
also 8:30 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (1/2)—One Night Stands with Pick
and Pat. (Dill's Best and Model Smoking
Tobaccos.)
KRNT WFBM WHAS KMOX KERN KMJ
KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL
KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL KSCJ, WCCO.

TUESDAYS

(Nov. 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th)

6:45 EST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. News.
WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR WBAL KDKA
WLW WSYR CRCT WMAL WHAM
WGAR.

7:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00
P.M. EST.)

7:30 EST (1/4)—Kate Smith's Coffee-Time.
(Atlantic and Pacific.)
WABC and network.

7:30 EST (1/4)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for stations.)

7:45 EST (1/4)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:45 EST (1/4)—You and Your Government.
WEAF and network.

8:00 EST (1/2)—Lavender and Old Lace, with
Frank Munn, Tenor; Lucy Monroe and
Gustav Haenschen's orchestra. (Sterling
Products, Inc.—Bayers Aspirin.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WEAN
WFBL WSPD WJSV WKRC WHK CKLW
WDRG WNAC WCAU WJAS WGR. 7:00
CST—KMBC WHAS KMOX WBBM KRNT
KFAB WFBM.

8:00 EST (1/2)—Leo Reisman's orchestra with
Phil Ducey and Johnny. Oliver Wakefield,
master of ceremonies. (Philip Morris &
Co.)
WEAF WTAG WFBM WBNB WBSH
WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA
WSOC WTAR WCAE KYW WEEI
WJAR WRC WTAM WTIC WGY WWJ.
7:00 CST—WHO WDAF WMAQ KSD
WOW.
(See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)

8:00 EST (1/2)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery
drama. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)
WJZ network.

8:30 EST (1/2)—Packard Presents Lawrence
Tibbett, baritone, with Don Voorhees and
his orchestra. (Packard Motor Car Co. of
Detroit.)
WABC WADC WFBM WSPD WJSV
WORC WMAS WIBX WKBN WGR WICC
WHP WHC WMBR WQAM WDBO
WDAE WOKO WCAO WNAC WSJS
WBG CKAC WMBG WDBJ WTOC
CFRB WCAU WJAS WEAN WBT WBNS
WDNC WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW
WDRG. 7:30 CST—WBBM KRNT
WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB WGST
WBRG WDOD KRLD WOC KTRH WNOX
KLRA WREC WISN WCCO WALA WSFA
KMOX WLAC WDSU KOMA WCOA KTSA
KWKH KSCJ WIBW KTUL WACO KFH
KGKO WNAX. 6:30 MST—KVOR KLZ
KSL. 5:30 PST—KOH.

8:30 EST (1/4)—Edgar A. Guest, in Welcome
Valley with Bernadine Flynn, Don Briggs
and Sidney Ellstrom; Joseph Gallicchio's
orchestra. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ WBZ WHAM WBZA WFIL WJR
WLW WMAL WGAR WBAL KDKA
WSYR. 7:30 CST—WREN KOIL KSO
KWK WMT WLS.

8:30 EST (1/2)—Lady Esther Serenade and
Wayne King's dance music.
WEAF WCAE WBNB WRC WSAI KYW
WGY WBSH WTAM WTIC WTAG WEEI
WJAR WWJ. 7:30 CST—WFMJ KSD
WOW WIOA WJDX WDAY WAVE
KTBS KFJR WKY WDAF WSMB KPRC
WMC KVOO KSTP. WMAQ WOAI WSB
WIRE WFAA.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Camel Caravan—with Walter
O'Keefe, Deane Janis and Glen Gray and
the Casa Loma Orchestra. (R. J. Rey-
nolds Tobacco Co.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WMBG WKBN WORC WSJS WIBX
WMAS WTOC WDBJ WKBN WKRC
WHK KRNT WJR WDRG WCAU WJAS
WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR
WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WPG
WLBZ WICC WBT WBNS WDNC WBIG
WHP WFEA. 8:30 CST—WBBM KRNT

WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB KMOX
WBRC WDOD KRLD WOWO KTRH
WNOX KLRA WREC WCCO WALA
WSFA WLAC WDSU KOMA WMBD
WHEC KTSA KWKH KSCJ WBSB
WIBW KTUL WACO KFH KGKO
WNAX.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Ben Bernie and his Blue Rib-
bon orchestra. (Pabst.)
WEAF WTAG WJAR WGY WSAI WBNB
WTAM WCAE WWJ WTIC WEEI WBSH
WFBM WRC KYW. 8:00 CST—WOW
KSD WMAQ WHO.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (1/2)—NTG and His Girls. (Bromo
Seltzer) WJZ and network.

9:30 EST (1/2)—Helen Hayes (General Foods).
WJZ and network.

9:30 EST (1)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians
and Col. Stoopnagle & Budd. (Ford Motor
Co. Dealers.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WHP
WCAU WJAS WEAN WLBZ WFEA
CFRB WIBX WPG CKAC WDBJ WHEC
WTOC WMAS WICC WBT WBNS WDNC
WBG WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE
CFRB WLBZ WIBX WCAU WJAS WEAN
WFBL WSPD WJSV WORC WKBN
WNAC WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW
WDRG WSJS. 8:30 CST—WBBM WGST
WBRG WDOD KRLD WOC WOWO KTRH
KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSFA
WNOX KSCJ WNAX WLAC WDSU
KOMA WCOA WMBD KTSA KWKH
KSCT WBSB WIBW KTUL WACO
KFH KGKO KTRH WFBM KMBC KFAB
WHAS KMOX WBNB WKBH. 7:30
MST—KVOR KLZ KSL. 6:30 PST—
KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB
KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KOH.

9:30 EST (1/2)—Jumbo, circus musical, star-
ring Jimmie Durante, Donald Novis.
(Texas Co.)
WEAF WTAG WJAR WGY WEEI KYW
WHIO WJAX WIOD WFLA WLW WTAR
WTAM WRVA WIS WTIC WBSH WBNB
WWJ WPTF WSOC WFBM WRC WCAE
WWNC. 8:30 CST—WIRE WECB WAVE
WMAQ KSD WMC WSM WHO WOW
WDAF WSB WSMB WKY WBAP KTBS
WTMJ WIBA KSTP WDAY KFJR WJDX
KVOO WOAI KPRC. 7:30 MST—KOA
KDYL KGIR KGHL KTAR. 6:30 PST—
KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

10:00 EST (1/2)—The Swift Studio Party—
Sigmond Romberg, musical director;
Deems Taylor, narrator and guest ar-
tists. (Swift & Co.)
WEAF and basic network.

10:30 EST (1/4)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
WEAF split network.
KFSD WHIO WIRE WECB.

11:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt & Marge.
For stations see same time Monday.

11:30 EST (1/2)—Camel Caravan, with Wal-
ter O'Keefe, Deane Janis and Glen Gray
and the Casa Loma Orchestra.
KVIR KLZ KOH KSL KERN KMJ KHJ
KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL
KFPY KWG KVI.

11:30 EST (1/2)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil
Ducey. (Philip Morris.)
9:30 MST—KOA KTAR KGHL KGIR
KDYL. 8:30 PST—KFSD KPO KFI KGW
KOMO KHQ KGU. 10:30 CST—WOAI
WIRE WIBA WECB WDAY KFJR WAVE
WSM WMC WAPI WSB WJDX WBAP
KTBS KPRC WKY.
(See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

12:00 Midnight EST (1/2)—Buoyant Ben Bernie
and his orch. (Pabst.)
10:00 MST—KOA KPO. 9:00 PST—KFI
KOMO KHQ KGW KGU.

WEDNESDAYS

(Nov. 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th)

6:45 EST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. Wm. Wrig-
ley, Jr., Co.)
WABC and network.

7:15 EST (1/4)—Tim Healy's Stamp Club.
(See Monday same time for stations.)

7:15 EST (1/4)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station
"E-Z-R-A."
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:30 EST (1/4)—Kate Smith's Coffee-Time.
(A. & P.)
See Tuesday same time for stations.

(Continued on page 92)

The Up and Up on the Lowdown

(Continued from page 9)

while there was an amusing story going the rounds about how she used a carrier pigeon to get her first audition. That, she says, is baloney and very thinly sliced. She got her audition through regular channels, the way you could, and when they said she needed more experience, she went to work on a local station.

"Patti-cake" is not lazy. No matter how late she is in getting to bed, she awakens at eight in the morning. She answers her own fan mail and chooses her songs by practicing them at home. If the neighbors applaud, they're good.

When they don't applaud, she feels low. She's very sensitive, crying easily about little things. The nearest she came to crying while on the air was about a month ago when she coughed in the middle of a song. For an instant, she was horrified; then she apologized contritely to her listeners. As a result, the next day she had an extra large batch of fan mail.

RENDEZVOUS

This is the show in which the cast is temperamental. Not Phil Duey, nor Jane Williams, who are the stars; but Eunice Howard, who reads Jane's lines, and Buford Hampten, who has a rôle of his own. As we watch, Phil is seated over in a corner, reading his script. He is not

bothered by the pandemonium at the microphone. There, Miss Howard and Mr. Hampten are having a lovely time. She is trying her darndest to get the director to change one line from "Yes, my Park Avenue farmer," to "Yes, YOU Park Avenue farmer." She has lots of reasons, and it takes her three minutes, by the clock, to give them all. Hampten, in the meantime, is running between the window of the control-room and the microphone, shouting: "These two next lines are deadly for me."

Finally, the director comes out. He calms them down, with an effort, and the show goes on.

GOOD CLEAN FUN

As we walk into Al Pearce's rehearsal, a blonde gal in front is saying: "I know a young lady who makes her living by crying like a baby," to a girl on the stage, who is screaming at the top of her voice. The girl on the stage is Bernadine Upton, who is now making her living by playing sound effects for Andy Andrews' coming song, "Sawing a Lady in Half."

As the song is being rehearsed, Phil Hanma saws on a log, she screams, and a page boy comes in. The show is about to go on, so he moves along asking those

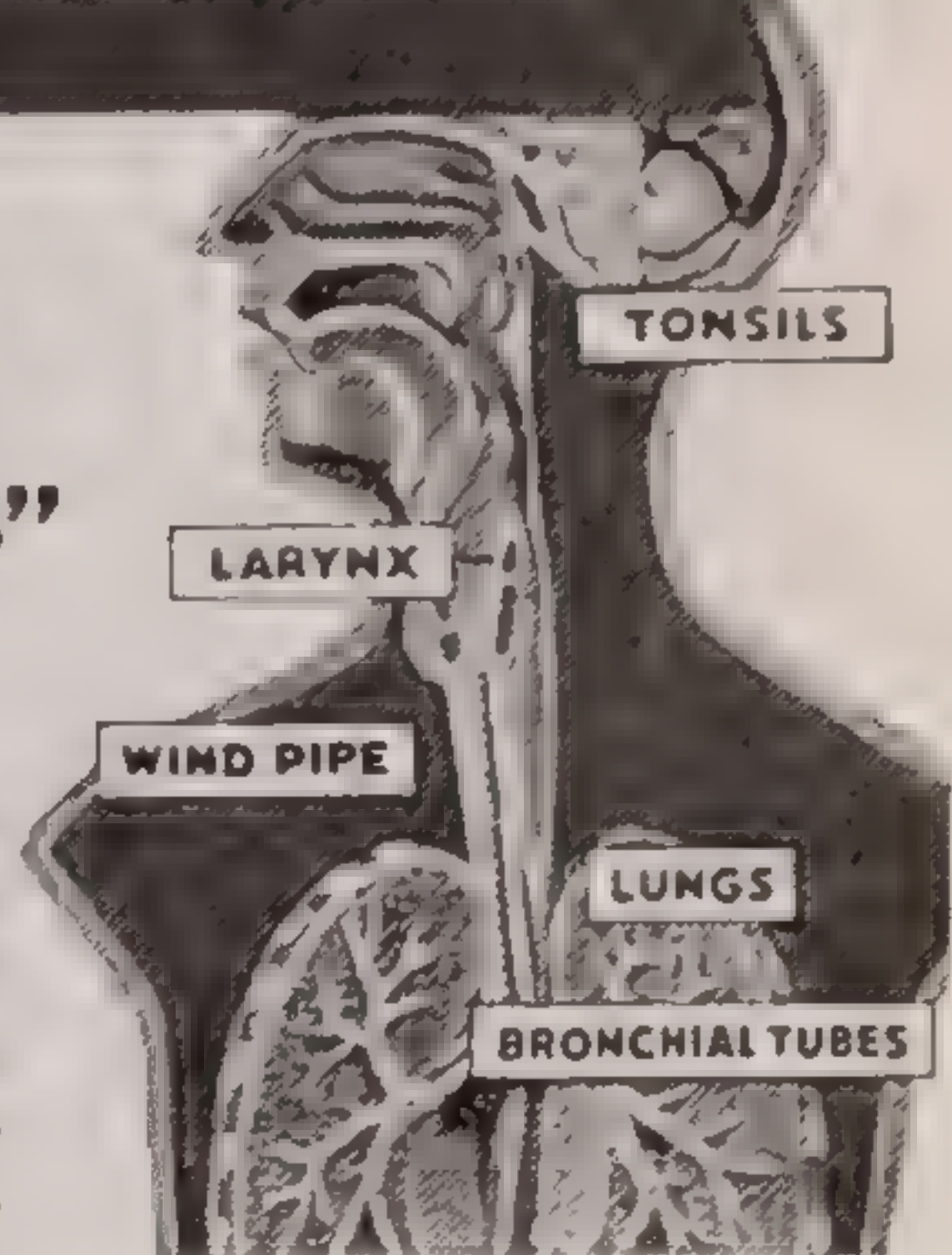
(Continued on page 93)



Here is Irving Berlin (left), famous composer, who wrote the music for the movie, "Top Hat", which has us all agog this season. With him is Conductor Frank Tours, who has conducted the pit orchestra in all of Berlin's theatrical productions since his first show in 1914.

Stop **COUGHS**
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Throat" Method

Getting throat's
moisture glands
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coughs away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

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Donuts Salty Nuts

Stop looking for something difficult. Turn potatoes into cash. I show you just how with my newly perfected outfit. Start anywhere. Very little cash needed. Exclusive location. Profits pour in. No experience needed. I furnish the plans. Begin anywhere—village, small town, city or suburb. A big opportunity is waiting. Business permanent.

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Complete 16-unit Outfit includes new type vitreous white enamel ROUND Cooking Vat. Direct-to-fat high speed Slicer, centrifugal Grease Extractor, Thermometer — Positively everything necessary to start—all at new low price.

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Springfield, Ohio



Your daily use of the Drip-O-lator, serving this finest of clear rich coffee, reflects your good taste. Your family will appreciate it. Your friends expect it. Chummy two and four cup sizes for bachelor girls' apartment use. Four, six and eight cup sizes for family or party occasions. On the base of the original Drip-O-lator you will find the trade mark. Look for this protection against imitations. You could not select a more appreciated gift.

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IN ALL THE LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT AND RETAIL STORES

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Red Cherry Salad
Chicken Almond
Sandwiches
Sweet Pickles
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Coffee

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When surface pimples
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Goes On!

Hollywood has taken Gladys Swarth-
out from Radio—Radio has taken
Wallace Beery from Hollywood!

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the revealing stories of these stars
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RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
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M. S., Richmond, Va. Sem-Pray's rare
Eastern oils smooth away erasable lines,
wrinkles. Clears, softens, smooths skin
instantly. Look years younger. Concent-
rated. Outlasts 5 ordinary jars of cream.
Get Sem-Pray today at all good drug and
department stores, 60c. Or send 10c for 7
days supply, to Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray
Salons, Grand Rapids, Mich., Suite 217S.

Sem-Pray
Creme
Youthifies
Beautifies

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 90)

7:30 EST (1/4)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for stations.)

7:45 EST (1/4)—Boake Carter. (Philco Radio
Corporation.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (1/4)—Dangerous Paradise starring
Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H.
Woodbury, Inc.)
(For stations see Monday same time.)

8:00 EST (1/2)—Cavalcade of America. (E.
I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT
WJR WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB
WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBL
WSPD WJSV KLZ KSL KHJ KOIN
KGB KFRC KOL KFPY KVI KRLD
WMBG WLAC WGST WCCO WDSU.

8:00 EST (1/2)—Rendezvous Musical—Jane
Williams, Phil Duey, etc. (Life Savers,
Inc.)
WJZ and basic blue network.

8:00 EST (1/2)—One Man's Family. (Standard
Brands, Inc.)
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WWNC
WPTF WIS WIOD WFLA WESH WHIO
WLW WJAR KYW WFBR WRC WGY
WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI. 7:00
CST—WDAF WFM WSB KPRC WJAX
WAPI WBAP KTHS WTMJ WIRE KSD
WOW WHO WCKY WMAQ WIBA WIBC
WKY WDAY KFYP WMC WJDX WSMB
WAVE KVOO KTBS WOAI. 6:00 MST—
KOA KDYL. 5:00 PST—KPO KGW
KOMO KHQ KTAR KFI KSTP.

8:30 EST (1/2)—Burns and Allen. Orchestra.
(Sponsored by Campbell Soup Co.—To-
mato Juice.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WGR WORC WFEA WMBG WDBJ
WHEC WMAS WIBX WKRC WHK WJR
WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL
WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDBO
WDAE WPG WLBZ WICC WBT WBNS
WHP. 7:00 CST—WBBM KRNT WFBM
KMBC WHAS KFAR KMOX WGST
WBRC KRLD KTRH WNOX KLBA
WREC WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA
WMBD KASA KWKH KSCJ WIBW
KTUL KFH WNAX.

8:30 EST (1/2)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne
King and his orchestra.

(For list of stations see Tuesday.)

8:30 EST (1/2)—House of Glass—dramatic
sketch featuring Gertrude Berg, Joe Green-
wald, Paul Stewart, Helen Dumas, Bertha
Walden, Arlene Blackburn and Celia Bab-
cock. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WJZ WBAL WMAL WBZ WPTF WVNC
WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC
WJR KWK WLW WBZA WSYR WHAM
KDKA WGAR WFIL. 7:30 CST—WLS
WMT KSO WREN KOIL.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Chesterfield presents Lily
Pons: Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra and
Chorus. (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WFEA WMBG WDBJ WHEC WTCO
WMAS WIBX WSJS WORC WKBW
WKRC WHK WJR WDRC WCAU WJAS
WEAN WFBL WSPD WJSV WBNF
WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WPG
WLBZ WICC WBT WBNS. 8:00 CST—
WBBM KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS
KFAB KMOX WGST WBRC WDOD
KRLD WOC WOWO WKBH WDNC
WBIG WHP KTRH WNOX KLBA WREC
WISN WCCO WALA WSEA WLAC
WDSU KOMA WCOA WMBD KTSB
KWKH KSCJ WIBW KTUL WACO
KFH KGO WNAX. 7:00 MST—KLZ
KSL. 6:30 PST—KOH KERN KMJ KHJ
KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL
KFPY KGW KVI KGMB.

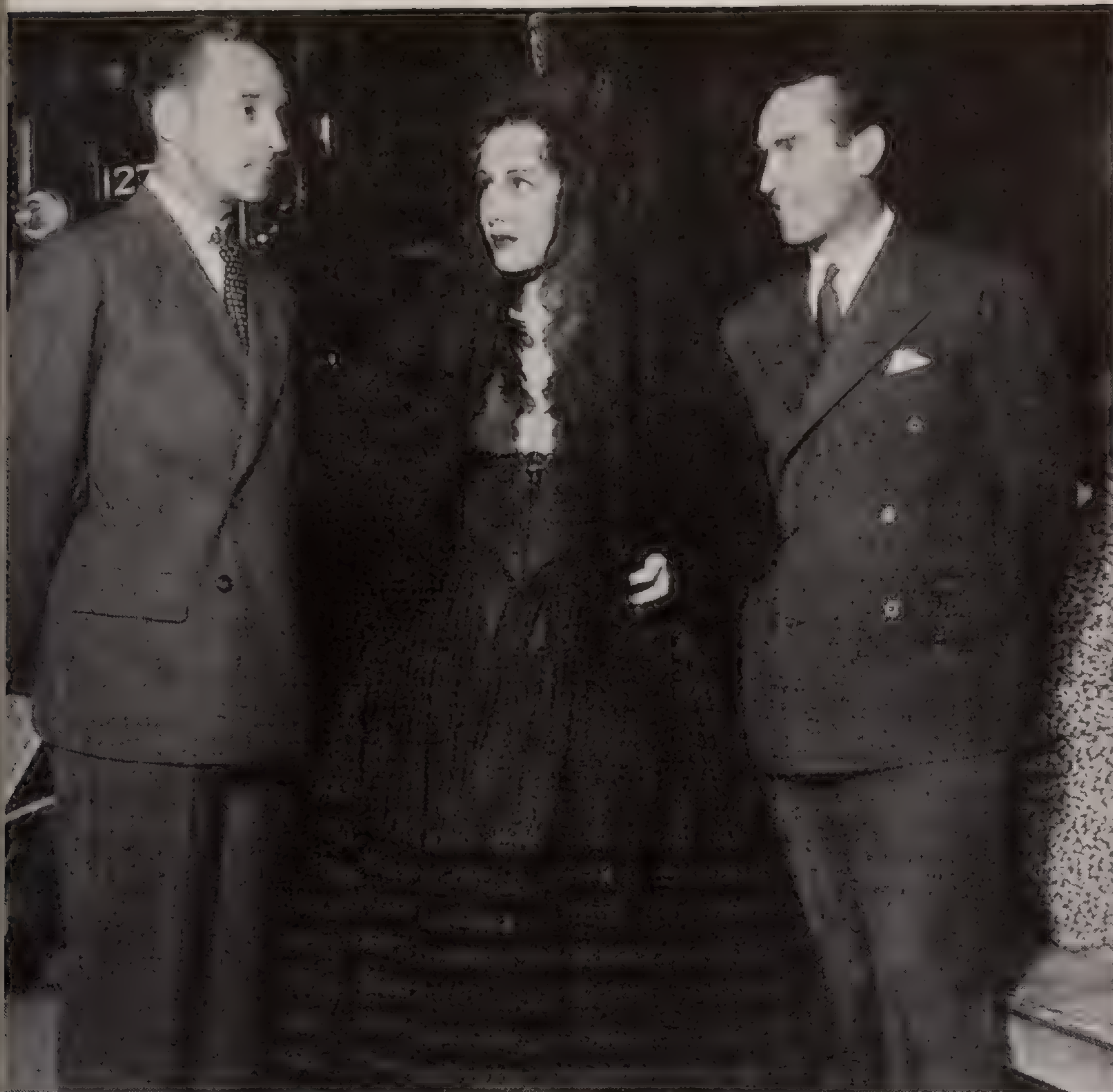
9:00 EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Fred Al-
len, Portland Hoffa, Amateurs and Peter
Van Steeden's orchestra. (Bristol-
Meyers Co.)
WEAF WJAR WRC WTAM WEEI WLW
WCAE WESH WGY WWJ WTAG WFBR
WBEN WTIC. 8:00 CST—WMAQ WOW
KYW WDAF WHO KSD.
(See also 12:00 midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (3/4)—John Charles Thomas; Frank
Tours and his orchestra. (William R.
Warner Co.)
WJZ network.

9:30 EST (1/2)—Warden Lawes in 20,000
Years in Sing Sing—dramatic sketch.
NBC Service to WJZ WBAL WCKY
WFIL WHAM WMAL WBZ WBZA WSYR
KDKA WGAR. 8:30 CST—WLS WIRE
WMT KSO KWK WREN. 7:30 MST—KOA
KOIL KDYL. 6:30 PST—KPO KFI
KGW KOMO KHQ WJR
(Continued on page 94)



Radio's Paul Whiteman leads his band in "Thanks a Million."



"Tops" in three worlds—a leading motor magnate, a leading opera star, and a leading screen comedian on the "Rose of the Rancho" set. Edsel Ford (left), Gladys Swarthout, and Harold Lloyd.

The Up and Up on the Lowdown

(Continued from page 91)

the studio for their tickets. The blonde asks, "What tickets?" He replies she must have a ticket to stay. She kids him for a while before telling him she is a member of the cast.

Then he kids her for a while by making her prove it.

PERSONALITIES THAT COUNT

Ben Bernie. The Old Maestro is one of the few guys in radio who acts in real life as he does on the air. His devotion to his family is lovely. If you see someone in his rehearsal you don't recognize, you can say to him: "You're Ben's brother?"—and be right. He seems to have a million of them and they all seem to have a finger in his pie.

Ray Block. Columbia Broadcasting System recently made Ray one of its musical conductors. Among those he's coached are Patti Chapin, Benay Venuta, Sally Singer, Phil Ducey, the Four Eton Boys and the Do, Re, Mi Girls. His programs include *The Merry-makers*, *The Dictators*, *Manhattan Moods*, *Vocals by Verrill*, *Philip Morris* and *United Cigar*. Ray also does a piano solo program three times a week! Busy is right!

INFORMATION

It's a pleasure for us to watch Guy Lombardo rehearse his orchestra, for he

rehearses it differently from the way most leaders do. He walks into the control-room and sits down. There he lights a cigarette and lounges back, listening to the band through the loudspeaker and watching it through the plate glass window that separates him from it.

In the studio, the orchestra is working. All the men sit around in a cozy group and talk. Carmen and Liebert discuss the song they are to play and the arranger nods as they bring in a new angle on treatment. When the number is set, the cozy little group plays it—without much fiddling around. All very easy. If we were Lombardos, we could do it, too. . . .

While I'm on the subject, I'll tell you this. It's confidential. You're going to notice that wherever Lombardo plays, Veloz and Yolanda, the super dance team, will follow with their orchestra. That's because when Lombardo leaves a place, it goes dead and needs a smash attraction to keep the customers coming. Here's something else. The Veloz and Yolanda orchestra is really the Shep Fields' orchestra. And Shep Fields, whose music you're going to like more and more, rehearses much as the Lombardos rehearse. You know: easy like.

THE END



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that the purest talc costs but 10¢"

...and it's blended!

I tried every high-priced talcum and now I know that—even if I had a million—I couldn't buy a finer or softer powder than Lander's blended talcs. Besides—there's so much in those extra-large-size tins.

Select your favorite from these five delicate blends:

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Lander alone gives you the exquisite fragrance of BLENDED TALCS because Lander alone has discovered the secret of blending. The secret is copyright.

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No more sticky lotions for me. My hands quit chapping when I changed to—

HESS WITCH HAZEL CREAM
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Remove that FAT
Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Feminine attractiveness demands the fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with firm, rounded, uplifted contours, instead of sagging, unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just *where* they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MM-8, Forest Hills, New York

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

Look French's
guaranteed
SINGING CANARY
AND
French's Food Assortment

BOTH for only \$6.95
F. O. B. New York City



Think of it! An imported, specially-bred and selected canary and an assortment of French's bird foods for only \$6.95! The very best you can buy. If you enjoy the chopper canary's natural flute and bell tones order a French's *Carillon*. If you prefer the cultivated, soft-voiced roller canary ask for a French's *Caroller*. Live delivery to your nearest express office is guaranteed and we will promptly refund money and transportation costs on any bird not arriving in full health and song. Send check or money order. Free booklet. Address:

The R. T. French Co., Dept. MM, Rochester, N. Y.
Mfrs. of French's Bird Seed and Biscuit since 1910

Brand New NOW ONLY \$17.95
TYPEWRITER
PORTABLES
10¢ a Day—Easy Terms

Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date—4 row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial

Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer.

231 W. Monroe St.
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1261 Chicago



The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Don't miss the fascinating story of
LESLIE HOWARD
coming in the January issue—
out November 29th.

ASTHMA?

"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath—tired of sitting up night after night losing much needed rest and sleep, write me at once for a FREE trial of the medicine that gave me lasting relief. I suffered agony for nearly six years. Now I have no more spells of choking, gasping and wheezing and sleep sound all night long. Write today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a post card will bring it by return mail." O. W. Dean, President, Free Breath Products Company, Dept. 1351-B, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Sore Eyes?

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.



Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 92)

10:00 EST (1/2)—On the Air with Lud Gluskin.
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WKBW WHK WJR WDRC WBNS
WDNC WBIG WFEA WDBJ WHEC
WTOC WMAS CFRB WIBX WSTS
WORC WJAS WEAN WFBL WSPD
WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WPG WICC
WBT. 9:00 CST—WDOB KVOR KRDL
WOC KTRH WNOX KLRA WREC WISN
WCCO WALA WLAC KOMA WMBD
KTSA KWKH KSCJ WSBT WIBW KFH
KGKO WNAX.

10:00 EST (1/2)—Log Cabin musical with Conrad Thibault. (General Foods.)
WEAF and basic red network.

10:30 EST (1/4)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

10:30 EST (1/2)—Coty Presents Ray Noble and his orchestra.
WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WJAR WCHS
WRC WFBW WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM
WWJ WLW KYW. 9:30 CST—WHO
WMAQ KSD WOW WIRE WDAF.

11:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt & Marge.
For stations see same time Monday.

11:30 EST (1/2)—Burns and Allen. Orchestra.
KVOR KLZ KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN
KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY
KWG KVI.

12:00 Midnight EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa and cast.
KOA KDYL KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ.

THURSDAYS

(Nov. 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th)

6:45 EST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt & Marge.
For stations see Monday.

7:30 EST (1/4)—Kate Smith's Coffee Time, with Jack Miller's Orchestra, and Ted Collins, announcer.
For stations see Tuesday same time.

7:30 EST (1/4)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for stations.)

7:45 EST (1/4)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF WCHS WRC WCAE WJAX KTW
WWJ KTHS WVNC WIS WPTF WIOD
WFLA WRVA CRCT WTIC WTAG WBEN
WJAR WGY WTAM CFCE WLW WEEI
WFBW. 7:00 CST—KVOO WFAA WMAQ
KPRC WKY KSD WBAP WAPI WTMJ
KSTP WDAF WJDX WSMB WSB WEBC
WDAY WSM WOAI KFYR WHO WOW
WMC. 6:00 MST—KDYL KOA KTAR.
5:00 PST—KFI KPO KGW KOMO KHQ.
KFSD.

8:00 EST (1/2)—Harv and Esther. Teddy Bergman, comedian; Jack Arthur, baritone; Audrey Marsh, soprano; Rhythm Girls and Victor Arden's Orchestra. Consolidated Cigar Corp.—Harvester Cigars.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WJAS WEAN WFBL WJSV WBNS
WSMK WGR WCAU WKRC WHK
CKLW WDRC. 7:30 CST—WBBM,
WFBM KMBC WILAS KFAB KMOX
WSPD WCCO.

8:30 EST (1/2)—Atwater Kent Radio Hour. (Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.—Atwater Kent Receiving Sets.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WGR WDAE WLHZ WDBO WBT WQAM
WMBR WJSV WFBL WKRC WHK
CKLW WDRC. 7:30 CST—WBBM
KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS WEAN
KMOX WSPD WPGT KRDL WREC
WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA KTSA.
6:30 MST—KSL KLZ. 5:30 PST—KERN
KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC
KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI.

9:00 EST (1)—Lanny Ross Presents the Maxwell House Show Boat. Frank McIntyre; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Helen Oelhelm, contralto; Molasses 'n' January, comedy; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band.
WEAF WTAG WEEI WJAR WTIC
WHIO WPTF WSOC WTAR WCHS
WFBW WRC WGY WRVA WIOD WBEN
WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI WVNC WIS
WJAX WFLA. 8:30 CST—WIRE WIBA
WDAY WMAQ KSD WHO KYW KFYR

WEBC WOW WDAF WTMJ WJDX WM
WSB WAPI WSMB WBAP KTBS WK
KPRC WOAI WSM WAVE KSTP. 7:30
MST—KTAR KOA KDYL KGIR KGHI
6:30 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KH
KFSD.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis and Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.)

WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WKBW WKRC WHK KRNT WJR WDR
WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFB
WSPD WJSV WMBR WQAM WDB
WDAE WGST WPG WLBZ WICC WB
WBNS WDNC WBIG WHP WFEA WMB
WKBW WORC WSJS WIBX WMAS WTB
WDBJ. 8:00 CST—WBBM KRNT WFB
KMBC WHAS KFAB KMOX WBR
WDOD KRDL WOWO KTRH WNX KLR
WREC WCCO WALA WSFA WLA
WDSU KOMA WMBD WDBJ WHE
KTSA KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIB
KTUL WIBX WACO KGKO KFH WNAJ

9:00 EST (1/2)—Death Valley Days. Dramat sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)

WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR WFIL WLV
WSYR KDKA KBAL WHAM WGA
WMAL. 8:00 CST—WLS KOIL WRE
KWK KSO WMT.

9:30 EST (1/2)—To Arms for Peace—Work Peaceways in Cooperation with E. J. Squibb & Sons. Deems Taylor, master of ceremonies; Howard Barlow Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; guest speakers and soloists, dramatization.

WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC
WMBG WKBW WKRC WHK KRNT
WJR WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN KMO
WFBL WSPD WJSV WMBR WGST WBF
WBT WBNS WHP. 8:30 CST—WBB
WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB WDC
KRDL KLZ KTRH WREC WISN WCC
WLAC WDSU KOMA WHEC KTS
KWKH KFH. 7:30 MST—KLZ KSL. 6:
PST—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFI
KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI

10:00 EST (1)—Paul Whiteman's Music Hall. Helen Jepson, soprano; Ramona; the King Men, and others. (Kraft.)

WEAF WTAG WFBW WBEN KYW WY
WPTF WJAX WEEI WCHS WTIC WFI
WIS CRCT WRC WCAE WLW WIC
WJAR WGY WTAM WRVA CFCE WWN
9:00 CST—WMAQ WAPI WMC WI
WOW WSMB WBAP WKY KTBS WO
WIBA WEBC KSD KPRC WTMJ KS
WDAF WSM WDAY KFYR KTHS W
WAVE WJDX. 8:00 MST—KOA KT
KDYL KOMO KPO KFI KGW KHQ.

10:00 EST (1/2)—Alemite Half Hour. Hor Heidt's Brigadiers. (Stewart-Warr Corp.)

WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WDB
WCAU WJAS WFBL WMBG WJ
WQAM WBT WBNS WGR WKRC WI
CKLW WDRC. 9:00 CST—WGST WB
KRDL WOC KTRH KLRA WREC WC
WLAC WDSU KTS KTUL WN.
WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS. 8:00 PST
KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK K
KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI W
KSL.

10:30 EST (1/4)—The March of Time.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

11:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:30 EST (1/2)—Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis and Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.)
(For stations see same time Tuesday.)

FRIDAYS

(Nov. 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th)

6:45 EST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

7:15 EST (1/4)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station

7:15 EST (1/4)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (A. S. Boyle Co.—Old English Floor W.)
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WJAS
WGR WBBM WKRC WHK WJR W
WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBL W
WJSV.

7:30 EST (1/4)—Lum and Abner.
(See Monday for station)

(Continued on page 96)

Radio Always Gets Its Man

(Continued from page 35)

first nod to the microphone back in the early days of WJZ. Bertha, who is now NBC program director, was then manager of WJZ, and thrilled over the fact that she had obtained Her Majesty's consent to speak for fifteen minutes starting at nine o'clock on the evening in question.

This was the first time royalty had ever been on the air. The studio help tore around getting new furniture, setting flowers everywhere. The question of etiquette was discussed. The page boys were drilled until they bowed and marched like West Pointers. At 8.15 everybody dashed away to doll up for the occasion.

They were still at it when Marie and her retinue arrived—full fifteen minutes ahead of time. There wasn't a soul to greet her! The Queen walked in, took one look at the empty foyer, turned around and departed.

Miss Brainard came downstairs *au galop*, dashed after Her Majesty, explained what had occurred, apologized, wept, and begged her to return. But in vain. Queen Marie didn't even answer. Her aide informed Miss Brainard that it was not permitted for a commoner to speak directly to the Queen.

Well, there was nothing left but for David Sarnoff, president of RCA, to apol-

ogize to the radio audience. He took the microphone and tactfully explained what had happened.

Returning to the dictators, Hitler and Mussolini have been heard. The only other one, besides Stalin, who hasn't been heard, is Kemal Pasha of Turkey—and he has been silent because of technical difficulties in reaching the Turkish capital.

The Pope, who was heard for the first time two years ago, never objected to radio. There were simply no radio facilities in the Vatican. When Guglielmo Marconi built him a station, the Pope went on the air.

One ruler you probably won't hear is the Emperor of Japan. In his country he is looked upon as half divine. And for him to speak over the radio would be impossible.

Movie stars once were hard to get. You remember when hearing a Hollywood star on the air was a red-letter day. Then movie magnates felt that radio hurt the drawing power of their players. They have changed their minds. In fact, they have discovered that radio helps build up a star's box-office value.

Apart from Arliss and Garbo, there are less than six important screen performers
(Continued on page 97)



Here is a scene from your favorite "House of Glass." Gertrude Berg is discussing business with Joseph Greenwald, who plays Mr. Glass. Greenwald is a noted stage character actor of Potash & Perlmutter fame.

GREATEST MOUTH WASH
VALUE IN AMERICA!

MIFFLIN
Antiseptic
MOUTH WASH

12 oz. SIZE **20¢**

4 oz. SIZE **10¢**

AT LEADING 5c and 10c CHAIN STORES



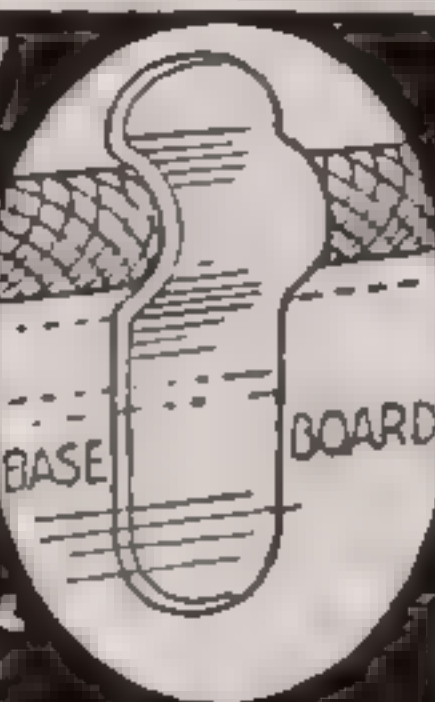
THE PURE KNITTED COPPER

CHORE GIRL

The big hand full of safe cleanliness for pots, pans, aluminum and oven glass. Burnt-in grease and grime off in a jiffy. No splinters, no rust. Buy one today at the store where you secured this magazine. **10¢**



NEW EASY WAY
10¢
JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP



KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c. At Kresge's



MAKE BLOND HAIR

—even in DARK shades

GLEAM with GOLD

in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

GIRLS, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Blondex brings back to the dullest and most faded blond hair the golden beauty of childhood, and keeps light blond hair from darkening. Brownish shades of hair become alluring without bleaching or dyeing, camomile or henna rinsing. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. It is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.



Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FAD

18-IN. SEA GARDEN PEARLS

Synthetic, with rich opalescence of real pearls; perfectly graduated; Sterling clasp with brilliants, boxed for gifts.

Very specially priced—\$2—stamps, currency or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BEST PRODUCTS CO. 1374 H STREET, N. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

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BUNIONS

Torture Needless

Pain stops almost instantly. The swelling and inflammation is so quickly reduced you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease. Prove it on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation.

Pedodyne Co. 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. P.210, Chicago, Ill.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.

Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 39, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.C.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc. Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

STOP that ITCH

IN ONE MINUTE

Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Quickly relieves the itching tortures of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 94)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. (For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise. Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (½)—Flying Red Horse Tavern. Jim Harkins, proprietor; Freddie Rich's orchestra; Willie Morris, soprano; male chorus. (Socony-Vacuum.) WABC WADC WCAO WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT WJR WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB WJAS KMOX WSPD WJSV WBNS WOC WCCO WMBD WIBW KFH WNAC WKBW WOKO WLBZ WFBL WEAN WMAS WORC WDRC WICC WCAU WHEC.

8:00 EST (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. WEAFF WTIC WSAI WEEI KYW WIOD WHIO WCAE WWJ WCSH WRC WBEN WTAG CRCT WJAR WTAM WRVA (WGY off 8:30). 7:00 CST—KTHS WDAF WMAQ WKY KSTP (WTMJ on 8:30). WFAA WOAI KPRC KTBS KSD WHO WOW WEBC. 6:00 MST—KOA (KDYL on 8:15 to 9:00) KFBR (WBAP off 8:30) KVOO.

8:00 EST (¼)—Irene Rich. (Welch Grape Juice.) WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WGAR WJR WMAL WSYR WHAM KDKA. 7:00 CST—WLS KSO WREN KOIL WSM WMC WSB WAVE WMT WIRE. 6:00 MST—KDYL. 5:00 PST—KPO KFL KGW KOMO KHQ.

8:30 EST (½)—Broadway Varieties. Oscar Shaw, Guest Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Carmela Ponselle, Mezzo-Soprano; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's orchestra, and guest stars. (American Home Products, Inc.—Bi-So-Dol.) WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBNS WMBG WFBL WJSV WBT WCAU WJAS WEAN WMAS WKRC WHK WJR WDRC. 7:30 CST—WBBM, KRNT WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB KMOX WSPD WGST WBRC WCCO WDSU KOMA. 6:30 MST—KSL KLZ. 5:30 PST—KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KGW KVI.

8:30 EST (½)—Kellogg College Prom—Ruth

Etting and Red Nichols and his orchestra; guest artist. WJZ network.

9:00 EST (½)—Waltz Time. Vivienne Segal, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman orchestra. (Sterling Products.) WEAFF WEEI WTAG WLW WRC WBE WWJ WJAR WCSH WFBR WGY WTAM WCAE. 8:00 CST—WMAQ KSD WOW KYW WDAF.

9:00 EST (1)—Campbell Soup Company presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick Powell, Raymond Paige's orchestra, guest stars. WABC WADC WBIG WBT WTOC WMBR WHEC WIBX WCOA WHK WEAN WFBL WFEA WBNS WCAO WCAU WDAE WDBJ WDRC WHP WICC WJAS WJSV WKBW WKRC WLBZ WMAS WMRG WNAC WOKO WORC WPG WQAM WSJS WSPD CFBZ CKAC CKLW. 8:00 CST—KRNT WFBM WNOX WBBM KWKH WSFA WALA KFAB KFH KLRA KMBC KMOX KOMA KRLD KSCJ KTRH KTSA WACO WBRC WCCO WDOD WDSU WGST WHAS WIBW WLAC WMBD WNAX WREC KTUL. 7:00 MST—KLZ KSL KVOR. 6:00 PST—KFPY KFRC KGB KERN KMJ KFBK KDB KGW KHJ KOH KOIN KOL KVI WNOX.

9:00 EST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. Guest artist; John Barclay, baritone, and others; Al Goodman's orchestra. NBC Service to WEAFF WTAG CFCE NRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA CRCT KYW WTIC WEEI WJAR WCSH WFBR WRC WGY WWJ WBEN WCAE WTAM WLW. 8:00 CST—KSTI WDAF WBAP KTBS WIRE KPRC WSI KVOO WMAQ KSD WHO WOW WTM. WEBC WDAY KFYP WSM WMC WJDN WSMB WAVE WSOC KTAR WKY WOAI. 7:00 MST—KOA KDYL KGIR KGH. 6:00 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD.

10:00 EST (½)—Richard Himber and Studebaker Champions. Stuart Allen, Vocalist. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WCA WJAS WFBL WJSV WBT WAAB WKBY WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC. 9:00 CST—WBBM WBNS KYW WFBM KMB KFAB WHAS KMOX WSPD WGST WBN WCCO WSBT KFH.

(Continued on page 98)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Owing to the tremendous number of entries in the recent SCRAMBLED STARS contest, the judges are still at their task of deciding the winners. It is impossible to publish a complete list of winners until the January issue of

RADIO STARS

ON SALE NOVEMBER 29TH



That lovely low voice you listen to on the Camel Caravan program belongs to this charming young person, Deane Janis, bright star of the new series with Walter O'Keefe, Louis Sorin and Ted Husing.

Radio Always Gets Its Man

(Continued from page 95)

whom you haven't heard. One of them is Shirley Temple. But she has plenty of time!

Mae West is another. She actually has been under contract several times. And she has been a guest star. The only reason she hasn't been on the air regularly as yet is that she can't find the right vehicle. Given the right playlet or series of playlets, Miss West will face the microphone any day.

Other hold-outs who can be expected to stay that way are Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy. But their job is pantomime. And that must wait for television.

There are a few stars who have tried radio and never want to go near it again. Chief among the mike-shy are Katie Hepburn and Maurice Chevalier. Both discovered that it hurt their screen popularity. But these are exceptions. During 1934 no less than 150 screen stars were heard over the radio, which is to say, one nearly every other day.

Mary Pickford is one of these. After years of holding back she succumbed. She said she went on the air because she realized that radio was the medium of the future and she wanted to get into it and

learn the technique before television arrived.

Ed Wynn is another who held out for a long time but he was cajoled into a trial by a friend who sat with his back to the stage on which "the perfect fool" was performing. This friend reported his jokes were just as funny that way, and so Wynn consented to broadcast.

When you look the situation over you will find in this big world there are only three people who will not go on the air, no matter what they are offered. And they are Charlie Chaplin, Stalin of Russia and the Mikado of Japan. And here and there a celebrity who can't be signed either for political reasons or because radio facilities are inadequate.

And so, the next time you turn on your radio and stars fill the loudspeaker, think what it was a few years ago when there wasn't a Grade A star in a whole carload of radio programs. Also think of what the vice-president of NBC, John Royal, said the other day.

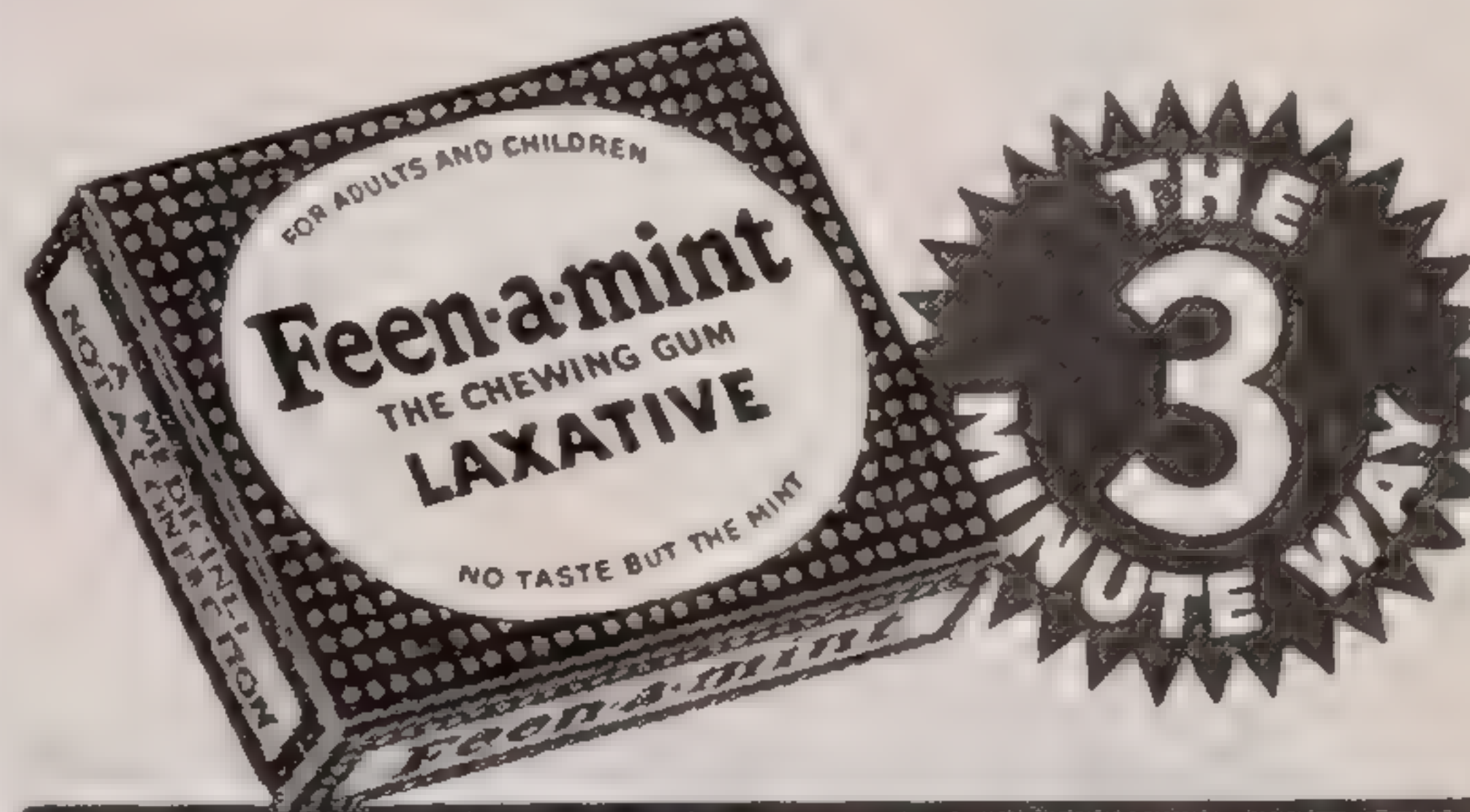
He said that radio had pretty well consumed the existing supply of stars. Now it would pay less attention to personalities and more to their programs.

THE END



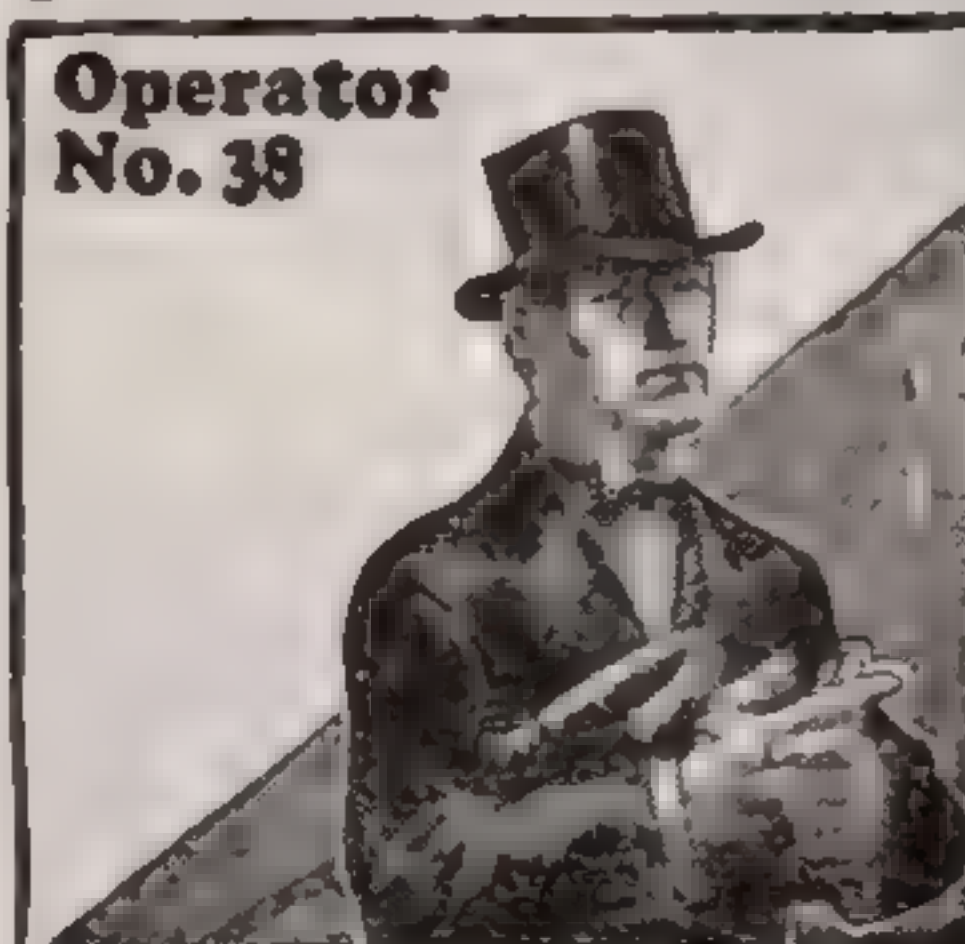
"3 minutes
of my time...
and I forgot
my troubles!"

There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using racking "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It's good for the entire family—and children love it.



THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

Learn Radio IN 12 WEEKS
BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS
Send "Pay-After-Graduation" Plan for
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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 96)

10:00 EST (1/2)—First Nighter. Drama with June Meredith, Don Ameche and Cliff Sou-bier, Eric Sagerquist's orchestra. (Cam-pana.)

WEAF WEEI WGY WLW WTAM WTAG WRC WTIC WJAR WFBR WBEN WWJ WCSH WCAE. 9:00 CST—KSTP WMAQ KSD WHO WMC WOW WDAF WKY KPRC WEBC WSM WSB WSMB WFAA WOAL. 8:00 MST—KOA KDYL. 7:00 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ WTMJ.

10:30 EST (1/2)—Mills Bros.; Hal Totten, sports talk; Art Kassel and His Kassels in the Air (Elgin Watch Co.) WEAF and network.

10:30 EST (1/4)—The March of Time. (For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. (For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (1/4)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. KMOX WFBM WHAS.

12:00 EST (1/2)—Richard Himber and Stude-baker Champions. Stuart Allen, Vocalist. KLZ KSL KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KPRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI. SATURDAYS

(Nov. 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th)

7:00 EST (1/4)—Briggs Sport Reviews of the Air with Thornton Fisher. (P. Lorillard Co.) WEAF network.

7:00 EST (1/2)—The Atlantic Family on Tour, with Frank Parker, tenor, and guests. (Atlantic Refining Company—White Flash Gasoline and Motor Oil.) WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WDRC WGR WCAU WHK WJAS WEAN WFBM WCBM WFBG WGBL WNBK WBRE WORK WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WICC WBT WBHS WBIG WMBG WDBJ WHEC WTOC WMAS WIBX WWVA WSJS WORC.

7:30 EST (1/4)—Carborundum Band. WABC WCAO WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK WJR KMBC WHAS KFAB WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBM WBT WCCO.

8:00 EST (1)—The Hit Parade—with Lennie Hayton and his orchestra; Kay Thompson,

Johnny Hauser, vocalist; and others. (American Tobacco Co.)

WEAF WTIC WEEI WJAR WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WRVA WCSH WTAG KYW WHIO WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WLW WTAM. 7:00 CST—KVOO KTHS WIRE WMAQ KSD WHO WOW WDAF WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WPTF WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE WTAR WSOC WKY KTBS KPRC WOAL. 6:00 MST—KTAR KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL. 5:00 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD. 8:30-9:00 (WSM WBAP 8:00-8:30).

8:00 EST (1/2)—Club Columbia. WABC and network.

9:00 EST (1/2)—G Men. Authentic cases from official Department of Justice files dramatized by Philips Lord.

NBC Service to WEAF WTIC WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAG WEEI WJAR WCSH KYW WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WWJ WHIO WLW. 8:00 CST—WIRE WMAQ KSD WHO WDAF WTMJ WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WAVE WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WKY WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAL. 7:00 MST—KTAR KOA KDYL KGIR KGHL. 6:00 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD.

9:00 EST (1/2)—Chesterfield Presents Nino Martini; Andre Kostelanetz orchestra and Chorus. (Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.) (For stations see Wednesday same time.)

9:30 EST (1)—The Shell Chateau with guest artists; Victor Young and his orchestra. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.) WEAF WTIC WTAG WEEI WWJ KSD WRVA WPTF WWNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC WJAR WCSH KYW WHIO WFBR WRC WGY WBEN WCAE WTAM WSAL. 8:30 CST—WMAQ WDAF WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFYR WHO WOW WTMJ. 7:30 MST—KDYL KOA KTAR KGIR KGHL. 6:30 PST—KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KFSD WLW.

9:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WFIL WBAL WMAL WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR. 8:30 CST—WLS WMT KSO WIRE KWK WREN KOIL.



Carol Dee, red-headed stooge on Marty May's variety program.



eslie Howard, stage and screen star,
ow a favorite of the airwaves.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
Of RADIO STARS, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for December 1, 1935.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the RADIO STARS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Lester Grady, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., Trustee for Estate of George T. Delacorte, Jr.; Margarita Delacorte, Trustee for Estate of Margarita Delacorte.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1935.

MAY KELLEY,
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 89.
N. Y. County Register's No. 7K118.
(My commission expires March 30, 1937.)

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of RADIO STARS guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, RADIO STARS will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in RADIO STARS

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of RADIO STARS.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)



PAT: Say, whut do dey mean by inflation?

PICK: Dat mean dey blow up a dollar bill.

PAT: Dat's right. I blew up three dollar bills las' night at de bar, and boy! did I get inflated.

PICK: Speakin' of inflation—play dat inflation song.

PAT: Whut is de inflation song?

PICK: "If a hen should lay an ostrich egg—whut would de rooster say?"

(Pick and Pat, ONE NIGHT STANDS.)

GEORGE: You know, Tom, my uncle was a miner.

TOM: Is that so, George? Well, I was a minor, too. . . . I was a minor until I was eighteen years old.

GEORGE: Why, Tom, I didn't know you worked in the coal mines.

TOM: Who? I never said I worked in the coal mines. I said I was a minor.

GEORGE: All right—all right. But if you never worked in the mines, how were you a miner 'til you were eighteen?

TOM: Why, George, everybody's a minor till he's eighteen!

(Tom Howard and George Shelton, RUDY VALLEE Program.)



PORTLAND: This picture of yours should do a lot for the movie industry.

ALLEN: I'll say; it'll prove whether or not those theatres can be emptied in three minutes.

PORTLAND: Why didn't they make it in color, like "Becky Sharp?"

ALLEN: What good would that do?

PORTLAND: Well, at the finish, when you all realize what you've done, you could blush unnoticed.

(Fred Allen, TOWN HALL TONIGHT.)

MOLASSES: Love is supposed to be tender.

JANUARY: Huh! So is a thirty-cent steak.

(Molasses and January, SHOW BOAT.)

JACK: Say, Wilson, I hear you spent the summer in Denver. What's the chief industry there?

DON: Opera singers, Jack. You've heard of Colorado sopranos.

JACK: Of course, Don. I suppose they get that way from the high alto-tude!

(Jack Benny and Don Wilson, JELLO Program.)



BOTTLE: Mr. Baker, I have a very sad dentist.

PHIL: Sad dentist? Why sad, Bottle?

BOTTLE: He's always down in the mouth.

BAKER: Yeah. . . . I see. Makes mountains out of molars!

(Phil Baker and Bottle, GULF Program.)

JOLSON: Speaking of golf, a great many people would like to know if learning to play golf is like learning to drive a car. . . . Well, all I can say is when you learn to play golf you don't hit anything.

MAXINE: Oh, Mr. Jolson. . . today my Granddaddy is 86 years old and he has 25 children. Don't you think I ought to notify the newspapers?

JOLSON: No! Not yet—why don't you wait until you get the final score?

(Al Jolson and Maxine Lewis, SHELL CHATEAU.)

JESSEL: I'm crossing homing pigeons with parrots.

JOLSON: Why, Georgie, what's the idea?

JESSEL: Say, listen—if a pigeon gets lost at least he can ask his way home!

(George Jessel and Al Jolson, SHELL CHATEAU.)



FAMOUS INVENTIONS

Eyeglasses with vertical stripes for bank tellers so they can recognize their clients when they meet them on the street.

Especially large ink bottles exclusively for making capital letters.

Ink with the spaces already in it so you don't have to raise your pen from the paper.

A piano with the strings straight up in the air for people who prefer to play the harp.

Bent smoke for when your chimney gets bent, if it should.

The Bellago. . . a bell that when you press the button it rings ten minutes ago. This is mostly for getting the firemen to your house before the fire starts, if it should.

An alarm clock with half a bell so when two people are rooming together it just wakes one of them.

(Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, FORD MOTOR Program.)

MARY: You know, my uncle celebrated July 4th last February.

JACK: Celebrated July 4th in February! How, Mary?

MARY: Oh, he shot himself!

(Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, JELLO PROGRAM.)

DAN: Lissen here, Misery. . . you forgot somethin'. You forgot dat you owes me two bits.

BILL: No, I ain't forgot, Dan. But gimme time. . . I will!

(Lazy Dan and Misery Bill, OLD ENGLISH WAX Program.)

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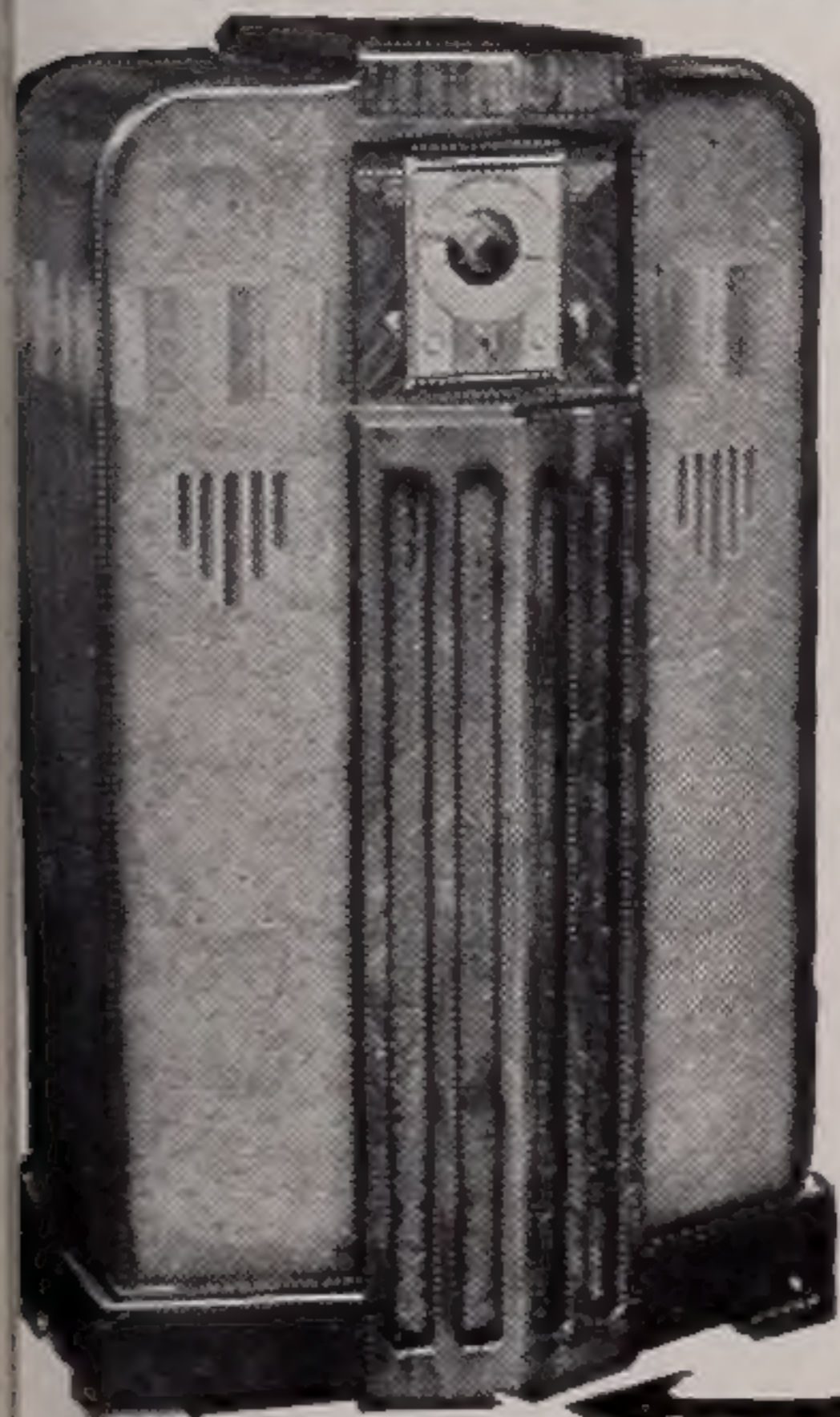
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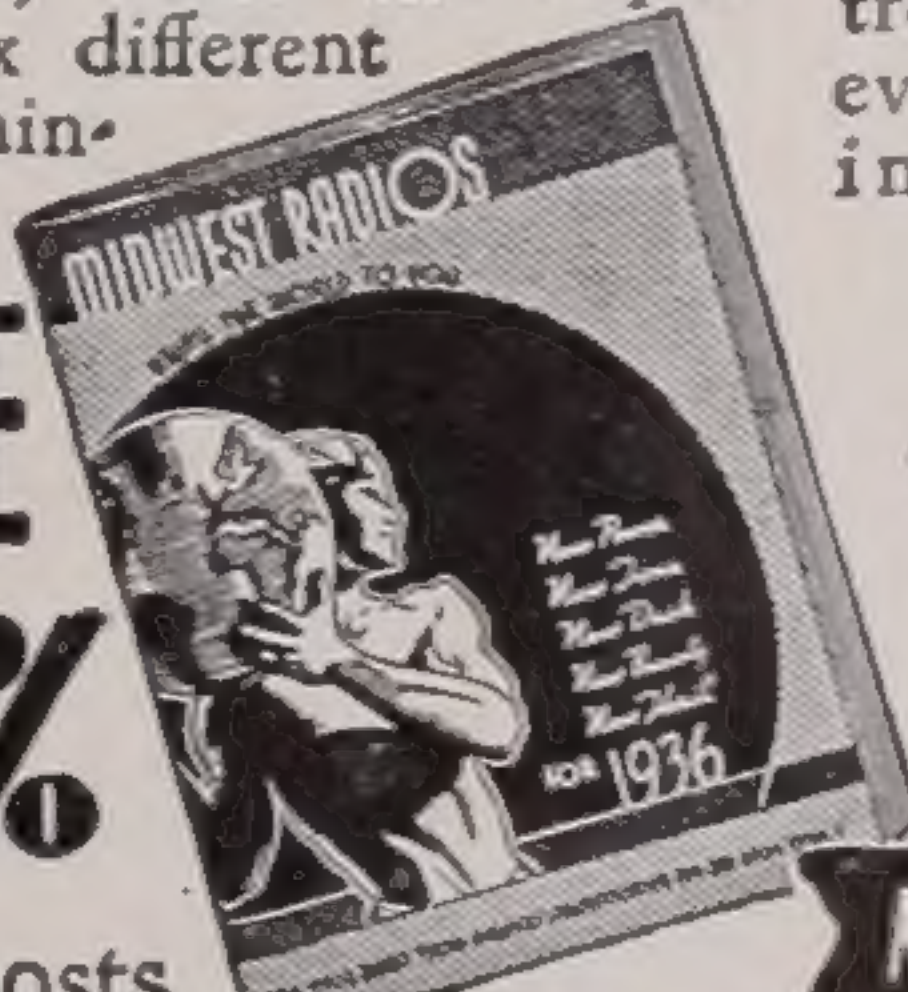
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